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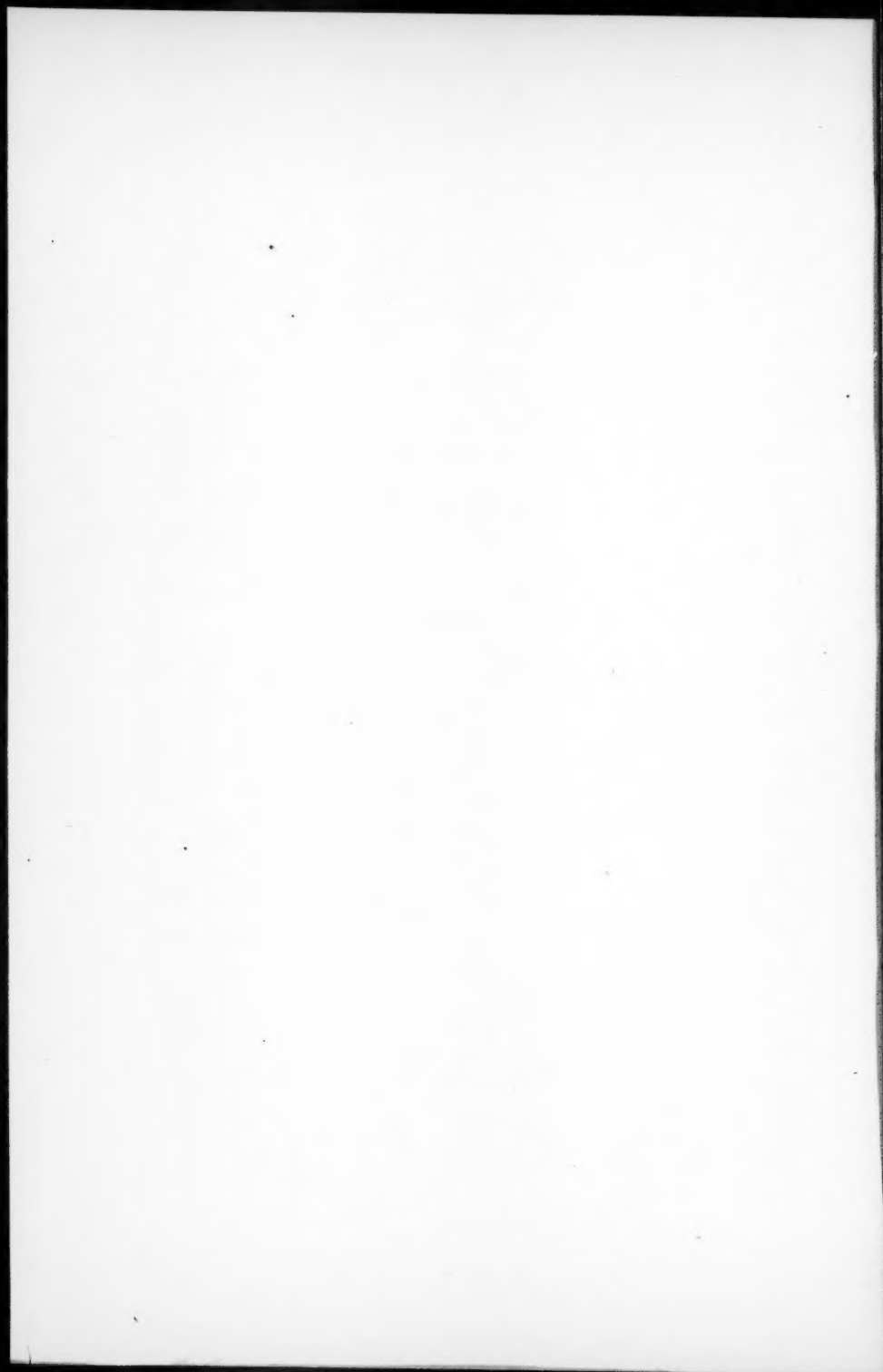
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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1918

ONE OF THEM

BY ELIZABETH HASANOVITZ

I

'SAY, kid, wake up! Are you going to sleep all day?'

Sunk in despondency, I had forgotten everything: my surroundings, the hall where the Dramatic Club was meeting, the members of the club, all had vanished in my misery.

'Are you asleep?'

I jumped up. Near me stood Clara, one of the members of the club, who had always taken a friendly interest in me. She recalled me with a start to the present. I was sitting in a dark humble hall, a low ceiling over our heads—the shelter of the Dramatic Club. Slowly and monotonously, the rehearsal had dragged along. The director, his body reeking with sweat, had repeated for the tenth time the act which failed to please him.

The object of the club was to acquaint the Yiddish public of the East Side of New York with literary dramas, to encourage a better understanding of literature than they could gain from the Yiddish theatres, which usually fed their patrons with the trash common in the theatrical world. The best dramas of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Sudermann, and other modern writers were translated into Yiddish and produced in that small hall by a few ideal-

ists who devoted all their spare time and sacrificed a great deal of their earnings for the creation of a literary folk-theatre. That evening the last rehearsal for the next day's performance had taken place.

Confused and puzzled, I had sat through the rehearsal. The poor light in the hall had brought the ceiling still lower, making me sink deeper into despair. Was the play interesting or not, the acting good or bad? Where had my enthusiasm gone? What was nagging me so dreadfully?

My mind wandered in dark confusion. Unconsciously, my hand, digging in my pocket, crumpled a small piece of paper. What was it?

Oh, the two-dollar bill! And the enlightenment came: my only two dollars—all my precious wealth! And over me swept the past nine weeks of weary, never-ending search for work. Rising each day with new hope, looking over every advertisement, running from place to place, all fruitless, until, broken with fatigue, I would return home, throw myself on my bed, and spend the rest of the day in the stupor of despair, apathetically gazing at the ceiling.

Most of the advertisements wanted skilled 'hands,' others were four-dollar jobs with little chance for advancement. My self-consciousness would not

allow me to work for four dollars a week. Nine long, long weeks I looked in vain for a place where I could learn some trade that would, in the end, pay me more. After a long year of struggle, here I stood, more helpless than on the day I arrived in America. 'Why had I come to America? What had I accomplished by the historic change in my life?'

From the dark brooding that made me unconscious of my surroundings, I was recalled by Clara's kindly voice. The lights were all out, the people all gone.

'I hope you don't mind if I walk home with you?'

I looked up at her as if I saw her for the first time — a face full of wrinkles, a cut on the lower lip, big inflamed eyes, looked at me smilingly; a face which I had never liked before looked much pleasanter to me now.

'Why, yes, I shall be glad,' I said.

We climbed down the dark creaking staircase, tracing our way along Orchard Street, the small dirty thoroughfare crowded with push-carts and people. The noise of the elevated trains on Allen Street was deafening, but above the din was a greater noise than usual. Bells were ringing, whistles blowing, the air was full of merriment and joy. Young people, holding feather-dusters dipped in some ill-smelling white powder or in charcoal, smeared the faces of the people as they passed by.

'New Year's Eve! New Year's Eve!' Clara joyfully exclaimed, infected by the merriment around her. To me it was annoying. Could not the people enjoy themselves more intelligently? On New Year's Eve, in Russia, the peasants usually get drunk and often break the windows of the Yiddish dwellings. Here the young folks were running round screaming like wild animals, tormenting the passer-by.

'You're moody to-night. Cheer up,

kid; your boats are not all sunk, are they?'

Clara was amazed to see me in such a mood, for by nature, I was a very joyous person, and among friends I made myself very merry, often being the ringleader in all the fun and merriment, so that my sufferings for the last nine weeks were not known to any one.

'I think they are, Clara,' I answered, clutching my only two-dollar bill, which so painfully reminded me of my situation.

Her efforts to start a conversation were not successful. I was too tired and discouraged to speak, and silently we reached my door. After wishing each other good-night and a Happy New Year, I climbed the dark, dirty stairway to the fourth floor and opened the door into a cold, unfriendly room. An old couch, two chairs, a broken white table, and an old, once-white dresser furnished the small room. The only window faced a narrow court that never allowed the sunlight to break in.

My room-mate was absent. I lighted the gas. Lonely and homesick, I paced back and forth from one corner to another, my mind painfully wandering far away to my home, now clad in silver white.

H—r—ough; h—r—ough; h—r—ough; h—r—ough!

Oh, those sickening sounds from my snoring neighbors, coming from the windows crowded around the narrow airshaft! They played on my weakened nerves and drove me almost to distraction. For two months that snoring discord so near my room disturbed my peace, irritated my nerves, and kept me awake through the nights.

II

The city clock slowly struck twelve. The New Year had come. More bells ringing, cheerful voices greeting: 'Hap-

py New Year! Happy New Year!' came faintly above the other sounds to my room. What had the past year brought to me, and what will the New Year bring? Like a curse, the wishes rang in my ears.

Everything began to mingle before me. All the experiences of the past year chased through my brain: my home, Russia with its persecutions, my departure, my journey, my arrival, first experiences in a factory in Canada, my arrival in New York, five weeks of work in a factory in New York, and then the nine weeks of searching for work. The memories crowded my brain and benumbed me with their hopelessness.

Home, home! How I wanted to be there, in that spacious living-room with four windows all opening on the street; at that long table with the elder children seated round it, each busy doing his or her own work; mother seated near the brick oven, bending over a boxful of goose feathers, separating the down, preparing pillows for her daughters' future homes; all awaiting my father's return, who after the hard day's work in his school gave private lessons in the evening, in order to keep up his 'small' family. The younger children, playing joyfully on the floor, delighting to play tricks on us, called from time to time, 'There's father!' and laughed gleefully when they succeeded in making us raise our heads, in vain, to greet our self-sacrificing breadwinner.

Home! To be back in the warm home under mother's devoted caresses; to be at home, sitting with father like a true comrade, discussing with him new plans and methods for the success of our school, where I was his assistant for more than two years!

My father was a Hebrew teacher. As only a small proportion of Jews gained admission into the Russian educational

institutions, Russian was taught secretly in the Hebrew schools. The Hebrew teachers were not allowed to teach Russian in their schools without a special license, which they could seldom obtain. I taught Russian in my father's school. My own small school of sixteen girls was also without a license.

My education I received from private teachers because I had never been able to get a chance to enter a Russian school. Jews are permitted to form only five per cent of the total enrollment of pupils in public and high schools, and a decreasing percentage in the higher institutions. Once, when I was ready to pass my examination, my application was rejected: the list of possible applicants was full. Another time, the examination was made so difficult that out of sixty girls only fourteen passed — nine Russian and five Yiddish; the rest, all Yiddish, failed. Questions absolutely out of the course were put to us. The majority of us knew the prescribed course thoroughly because we were aware of the difficulties the government created for Jewish scholars and were prepared for them. Still, we failed.

Those long years of struggle for an education! At fourteen, I already gave lessons to beginners, so as to earn the money to pay for my books and teachers, that I might be less a burden to my father. His highest ambition was to see me get my teacher's certificate, so that we could open up a licensed school and stop paying graft to the chief of police, who threatened us continually. Many a time he and his guards would disturb us in the middle of the day, interrupting our work and frightening the children, who feared the uniforms as if they concealed devils. Each visit of that kind meant a precious twenty-five-dollar bill. My father had paid fines several times for my school because I was under age; and even with a license,

I could not teach until I was twenty-one, so that my father bore all the responsibility.

With my second failure to obtain a certificate, all our hopes, cherished for so many years, began to vanish slowly. The chief of police assailed us more frequently; we were less and less able to fill up his bottomless pocket. After each visit, days of misery followed. Many and many a time my father and I sat through the night, thinking and thinking how to better our present condition, what future to provide for the children. But nothing could be done. Members of the universe, people with brains and ambition, we were not citizens, we were children of the cursed Pale, with our rights limited, the districts in which we could live and the trades and professions we could follow, all prescribed for us. What would become of us? What could we expect? Fight for liberty? For equal rights? The persecution was so terrible—for one free word one found a home in prison.

'O father, it is suicidal!' I would often say.

He sat downcast, as if guilty in having given life to children whose fate like his was to exist within the Pale, be in the hands of the government dogs, fear the least drunken *moujik* who, influenced by the priests, would so often make a sudden attack on the property and sometimes the lives of the Yiddish people. They say that they considered it a virtue to rob and kill the enemies of Christ.

Freedom, freedom!

Freedom I wanted. 'Father,' I once said, when our family was seated around the table ready for the Sabbath meal, 'father, I have been thinking of myself and of you all, thinking hard for the last three weeks. What will become of me and of all of us if we remain in this hole? The future appears so

dark, so dark to me, I have been thinking and I have decided that—that—I—shall go—to America.'

Thunderstruck by my last words, they all looked at me. The first to break the silence was my mother.

'Are you mad? A young girl—alone—a far country!'

She trembled, tears flowed from her eyes; she felt insulted that I should think of leaving home.

Father sat silent, his head hidden in his hands. The youngsters were crying with mother.

'Never let me hear that nonsense again.'

'But, mother, I shall go finally. I do not want to sacrifice my life. I don't want to be condemned to eternal limitations! I want to be free. I shall go to America, to a free country, where everybody gets free education. Imagine, free education! I shall work to earn my living and study in the free evening schools; and when I have firm ground under my feet, I shall help you all. Think of the children going to free schools, growing up free citizens!'

My mother would not listen, nor would my father. Except for my younger brother, I had no one's approval. But my determination was strong and my fight began.

For many days, my mother's tears would not dry. She would tearfully picture to me all the hardships in a far country.

'No matter how bitter life is here, still there is no place like home. There will be no one to look after you there. I shall live in constant anxiety. I shall not sleep nights thinking that you may not have a warm place to sleep, that you may not have a meal in time, nor your laundry washed, nor your clothes mended.'

Poor mother! Her sensitive heart perceived beforehand all the misery that life prepared for me when I found

myself on the other side of the globe.

'But, mother, I am no more a baby; I have passed eighteen and am big enough to take care of myself, wherever I am.'

'Think of mother and me! What will become of us? Do you know what it means to part with a child? In sorrow or in gladness we must all be together,' father would say.

Not succeeding in persuading me to remain, he declared that he would not give me a passport, and without one I could not leave Russia.

Weeks passed. I failed to get their consent. As a last resource I tried declaring a hunger-strike.

When, after three days of hunger, tired and weakened, I still refused to eat, father brought me a passport.

Then preparations began. Sewing and packing all dipped in mother's tears. Then the day of my departure, that forever memorable day! Mother fainting, the children crying, father madly walking back and forth across the living-room, the house full of neighbors who had come to say good-bye. My pupils, all in line, with flowers, were there to say farewell.

When I was already on the stage-coach, my father jumped up, clutched me in his arms and bit rather than kissed my cheeks. That last scream from my mother's wounded heart still rings in my ears; a scream from a heart torn, it may be forever, from its dearest and best beloved!

I left all behind me with regret, and yet with no regret. Oh, the weary days in the train! Each third-class coach was divided into sections, with eight hard benches, four upper and four lower; each bench planned for two passengers to sit, but no place to sleep. During those three days, until we reached the seaport, we slept sitting or leaning on our baggage. The great unwashed mass who had occupied those benches

before us, sleeping in their clothes and often in their *kojucks*,¹ had left insects behind them which made our lives miserable. My clothes were full of them when I arrived at Libau. I immediately sought out a bath-house and cleansed myself from the parasites; but the emigration houses where we stopped were equally infested. Emigrants are treated worse than prisoners, not only in Russia, but in England. We were driven from one bad place to another still worse. In London our baggage was opened, our clothes thrown carelessly together with those of the other passengers, to be disinfected by steam, then replaced in our trunks, all rolled up and wet. Everything was so mussed that I had not even a shirt-waist fit to wear on the voyage. The food in the emigration houses was not fit for animals; but we were only emigrants.

III

On the steamer, we traveled steerage to Canada, together with unwashed Russian peasants, and Germans only a little cleaner. We — only two of us, a girl friend and myself — were lost among them like little wrens among a flock of crows.

It was impossible to sit with them at the table; not used to forks and knives, they would dip their hands into the platter and grab all the food. We begged the interpreter to bring us some food to our rooms, but he said it was against the rules. For two days, I took nothing but a glass of tea.

We dreaded to eat with them, and spent most of our time on deck. On the third day, I became seasick and did not leave my berth for four days. Our appeals to the interpreter for food in our room were always met with the laconic

¹ A loose gathered overcoat lined with lamb-skin; a splendid hiding-place for all sorts of vermin. — THE AUTHOR.

reply, 'Them orders is orders. You cannot get anything in your rooms.' I would have starved had not a gentle Englishman from the third class brought me an orange occasionally. With his help we tipped the interpreter and waiter, and then 'Them orders is orders,' was forgotten; we had our food in our room.

On the seventh day, I recovered, and spent the remaining seven days on deck or in the third class with the English people — they were all British in the third class — who arranged concerts there each evening.

Some hours before our arrival at Quebec, we were held up by quarantine officers. A man in the steerage had contracted typhoid fever, and all passengers in the steerage and third class were kept in quarantine for another two weeks. We were held prisoners and fed with meat filled with worms.

That also I left behind me, and took my first step on the other side of the globe full of hope and ready to stand against anything and everything.

From Canada, where I had been fairly prosperous, I ran because of its provincial mental atmosphere. My restless mind sought something to inspire me, to interest me, to absorb me. My second stop, Chicago, was also unsatisfactory, and I decided to try the much-feared New York.

'New York, the devil's nest!' How people warned me against it, trying to keep me back! 'A girl with no trade, no relations, will soon get lost. Youth fades there so quickly,' they would say.

If my people could not keep me from coming to America, strangers surely could not keep me from going to New York. So in the last week of September, 1912, I arrived in New York, with eight dollars in my pocket and just one address, given me by the Socialist-Territorialist party — that of their New York headquarters.

In truth, I was full of fear all the way to New York — a girl all alone in the great city, not knowing the language.

'Nonsense, I am old enough to take care of myself.' I tried to quiet my own fears as I had tried to quiet mother's.

When I stepped out of the train at the Grand Central Station, not then completed, a few middle-aged ladies, travelers' guides from the Y.W.C.A., stopped me, asking if I wanted assistance; but I looked at them, not knowing them, with distrust. I went out on the street carrying my heavy suitcase, and made my way through the various porters who offered their assistance. Seeing my suspicious look, they showed me their badges so as to reassure me; but I went to a policeman, who put me on a street car, and I found the office on Delancy Street, where a few members of the staff received me kindly.

Luckily, I soon found a job in Brooklyn in a knitting-mill. I was to sew pockets on sweaters, the same work I had done in Canada. It was the height of the season. Ten dollars a week was considered good money. I found a room on Eighth Street, also a room-mate. I managed to live on five dollars a week — one dollar for my share of the room-rent, three dollars for food, and one for general expenses. The other five I began to save. I wanted to save enough money for a ticket for my brother, so that he might come, and together we might bring the rest of the family.

All went smoothly. I joined the previously mentioned Dramatic Club, satisfying one of my first ambitions — to act. Lectures, readings, all were open to me. The only thing that bothered me was my shop. It was so different from those in which I had worked before. The atmosphere seemed so common and vulgar. In Canada, I had worked with girls whose language I had not understood, while here I worked with Yiddish girls. Their frankness in

manner and speech would often make me blush, and I became the object of their teasing. The forewoman, an old shrivelled scold, would open her mouth ornamented with a set of golden teeth.

'Looks as if you was only yesterday out of short skirts. Hm! hm! Still waters run deep'; and she would follow me with such a hateful look. She saw the foreman paying respectful attention to me and envied me.

I had no time to take any notice of her spiteful remarks. Nothing existed but the pursuits to which I gave my evenings. From my entrance into the shop in the morning, I waited for the clock to strike six, when I left the shop and all in it behind me. Eating my dinner in haste, I would hurry to the Dramatic Club, or some place where I could have companionship with people who had similar interests.

Five weeks passed, five happy weeks. I had already twenty-five dollars saved. 'I shall soon be able to buy a ticket and send for my brother,' was my constant thought.

But Fate decided differently. On the Monday of my sixth week, when I came into the shop, my forewoman came over to me and announced, 'It has got slow; there will be no work for you. But what do you care for work!' she added laughingly. She left me with no further explanation.

I went over to the foreman to ask for a reason. He explained to me that work had turned slow; the boss kept only the quickest and cheapest hands, and the forewoman was the one to select them. So I unexpectedly lost my job.

What was I to do now? With my lunch, two rolls and some butter, in my hands, I returned home. New York with its slack season, New York and starvation, stared me in the face.

I refused to be discouraged. I came to New York with eight dollars in my pocket. Now I had twenty-five. Was

I not better off now? Had I not prepared myself to face the worst, to fight patiently? With a wealth of twenty-five dollars I should not have to starve. I quickly sat down to plan my expenditure, including my food menu for the following weeks.

Car fare	60 cents
Newspapers	6
Bread	25
Butter	20
Beans	14
Milk	20
Sugar	7
Total	\$1.52

Plus \$1.00 for room rent, \$2.52 per week, subject to change as soon as I find work.

The next thing was, what should I look for? I knew no trade, the season for sweaters would not begin for some time. I bought a paper and looked through the advertisements. It was too late to go to look for a job that day, so I spent the day at home, reading. My room-mate, a young Russian of twenty-five, worked on dresses at that time. She earnestly advised me to learn that trade, because the workers were beginning seriously to organize themselves into a union, and expected to better their condition the next season.

The next day, I began to look for work. Day in, day out, I would go out and measure the city from north to south, from east to west, in search of work. I did not fail to apply at one of the advertised places, but in vain. I could find no job at dresses, because in the slack time no learners were taken on. In general, learners were seldom taken in that trade. I tried straw hats. The papers were full of advertisements for workers in that industry, but I would have to pay twenty-five dollars and work a month without pay. Flow-ers, corsets, box-making, everything was tried. As time passed, my courage lessened with each vanishing dollar.

Now, on New Year's Eve, more than a year had passed. Without language and without relations, I had fought my battles bitterly, and here I stood with only two dollars. Two dollars between me and starvation!

IV

After a restless night, I did not open my eyes until late in the morning, when my room-mate woke me up.

'A friend is asking for you, Lisa,' she said; and in walked Clara, with her familiar 'Hello, kiddo! get up quick; we must be at the club at eleven.'

In a few minutes, I was dressed and we went off. I could not understand what made her come for me. She had never visited me before.

'Are you out of work for a long time?'

I told her all about my trouble in finding a job for the last few weeks, omitting to mention about my only two dollars, all that was left to me for the indefinite future.

At the club, the members were all there. Those who were not acting were watching the others rehearse. Clara played the part of mother in the play being rehearsed. She usually played the mother's part in all the performances of the club, and was very good in her portrayals. Impatiently I waited until it was over, when again Clara clung to me, insisting that I should go home and have dinner with her. I suspected that she might have guessed my present situation, and refused; but she insisted, so that in the end I went with her.

On the street, she bought a newspaper, quickly opened it and glanced through it, then exclaimed delightedly,

'Listen here — over fifty thousand girls in the ladies' garment trade, ready to walk out of the shops at the first call of their unions, and strike for

better conditions.' Then, closing the paper, she went on, 'I am ten years in the trade, and believe me, I had the time of my life working in those sweat-shops! For years we had tried to organize ourselves, but we were only a few in the field. It was hard to get the workers to understand the conditions in which they worked. Our last general strike, that was called in 1909, was lost; and mind you, the girls who worked in the worst sweat-shops did not go out; they were scabbing on us.'

'What means a sweat-shop, Clara?' I interrupted her.

'Why, don't you know?' She looked at me in surprise. 'The shops in which they work, sometimes, from fifty-six to sixty hours a week, in dark dirty places for terribly small wages, and treated awful! Those are the sweat-shops. Very often I used to be thrown out from shops just because I tried to agitate the girls against such conditions. And now at last we are getting them all down, even the underwear and the kimono-makers, those who were the worst paid and worst treated — who were often compelled to pay for the use of their machines, for needles, electric power, and also for machine-oil.'

On she went, telling of the fights they had gone through: of the strikes; how the bosses hired gangsters to protect scabs; how she once caught a scab, and not being able to persuade her to stop scabbing, she beat her up so that she was afraid to go to work the next day.

'I assure you I had n't the heart to do it, but I could n't stand it any longer. We were striking for several weeks and many of our girls were nearly starved. Some were severely beaten up by the gangsters, and when that girl after hearing our pleas laughed in our faces, I lost control. But after I was so sorry, that for days I walked round like one who committed a crime,' she concluded in her simple language.

I studied her as she spoke. Her face, bearing all the imprints of long hard work, was in strong contrast to her heart, so childishly young, so enthusiastic, so full of life; ready to forgive the world for all the wrongs done to her, just for a bit of joy.

The club was her only solace. A child of poor Galicia, having hardly any education, working since ten years of age, she zealously strove for education in the evenings after work. The soul-hunger for beauty, for art, for good literature brought her to the club, to which she willingly sacrificed her time and her money to keep it up, to build a temple of art which might help educate those who were as brutally deprived of education as she had been. It was in that work that she found expression for her beautiful desires and a rest from the monotonous prosaic life she lived amid the sordid surroundings of the crowded East Side. My admiration for her grew more and more as we continued to walk.

Into a dark hall on Avenue B Clara led me. On the third floor we stopped. The door was opened to us by Clara's mother, a tired-out, elderly woman of fifty. She seemed to have expected me, for the table was set for the two of us; the rest of the family, having had their dinners, were all gone.

From the attention paid to me by Clara's mother I understood that Clara must have spoken to her about me. The thought that Clara possibly invited me suspecting that I was in need, insulted me. I sat awkwardly at the table and choked myself with each mouthful.

After dinner, we went into a parlor furnished with some second-hand chairs. A few art postals hung on the walls, and two cheap statuettes of Beethoven and Mozart adorned the imitation marble mantelpiece. Our conversation again turned on the coming strike.

'I think the best plan for you is to learn the dressmaking. It will take you some time to learn and you could n't make much money while learning, but at least you'll have a trade in the end. Without a trade you will very often not find work even in the season.'

I agreed with her, but how was I to find a place to learn?

'Now let's see. Mr. N.' — she mentioned the name of a member of our club — 'keeps a small dress shop. I'm sure that he'll take you in when I speak to him.'

'Is he really a manufacturer?' I exclaimed, a ray of hope creeping into my heart. 'Why, I'm sure he'll take me in.'

I was a little surprised to have a real 'boss' a member of our club.

The very same evening we spoke to Mr. N., and oh, wonder of wonders! he told me to come the next morning. At six o'clock I was up already, impatiently waiting for the clock to strike eight.

At the door of the shop I met a gentleman somewhat resembling my Mr. N., but older. He asked me whom I wished to see.

'I am to see Mr. N. He told me to come this morning; he — he wants to give me a job — on dresses.'

I trembled, much discouraged by his surprised, displeased look.

'You mean my brother? Well, I don't think we need any help. The season has not yet begun.'

Like one who has suddenly had cold water poured over her, I was chilled by his last words.

'You see, Mr. N., I am only to learn the trade, so that it does not matter whether it is busy or not. I may learn something till the season starts and be able to earn some money then.'

My appealing voice seemed to have impressed him. He opened the door and told me to come in and wait for his brother. It was a very light, clean little

shop, with two rows of tables, — ten machines on each one, — one long cutting-table, and one table with a pressing-board.

A little after eight two girls with dark complexions walked in, and looked at me with curiosity.

A little later Mr. N. appeared. Greeting me familiarly, he introduced me to his brother and two sisters, who already sat by their machines, increasing their speed by singing a merry Russian song.

'We are here our own family; there are two more of our intimate friends working with us, two Italian finishers and one presser — that is our staff. I am doing the cutting, my brother the designing, and so we are all working hard for our living,' he concluded smilingly. And bringing a bundle over to me, he asked his younger sister to instruct me.

'Do you speak Russian?' she asked, as she bent across me to show me what to do.

'Why, yes, I do,' I answered.

She began in fluent but ungrammatical Russian to cross-question me: where I came from, who I was, what I did, how I liked this and that — not giving me a chance to answer any of her questions; telling me all she could about herself; chattering all day without stopping. About the work, she would speak with high authority, assuring me that it would take me months to become a skilled worker.

'Do you know, Louis, this little girl speaks Russian!' my instructor said to the older brother.

'Does she?' he answered, looking approvingly at me; and coming over to our table, he spoke to me as if paying more respect to me for knowing Russian.

'I am going to the opera to-night,' my instructor announced, as she ripped apart the yoke of a waist that I had

used for a collar. 'You don't even ask with whom I am going,' she continued, not receiving any reply from me. 'My gentleman friend is a musician, you know, and we often go to the opera. How do you like opera?'

'Very much,' I replied, trying to cut our conversation down, for she gave me very little chance to work.

'What about your gentleman friend? Does he like opera?'

'Heavens! will she never stop?' I wondered. 'You do like to know a lot of things all in one day,' I replied softly, so as not to displease her.

She went over to her machine and spoke to me no more that day.

On the thirteenth day of my apprenticeship, the long-expected strike broke out. The very small staff in our shop, so closely related to the 'boss,' did not stop work. My employer tried to convince me that it would be very foolish of me to join the strikers when I was only a stranger in the trade.

I did not know what to do. Indeed, I knew very little about the American labor movement in general, and less about this particular industry. Should the employees in my shop walk out, there would be no doubts for me; but they did not. Being in the first stage of apprenticeship, not knowing the people or the real conditions existing in the trade, I thought that I could be of no help to them, so I stayed in the shop and learned to work. Still, each bundle that went through my hands caused me terrible sufferings. It seemed as if the goods looked up at me reproachingly. They seemed to say, 'So many girls fighting for a better chance, for more freedom, for a better life! Leave us untouched in the baskets.'

'But I am not injuring them, I am only learning,' I tried to quiet my conscience. 'I am learning in order to help them when I have a right to stand in their ranks and demand the same, to

fight for a better life, for freedom. Oh, that better life — who has struggled for it more than I, all these past years? Who has sacrificed more than I, for freedom that I have not yet realized?’

In the evenings, when I walked home, I tried to slip through the pickets so that they should not notice me; for they would not believe that I was only a learner and that my heart and soul were with them. With delight and envy I watched those brave young children in the picket-line, not fearing the policemen who would chase them from one place to another, nor the gangsters hired by the bosses, who would stain with blood many a young girl’s face when she dared to speak to a scab who was under their protection. How I wished to be among them!

The first two weeks of my apprenticeship did not go at all smoothly. My employer friend seemed to grow discouraged with me because I still did not seem able to distinguish a sleeve from a front, or a back from a yoke, and would make blunders by setting in a front for a sleeve.

My talkative instructor would often cry out in disgust, ‘My, how you botch up all the work!’

She had crowned me with a nickname the first day, and she would often tease me to tears. As she was known as the ‘gypsy,’ she called me ‘the little white angel,’ for my small growth and my white complexion. Seeing how little I liked that name, even the beautiful signorinas teased me, goodheartedly.

One evening, the elder boss called me over, and in a friendly manner advised me to give up the job. He said I was an intelligent girl, but that I could never concentrate my mind on the machine — that I could never become a real worker and earn my living by it.

I opened my mouth to say something, but the words sank in my throat, my eyes filled with tears, I could not

speak. He seemed to notice my depression, for he immediately changed his mind, began to comfort me, and accompanied me home and spoke to me for a long time. He took a very warm interest in our conversation.

After he left me, I went up to my room.

‘What shall I do? How much more must I concentrate my mind on the machine? I am trying hard to learn, but it seems to go so slowly! The other girls are so quick; everything from their hands comes out so smoothly. When I try to do the same thing, I start so fine but it comes out so crooked! How shall I learn? How shall I learn?’ The question kept digging, digging in my mind, filling me with despair.

I thought of my elder boss. He was so kind to me, he spoke so nicely, with so much sympathy, as no one else had done since I left home. No one till then had inquired how I was living, not even my room-mate knew how I made both ends meet. To my parents I had to lie. Each letter I wrote to them made them think that I was quite contented with the changed life. The thought that they might learn the truth made me so miserable, so miserable! Had they not objected to my leaving home?

I must be strong, I must overcome everything. But how? I feared that I was too weak, too helpless against life. I saw no hope of earning enough money to help my family as I had promised. I saw no possibilities of studying in the evenings when my mind was so worried about the daily bread. If I cannot accomplish anything, what is life for, then? Lying in bed that night I began to think of suicide.

Oh! how I wished to die that evening, to be relieved from that eternal anxiety, from painful disappointments!

‘But suicide is a selfish thing,’ I thought. ‘If I find relief in that, what

about those who survive? Will not the deed kill my parents, who have so much faith in my strength? No, no; I will not disappoint them. I will fight until I succeed. Others struggle as much as I do. I had heard of so many people who had suffered much and were successful in the end. Why should not I? I shall prove my ambitions. I must.'

With a terrible headache, I fell into a restless sleep. I spent the night in a terrible nightmare.

Early in the morning, I sat on a bench in Union Square, waiting for the clock to strike eight, for our shop never opened before that hour. Thousands of people passed the square, most of them garment-workers.

'So many people could learn the trade, why not I? I shall learn it under any circumstances, and that quickly, too,' I decided.

I reached the shop just as my boss, who had accompanied me home the night before, unlocked the door.

'Good morning. Who threw you out of bed so early?' he asked smilingly. 'Now we shall see what we can do for you, little angel.'

'Oh, please, Mr. N.! You, too! You must excuse me if I beg you not to call me a nickname. I am already twenty years of age, and really I think that I am too old to be teased,' I said, insulted by his last words.

He apologized. 'Why, I did not think that you would feel badly about it. Goodness! you do not look twenty at all. I thought you were not more than sixteen or seventeen.'

His sisters came in, the power was turned on, and we sat down to work. During the next few days, I exerted myself to the utmost. My boss helped me out, and I began to feel more at my ease, as my work went on improving. Another two weeks and no more botching. I was able to put a garment to-

gether, but I was still very slow and the prices were poor. I could make only from five to six dollars a week. That money was only enough to enable me to live from hand to mouth, and I needed so many things. My shoes were worn out, my clothes too were shabby; I had nothing but the dress I had on.

V

Meanwhile, the strike of the garment-workers was settled. Their union recognized, the workers returned to their shops with great triumph, their prices almost doubled, their long hours reduced to fifty hours a week. We still worked under the old conditions. Our boss claimed that he could not raise the prices because his concern was small and could not turn out much work. I was so much obliged to him for the favor he had done to me that I felt I had no right to contradict or be displeased.

As I was less able to make ends meet from my scanty earnings, I began to grow discouraged again. My idea of studying in the evening had to be given up for the present, because I worked too hard all day. Besides, in the evenings I had to do my washing and mending and prepare my breakfast and lunch for the next day, as I could not afford to get my meals outside.

'Heavens! Where is my freedom? I work in a shop, I work in the evenings; no time for anything else but work and eat. What a life this is! What will the outcome be?'

I feared that, if things continued as they were, I might be plunged into a dirty slough as many others were, and I decided to prefer death if it came, rather than allow anything to happen to me.

One evening, coming home from work, so tired and exhausted, I found a letter from home with very sad news.

My family was in hardship, and although they did not ask me for anything, I knew that any financial help from me would be a great aid to them.

What was I to do? I hardly had enough for my board, but they knew nothing of my circumstances, and never would I want them to know. And when would I be able to help them? My father, deprived of my help, had to pay now in order to have some one in my place, to bribe the chief of police, and to keep up such a large family. Oh! when would it end, when would it end? If I only had the money! Money, money, how hateful you are, — but oh, how I need to have you!

Enfolded in the dark clouds that again spread over my horizon, I began to lose ground. My head burning and my thoughts confused, I ran down the stairs to the street and carelessly wandered among the crowded pushcarts.

'A penny, a penny a sweet potato, a penny a pickle,' rang the loud voices of the peddlers.

Sweet potatoes, pickles, bananas on the pushcarts; a skirt, a waist, a front, a yoke, in the basket at the side of my machine; the letter from home, money — my boss — all danced before my eyes, in dark confusion.

Flowers! I stopped near a flower-store, attracted by the American Beauties in the window. Unthinkingly, I walked in.

'Well, madam, wedding, birthday, funeral bouquets — which do you desire?'

'Wedding, birthday, funeral bouquets,' I repeated absentmindedly. 'Funeral bouquet,' I said.

'For how much?'

'How much?' I repeated. I began to count my change. 'A dollar, twenty-five, forty-five, sixty-nine cents. For a dollar sixty-nine cents, please.'

The man looked at me in amazement.

'We don't sell for a dollar sixty-nine cents; a dollar fifty, if you please.'

'Let it be a dollar fifty,' I said carelessly.

With the bouquet in my hand, I walked home. My room-mate was away in the picketing line; her shop was still on strike. I did not expect her until late in the evening. I had plenty of time.

The flowers: the beautiful white rose, the lilies — ah! that heavy odor intoxicated me! Why did I not get an American Beauty, that I am so fond of?

An American Beauty in a funeral bouquet? Oh, yes a funeral, death — suicide — my home — my people —

My room-mate returned unexpectedly; I sent her out. Slowly I turned the gas. To help it more quickly, I soaked a handful of matches in water and drank off the sickening liquid —

When I regained consciousness I was in the hospital, doctors and nurses around me. Unfortunately, I had been brought back to life. The matches had failed to do their work. The next day Clara and my room-mate were with me — Clara, her eyes filled with tears.

'You foolish child, to do such a silly thing!'

I spoke to none of them; I was so tired. I wanted to be quiet, to have nobody around me, to be left alone to my own thoughts.

After four days in the hospital, I was well enough to come out.

'Will you not come to us, where mother will take good care of you for a time?' Clara begged me.

I refused. I wanted to be no burden to anybody. She brought her mother to the hospital. Both insisting, I at last consented. Where else was I to go, my last cent spent for the flowers?

(To be continued)

THE DECLINE OF THE BERLINER

BY ADELE N. PHILLIPS AND RUSSELL PHILLIPS

I

STRANGELY enough, on the steamer returning with us to America were the two American newspaper correspondents upon whom Germany most relied to mould public opinion in this country. Although we were given to understand that these gentlemen represented the combined newspapers of the United States, we have since learned that they represented rival interests. For months after the outbreak of the war the foreign correspondent was a *persona non grata* in Germany. Then the German government awoke to the harm it was doing itself by letting the Allies monopolize the front page, and the newspaper correspondents were welcomed. Nevertheless, they were not wholly trusted, and a close watch was kept on them at the front or in the cities by the authorities, and their reports were closely censored.

The two correspondents who crossed the sea with us were greatly favored. One had succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Pope, and his report, most favorable to the Germans, gained for him entry into the offices in Wilhelmstrasse and absolute freedom of the wires. The other, whose name has since been connected with the Count von Bernstorff exposures, was perhaps nearer the government and learned more of its movements. Certainly he maintained the same intimate relations after Mr. Gerard's departure, and as he did not leave Berlin until late in July, he must have acquired some interest-

ing information, which, though we have sought it eagerly, we have not seen in print.

We had met the first-mentioned correspondent many times in the house of a relative. Indeed, upon our arrival in this country, the first person to greet us on the pier was this gentleman's wife, who came to meet him and who expressed great surprise at seeing us on this side, as she knew of our long residence in Berlin and thought that we had forfeited our American citizenship.

It is amazing how much the German government depended on the reports of these correspondents to dispel the evil impressions caused by its flagrant violations of international law and the laws of humanity. The reports of other correspondents were rigidly censored; but the messages of these two were cabled as written, sometimes without being passed upon by the censor. We have heard one of them boast of it time and again. Obviously the reports were handed to the Berlin editors at the time of cabling; for the moral effect that it was hoped these messages would produce was dwelt upon daily by the leading newspapers of the city.

In the stormy days before the severing of relations with this government the influence of these two men, greatly overestimated, was almost childishly relied on to avert the break. After Mr. Gerard's departure their cabled reports were depended upon to disseminate the bitter feeling that had been aroused by the severing of relations. In other words, in the propaganda which fol-

lowed, the saintly rôle was played, the German government posing as much misunderstood, and relying upon the correspondents to convey that impression to the host of German sympathizers in this country, with the hope of embarrassing the authorities in Washington.

It was one of these men who figured in the Skager Rack incident, in which Scheidemann, the Socialist leader, openly accused the government of duplicity. The correspondent was taken aboard the so-called victorious fleet, and it was rumored — yes, it leaked into print — that an old ship was painted to resemble the battleship Moltke, reported by the English and denied by the Germans to be lost, and pointed out to him as the victorious hulk riding upon the waters. Thereafter a message was cabled ridiculing the British claims of victory.

It was this tendency to dissemble, to conceal or pervert the truth, which awakened us to a new phase of German character. It was the eagerness to absorb the slightest report of victory, whether verified or not, and the elation which followed; the malignant satisfaction evinced at the tales of cruelty; the delight in the extreme suffering of the unfortunate people who stood in the way of the desired end, which amazed and revolted us. Living among them so many years, we had always found the Germans, and especially the Berliners, so *menschlich*, so eager for the good opinion of the outside world, and their home life so *gemütlich*, that we could not credit this radical and amazing change of character.

In the twelve long years previous to the outbreak of the war, during which we had resided in Berlin, we had not encountered this spirit. We had been always kindly received and had appreciated to the utmost the hospitality extended to us, which, as everybody knows who has resided in the city for

any length of time, is boundless to the stranger upon whom the burgher centres his affections. Those characteristics which lie so near the surface, and which have been transmitted from generation to generation until they have been allied with the natural designation of *Deutsch*: cleanliness, fearlessness of expression, candor, *der Mut* (moral courage), probity, and an inherent love of justice had endeared them to us. From a mere formless plan, casually conceived, arose an overwhelming desire to dwell among these people, because of their rugged instincts, their admirable characteristics. The passing years did not weaken the early impressions, but rather deepened them, until the esteem in which we held them had ripened into a strong and enduring affection.

It would have been difficult to keep from loving these people as we first knew them. A certain blandness; an ingenuousness, actuated by noble candor and love of truth; a lovable simplicity in the greatest of them; a modest disavowal of accomplishment — *Ach, bewahre!* — in those who had achieved something of value; a respectful awe of the progressiveness and the vast resources of the great country we had just left, in which so many of their own people had found happiness, charmed us and drew us closer to them. In turn, our fondness for them inspired a respect which endured until the white heat of resentment arising from defeated purpose and imaginary wrongs caused them to turn from us. To minds so deeply impressed as ours the reaction was doubly great, the awakening very bitter.

Hitherto, it was only in military circles that one heard the refrain chanted of 'Der Tag' and 'Über Alles,' and all they implied. But with the outbreak of hostilities new traits began to be perceptible even in the gentlest and most

refined — student, philosopher, and the most phlegmatic of burghers alike — that distressed the most casual observer. A nebulous moral turpitude befogged their mentality. Duplicity and perfidy were the gods of the hour. The men degenerated into savagery; the women became unsexed. The national honor was swept away with one brief word of command.

In the almost tigerish rage which followed the Belgian opposition, the Germans became a people characterized by cruelty almost maniacal in its ferocity. Centuries were bridged, and the savageries of the early days of the Christian era came trooping over the span. Thumbs were turned down and kept down. A deaf ear was turned to the cries of distress which followed the accumulated wretchedness that the decision entailed. What psychology can analyze the mentality of a peaceful, law-abiding people suddenly imbued with a lust for blood?

With the greatest sorrow we had witnessed the orgies that followed the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Horror-stricken Americans in Berlin were compelled to sit in silence while some burgher, suddenly transformed from an amiable, jovial being into a gloating fiend, would tell of the greater horrors yet to come. Christianity, even civilization itself, could receive no greater setback than the mighty roar of acclaim which arose from the jubilant crowd on the occasion of the parade of the crews of the submarines through the streets of Berlin to celebrate the resumption of *Schrecklichkeit*.

The Americans witnessed these hideous demonstrations in wonderment, sick at heart, amazed at the callousness of a hitherto God-fearing people reveling in the reports of wholesale murder. Still less could they understand the savage resentment displayed to another body of men from the U-boats, again

paraded to impress the Berliners when it was demonstrated that the much-heralded campaign was doomed to failure. As early as May of the present year rumors had been seeping into Berlin of the navy plot, the discontent and the threats of mutiny in Kiel, Cuxhaven, and Wilhelmshaven. In consequence, this body of men was received in coldness and silence, and in the poorer quarters vile epithets were hurled at them and accusations of treason. The people would have rent them limb from limb, nothing but a display of authority by the officials keeping them within bounds.

It seemed as if in his rage the German was lashing about in a fury that would destroy all within reach, for the sinking of neutral vessels was an occasion for even greater rejoicing. The destruction of anything carrying cargo that might interfere with the success of the Germans was demanded. No nation or people on earth had the right to stand in the way of victory. The land and the sea were created for one purpose — to further the success of the Vaterland.

These were the policies advocated by the mad philosopher Nietzsche, which, however, had for a time relaxed their hold on the average mind, and had receded into the past when Pan-Germanism was forgotten amid overwhelming prosperity and commercial expansion. Suddenly his 'science of things possible, inasmuch as they are possible,' became the law. The 'little lambs fattening in adjacent meadows' — as the mad philosopher styled the small nations — must be devoured, fleece and all. Although the feast had long since been prepared by official Germany, it could not be conceived that the *menschliche Leute*, who prated eternally of peace, would absorb the plans so eagerly.

In the months before war was declared, we had noted with amazement the increasing affection of Germany for

her unspeakable ally—Turkey. It was a well-known fact that the country was financing the Empire of the Crescent, and was, for reasons since revealed to the world, hobnobbing very affectionately with her. In intellectual circles we had also noted a tendency to apologize for the actions of the Turks, and in some instances to condone them, by people who have since denounced and condemned the suffering Belgians for the cruel deeds of their former royal master in the Congo. According to uttered and published statements, the Turk in his worst days had been misunderstood. We have even heard seemingly intelligent people willfully deny that the various massacres of the Armenians were inspired by government officials.

At the house of a friend, an American physician, we met a close relative of Enver Bey. The tales that this man told of the wholesale massacres of Christians who did not approve of Turkey's entrance into the war were blood-curdling. Yet they were listened to with glee by people who were mourning for their own dead; by women who a few months before made great ado if their children so much as cut a finger; by men who daily sank on their knees to pray for their own boys at the front.

The massacres which this Turk spoke of would have been greater but for the man whom, upon learning our nationality, he particularly described to us in his quaint English, as 'ned-a-i-r-e Protest-a-h-n-t, Catolica, but vaht you call Israel-e-e-t.' He meant Israelite; and the man was Abram I. Elkus, American minister to Turkey.

We positively could feel the resentment radiate from the people present as the Turk dwelt at length and with fiendish indignation upon Mr. Elkus's successful efforts to shield the unfortunate Armenians from an aroused and cruel government. It was one of the

few times when we were publicly affronted, or when we suffered for our relationship to the 'indirect enemy.' But the anger of the guests of the American physician at the interference of Mr. Elkus was white hot, and numerous uncomplimentary remarks were audibly uttered. Two or three of the guests abruptly rose and left the house, without a word of farewell to their host. The remaining guests drew away from us and gathered about the Turk, to listen eagerly to other tales of horror.

Our host was most embarrassed and apologized in a low voice, in English, for the rudeness of his guests. But we were too full of sorrow to resent the incivility, and we soon left, wondering whether, if our own country, grown more dear to us as we realized the blood-madness of that other country, were drawn into the fray, we should degenerate into brutal, ferocious, savage creatures, demanding the destruction of our fellow men. There were some people in the room who refused to speak to us afterwards, and who strenuously objected to our presence even at Red Cross meetings.

Pan-Germanism's stronghold is in the aristocratic class, the military contingent, and among the upper middle class—the class whose minor titles roll so grandiloquently on the tongue, who have grown rich on war-profits. In spite of the 'Über Alles' refrain, Pan-Germanism never did have a hold on the lower class. The common people were too completely shackled by the rigorous regulations of the despotic nationalism, to dream of 'places in the sun' or colonies across the sea. They were taught to obey, not encouraged to think of something bound to come to pass by God's natural law and the Kaiser's. It was not until the first stages of the war, the almost successful dash to Paris, that the common people began to slap one another on the back and

predict German supremacy. Then one heard on the streets the computations of time when the mailed fist would subjugate the world at large: Paris in six weeks; Russia in a couple of months; the hated Island Kingdom in mere days; and then, — who could tell? — the rest of the world, inspired by fear, would submit willingly.

II

The spirit of intolerance was still abroad in the third year of the war. An American, a buyer for a large millinery house, came to Berlin. The firm that he represented had a permanent office in the city, which had been closed for a long time. Foreign offices were a source of great revenue to the government, some of them paying as many as six different kinds of taxes. Three months is the time allotted in Prussia for a foreigner to remain in the country without sanction of the state; and in adjoining commercial states the time is even shorter. Our friend evaded the law by taking the train to Denmark or Holland, and absenting himself from the country for forty-eight hours.

As we dined together one evening in a well-known restaurant, we were conversing in English. Seated at the next table was a quartette of officers, home on furlough. Presently a waiter stepped up to us and said that the officers objected to our speaking the English tongue. Knowing that we were well within our rights, we refused to discontinue the conversation. The four officers then rose, stood stiffly at attention, and demanded that we be ejected from the restaurant. It was a very unpleasant and humiliating experience; but, as we look back, we cannot fail to see the humor of it, with the men standing so ridiculously straight in the centre of the place. The American, as host, approached the group and endeavored

to explain; but he was swept aside with haughty gestures. When he returned to the table, the proprietor informed him that he would be unable to serve the rest of the meal, and we were compelled to leave the restaurant.

The incident leaked into print and caused considerable discussion. The verdict, however, was in favor of the officers, and their very rude and uncalled-for action met with universal approbation. Soon after, it was discovered that our host of the evening was married to a Frenchwoman and resided in Paris. An inquiry followed, and the members of every household in which this gentleman visited were closely questioned. Fortunately, we were still in good standing, and our word did much to reassure the authorities. But a day or two later the American visited us, bringing with him the various samples left in his office by the firms that he dealt with. The paper stems of the artificial flowers had been unwound and subjected to acid baths; and even the composite ends of feather-trimming, manufactured to comply with the rigorous importation laws of this country, had been slit, to see if they contained information of value to the enemy. A week later he received official notice to leave the country, and never to return to it. After his departure, the doors of mutual friends were closed to us, no explanation being vouchsafed for the sudden termination of friendships that we had come to value.

There is no doubt that our good standing was the only thing that saved us from receiving similar notice; for the offense which finally brought us into official disfavor was most trivial. By this time, however, our social circle had narrowed perceptibly, as the head of the house put it, to mere Red Cross acquaintances. Very reluctantly we accepted the few invitations extended to us; for we could not understand the

radical change in some of the gentlest and most hospitable of our friends, and it distressed us to see it. The war seemed to have brought out all evil traits. As shocking deed after shocking deed was perpetrated, we listened in vain for one dissenting voice.

Months before, we had been greatly disturbed by the fierce outburst of joy at the introduction of gas, so much like the 'grand Titanic outburst of laughter,' of which Thomas Carlyle speaks in his history of the French Revolution. The report of the number of men suffocated by this fiendish innovation was greatly exaggerated. But the greater the number reported dead, the higher mounted the hysterical outcry of approval. German science would conquer the world, it was predicted. 'The war would be won by chemistry alone.' 'The miserable dollar-loving American would be ruined by the amount of ammunition left on his hands.'

Nowhere was heard a word of pity for the poor wretches caught unawares, beating the air in their agony, gasping their lives out beneath the dense clouds of pitiless, poisonous fumes. There was a hideous clamor for the trial of other similar formulas which filled the Berlin newspapers. Cruelty, lust for human life, everywhere, sickening the heart.

In other cities, chastened by sorrow, where the bitter hatred of all humanity had been dulled by the suffering of the people, we heard that there were many protests lodged against such cases as that of Edith Cavell, the ruthless discrimination against the English prisoners, or the drowning of neutrals — but not in Berlin. The women worked fast and furiously at the Red Cross meetings, for but one purpose: to aid in the healing of the wounded so that they might return sooner to the front.

In the pulpit also was heard the clarion voice, profaning the Creator's name by inciting to kill. What had be-

come of the sweet, simple faith which breathed the spirit of a beautiful, peaceful garden? What had become of the homely people, abiding in that faith, at peace with their fellow beings and God? One could not believe that the restless, brutal, bitter, merciless, blood-crazed multitude were the cultured, happy, devoutly religious people, who, a short time before, had lived according to the simple word preached by their beloved pastors. How different now was that word! The simple word had given way to the clarion tones of the half-mad fanatic, who had turned his back on God. 'A torpedo, striking home, bears the message of God,' was the sacrilege uttered by a well-known pastor in Berlin.

'The German God — the God of the Old Testament; a God that dealt in realities, stern, severe, uncompromising; the God of the warrior, favoring Zebadiah the son of Ishmael, Joshua, and Judas Maccabæus,' was the impious statement of a preacher famous for his eloquence and the profundity of his sermons.

'Would that the just God in his righteousness might bestow on the bullet speeding from the German gun the magic power of the jawbone of the ass, and slay ten thousand of the enemy with each bullet,' was the fervent prayer of another well-known minister of the gospel.

In no city or country would such denunciations, such violations of the tenets of religion, be tolerated. But when it is realized that churches are liberally endowed by the state, this singular freedom of speech is understood. In the episcopal oath of fidelity to the Crown, which all must take who seek to preach the divine word, the solemn oath is administered.

'I will be submissive, faithful, and obedient to his Royal Majesty, — and his lawful successors in the government, — as my most gracious King and sov-

ereign; promote his welfare according to my ability; prevent injury and detriment to him; and particularly endeavor carefully to cultivate in the minds of the people under my care a sense of reverence and fidelity toward the King, love for the Fatherland, obedience to the laws, and all those virtues which in a Christian denote a good citizen; and I will not suffer any man to teach or act in a contrary spirit. In particular, I vow that I will not support any society or association, either at home or abroad, which might endanger the public security, and will inform His Majesty of any proposals made, either in my diocese or elsewhere, which might prove injurious to the state. I will preach the word as His Gracious Majesty dictates,' — and so forth.

The sympathy which once knitted pastor and flock together has entirely disappeared. The congregation, misled, fast becomes rebellious. Germany is reaping the whirlwind. Militarism was her god. As a profession, the clergy has always been looked down upon — fit for the sons of tradesmen, artisans, small dealers, and minor professionals. All others with any pretense to ambition turn to the military, as a means to the greater end. The profession of religion demands equality; and the Germans are fundamentally opposed to equality.

In consequence of the strange words uttered in the pulpit, the people, half aroused, distrust the church. They fear that it has been subordinated to the political system. Even on religious days, for which Germany is noted, religious fervor was strangely lacking, and the spirit of good-will had wholly disappeared. Now, in the hour of her travail, Germany looks in vain for the consolation of religion, which would assist her to bear the great affliction that oppresses her.

What can possibly become of this

people led by the perverters of the divine word? We have met women entering the church for solace, who have come forth with a sullen hatred for all mankind in their hearts. Unhappy creatures, they have been deprived of the one staff on which they could lean in the hour of utter desolation.

In contrast to the Emperor's smug and almost sacrilegious claim of intimacy with the Deity, one is almost horrified by the wave of agnosticism that has swept over Berlin. There is a greater increase of the other and worse extremists, who, with mocking and contumelious language, neither assert nor deny the existence of the Deity because of the limits of human intelligence or of insufficient psychical evidence, but who absolutely deny and scoff at the existence of God. This scourge of the disconsolate must not be confounded with the infidel, who denies Christianity and the truth of the Scriptures. And Heaven knows that there are hosts of them in Berlin; blasphemous hordes who attack the very tenets of Christianity in public places, without molestation by the authorities.

What can stem the tide of blasphemy which is sweeping over Germany? For the unbeliever there is hope — for the blasphemer, none. In the past year the Berlin newspapers gave a great deal of space to several undoubtedly brilliant writers. While our own papers were discussing the more vital questions of the moment, — the problems of peace before and after the war, — these writers consumed space in a debate on the predilection of the Divine Presence for either combatant. The discussion called forth a lively reply in the *Morgenpost*, from the noted free-thinker Schlunsen.

'Of what use is a debate on the existence of the Deity,' he wrote. 'The invisible can assume no earthly obligation, can bear no mortal burdens. One

might as reasonably say that the ether bore a message; that there was Divine ordination in the souging of the night-wind over the battlefield; that God was a mere road to some desired end; that peace could be found only at the termination of that road. There is only one God — fear. There is another God — annihilation. Expediency is the intercessor and completes the Trinity. Germany's one hope lies in that Trinity.

'All hope in invisible intercession must be put away. Fear of the doom that awaits them must be inspired in the breast of all who oppose Germany. In that lies her salvation. She must trust in no other. The struggle for unity would be its own compensation. When that is accomplished, Germany can dispense her favors and can defy her enemies — and the invisible God.'

And what has been the result of this religious relapse?

The terrible record of suicides which appeared daily in the newspapers, especially of women. According to statistics, secretly passed about in medical circles for fear of repression by the government, suicides have increased to 40.2 per 100,000 inhabitants in Saxony alone; and throughout the Empire to 24.5 per 100,000, — an increase of from 15 to 18 per cent.

Deprived of their faith, and in despair, these nervous, highly strung people relaxed their hold on life, when perhaps a word uttered in the right spirit would have saved them. People forbidden to mourn in public for their dead crowd the cemeteries, which do not contain the remains of those they mourn, but which are the only places where they may seek relief from their grief. The portals of the Church are open to them; but the spirit they seek is not there.

In great sadness, day by day, we had watched this bitterness of spirit grow.

Hitherto we had found the Berliner so *lustig*, so *gemütlich*, that it distressed us to see the change. Whatever charge you might lay against the Berliner, you could not say that he nursed a grudge for any great length of time. They were an attractive, genial, forgiving lot, with an inextinguishable sense of humor, not always in good taste; taking their pleasures rather seriously; extorting much joy from life in ways not always conducive to the comfort of their neighbors; optimistic to the point of inconsideration. But they were a chivalrous set, hospitable to strangers, making a fetish of social forms, correct to a fault, somewhat stilted in manner, with a hearty welcome for the stranger upon whom they centred their somewhat demonstrative affection.

Now they had grown like creatures of the wild, beasts of ravenous instincts. The doctrines they advocated were appalling. From a fairly liberal interpretation of the Golden Rule, they suddenly narrowed to 'Do what I say and in such way as I please.' The whole world must bend to their will; and in the effort to enforce that will they would wreck the whole world. Treitschke's motto, 'German every fibre,' became the watchword. They had coarsened, brutalized. It was no longer a pleasure to meet them.

'No hatred is so bitter as enmity against the man who has been unjustly treated,' wrote Treitschke in 1870; 'men hate in him what they have done to him. That is true of nations as well as individuals. All our neighbors, some time or other, grew at Germany's expense; and to-day, we have smashed the last remnants of foreign domination and demand reward for righteous victories. Especially do those small countries, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, complain loudly that an arrogant pro-Germanism has destroyed our people's sense of fairness. It is hatred that

vents itself in the charge. Therefore, we shall pick up the gauntlet, and visit upon them the hatred that such expressions incur.'

The Berliner of the day has gone Treitschke one better.

The indefatigable labors of a relative and our own modest efforts among the poor of the city spared us many unpleasant and humiliating experiences. Any one who labored *gratis* must have the interest of the Germans at heart. But there were Americans, long residents in Berlin, who came to us appalled by the change in the people whom they had learned to love; and in many cases some were very much frightened. They were being *strafed* in every sense of the word.

As they had been kindly received for years, they had felt safe in visiting those whose hospitality they had enjoyed. They were unable to understand the psychology of a people who told with shudders horrible tales of the throat-slitting of the Senegalese soldiers, calling down curses on the head of the nation that utilized its fighting strength, and in the next breath hysterically lauded the efforts of their own sons of Kultur, who herded helpless, shrinking, despairing Belgians in the squares of hostage-burdened towns, and shot them down by the hundreds.

Sickened with the horror of it all, in the thick of it and yet not of it, in those first years of the war many of our Amer-

ican friends were driven from houses for some mild protest against outrageous violations of the laws of civilization, by people who had reduced the killing of their fellow beings to a science. These Americans were being continually reported as anti-German by their most intimate friends. They were compelled to pay large fines, and in some cases were given jail sentences. Afterwards their lives were made miserable by the continuous procession of inspectors who descended upon them unawares and fined them for the least violation of the law.

We have been repulsed in households, and our services rejected by people who were in sore need of them, because we spoke the language of the common enemy. We knew physicians who refused to attend patients in houses where English was spoken. There were times when the restrictions grew so rigorous as to become irksome, and the temper of the populace made us so uneasy that we asked what had come over these people, hitherto so kindly and appreciative?

Secretly we were revolted by the pettiness, the grasping at straws, the impugning of the noblest of motives, the peevish narrowness. Daily it grew more repugnant to us, this debasement of a people heretofore devoted to God and the spiritual life, now rendered iniquitous, vicious, venomous, radically depraved, by an ignoble ambition.

POETS AND SOLDIERS

BY MAURICE BARRÈS

THE DEATH OF CHARLES PÉGUY

NOT long ago I described for American readers, for our friends and Allies, the Americans, the sentiments which inspire the young men of France to lay down their lives for their country; and now, still relying upon the testimony of authentic documents, I would show what manner of men are the leaders of these young soldiers, when they too are face to face with death. Our petty officers and our officers of rank, high or low, what are they in the heat of battle?

Before all else, the French officer is an exhaustless storehouse of energy, the moral storehouse of his men. Thus it is in war, and thus it is in civil life. The man who carries within him and about him the spirit of order and enthusiasm, he, and he alone, is the true leader of men.

But let us put aside all theories as to these men, for I can show you, I think, the souls within them. On December 12, 1914, I received a letter from Victor Boudon, a private in the 276th Regiment of Infantry. He had been wounded in the battle of the Oureq, one of the momentous series of victories which made up the Battle of the Marne, the battle before Paris. This sterling fellow wrote, 'I had the honor to fight side by side with Charles Péguy, and under his command. He was killed September 5, at Villeroy, by my side, when we were marching to the assault of the German positions.'

There is the vital point — the point which gives just emphasis to the whole

accomplishment of that noble life. Charles Péguy was one of the patriotic young writers who, having taken upon himself the task of purifying the French soul, and of arousing it to intense activity, was ever occupied with studying and holding up to admiration the great heroes of our race — Joan of Arc, for example. His entire life was one long advance to the assault of German positions; for every day that he lived Péguy realized more fully that the soil of France had long been cumbered by Germanic ideas — anomalous, sterile, and menacing. All that we have left us of his literary work denounces, attacks, and repels the spiritual invasion of our University by Germany. And he dies, sword in hand, at the head of the Soldiers of Deliverance, *marching to the assault of German positions*. The poem is made perfect.

From his hospital, my correspondent continues his letter: 'I have written a brief narrative of his glorious death, which is wholly devoid of literary pretension. If you think it well to publish it, I shall be happy thus to pay my final homage to the memory of that gallant officer who was a true friend to all of us.'

Certainly I shall publish this record. It can never again be dissociated from those books of his which are among our permanent possessions. It forms their complement, and illuminates every line he ever wrote. The Péguy of the retreat to the Marne, of whom Boudon

tells us, is the Péguy of our children's children forever. Let us listen to this worthy witness, the partner of his glory.

'On August 4, 1914, the platform of the railway station of Bel-Air-Racordement is thronged by a crowd of more than three thousand mobilized troops, all on their way to join the 276th Reserve Regiment of Infantry at Coulommiers. Along the railway embankment overlooking the near-by streets, which are black with people, the train which is to take us pulls in slowly. Cheers and farewells come from the crowd, handkerchiefs flutter in the breeze. It is four o'clock. In a few seconds our train, from the first car to the last, is decorated with flowers, festooned with flags, covered with caricatures of the Boches, and bears in huge chalk letters the inscription, "Pleasure train for Berlin. *Vive la France!*" while a superb sheaf of flags flutters on the front of the locomotive.

'On the platform many friends and acquaintances met and formed little groups. An officer of the 276th, in full uniform, of a sober military bearing, yet smiling shrewdly and discreetly behind the eye-glasses which embellish a face still youthful, framed by a light beard, overlooks the entrainment with a paternal expression, and, at the same time, prepares to board the train with us. It is Charles Péguy, Lieutenant of Territorials, assigned, at his own request, to a reserve regiment.

'But, amid all the confusion, a little touch of discipline is necessary; a few heads are turned by the excitement of leave-taking and by copious libations. . . . One obstinate recruit is determined to take his fair companion with him; a railway official rebukes him rather sharply, and it begins to look like trouble, when Lieutenant Péguy interposes: "Come, old chap, come with

me; this is no time to fight; keep that for the Boches!" And the man follows him, docile as a lamb, declaring that "for a lieutenant, he is the right sort."

Soon the train, crowded to overflowing with all this exuberant youth, pulls out of the station.

At nine in the evening they arrive at Coulommiers. The people stand in line along the sidewalks. A deafening shout, '*Vive la France!*' echoes to the skies, while some one strikes up the fierce strains of the *Chant du Départ*:—

'Frenchmen must live for her;
For her all French must die.'

All the troops, stern-faced, file past in the fading light, behind a large unfurled flag. 'And,' says Victor Boudon, 'Lieutenant Péguy, carried away like the rest by the general emotion, follows the procession—keeping step like the common soldiers that we are.'

The following days are occupied by making ready for departure. Péguy superintends, with a friendly air, the equipment of the two hundred and fifty men of his company. He is everywhere at once, always ready, first at roll-call, running hither and thither, working hard, like a schoolmaster watching over his pupils. And his nickname sticks to him at once. To all of them he is the 'Schoolmaster,' the 'Usher.' He would smile as he passed along the ranks, whenever this name, always spoken in free and sympathetic friendliness, caught his ear—smile with a roguish look which seemed to say, 'Enjoy your little joke, my boys; you'll soon see your "Usher" at work!'

Meanwhile, in the pouring rain, the regiment goes through its training. The bayonet-charge, at the end of every drill, is Péguy's great delight. The little rascal fairly exults in these charges, in which his pugnacious, characteristically French temperament manifests it-

self. You ought to have heard him, after the company had deployed as skirmishers, shout in a loud, ringing voice, 'Ready! fix bayonets!' then rush forward, waving his sword, crying, 'Forward! Charge!' The charge over, and the imaginary foe repulsed, he would replace his sword in the scabbard with a look of pride and a sigh of satisfaction which made us all smile.

At the outset Péguy obtained the confidence of his men, and of this the happy effects were speedily apparent. On August 27, in the streets of St. Mihiel, a soldier buys a newspaper and reads of the evacuation of Alsace, the withdrawal from Lorraine, the battle of Charleroi, and the invasion of France. The men are horror-stricken. 'You see,' says Péguy, as he glanced over the paper, 'there has been an unfortunate wavering, that is certain. We don't know yet what caused it. But our lines don't seem to have been broken, and that's the main thing. And then, I have absolute confidence in the Staff.'

That is the tone to which he held all through the retreat. It is by such natures as his that things are set to rights.

We cannot accompany Péguy through all the stages of his glorious career, but let us glance at him in the heat of battle, beside his fellow officers, in the midst of his soldiers — all valiant, eager — one and all his peers.

'The colonel assembles his officers and distributes maps of the district, while the boxes of cartridges are taken from the company wagons and distributed. Our artillery begins its infernal concert. We set out, in column of fours, through the beet-fields, where the walking is slippery and difficult; at this moment the dense mist is scattered, as if by the magical effect of the cannonade; and then, while the fusillade begins anew and our machine-guns

crackle, we catch a glimpse, in the still misty distance, of the gray masses of Prussian infantry, in which our "seventy-fives" do terrible execution. Their sonorous gong-like reports reply to the duller hammering of the German batteries, and the melinite ploughs its bloody furrows through the lines of the barbarians, who pour from the woods as from an ant-hill. . . . "The more we kill, the more come out," mutters an officer. Péguy is exultant; he has pulled his *képi* over his eyes, which shine with a fierce gleam; he marches beside us as if we were on parade. "Close up, order in the ranks there!" and in a moment, "Ready for the charge!"

'But we are in a position which the German fire is beginning to render untenable; the shells skim over our heads with a wicked purring sound, and burst a few yards in our rear. Instinctively every head is bent at each premonitory whistle. "Don't be afraid," says Péguy with a laugh; "it makes a noise, but it does n't kill." To cap the climax a German air-plane appears above us; it has pointed out our location, which, a few seconds later, is liberally showered with shells; there is a genuine cloud-burst of them. We have to leave the spot, and, by fours, march swiftly along the road which brings us, fifteen hundred metres farther on, behind Marquivilliers. The officers issue orders with admirable calmness; Lieutenant de la Cornillère, switch in hand, is standing with Lieutenant Péguy amid the shells which plough up the road, roll along the ground in a furrow of green smoke, and burst all about us with a crash of thunder. We have "caught the squall," and at every fresh arrival of great chunks of steel, we do a rapid "flat on your faces," and draw our knapsacks over our heads. Our officers alone, with the colonel and major, stand on the road in the roaring

storm — Pégy smiling, La Cornillère playing with his switch with an air of marvelous indifference, while Captain Guérin, his monocle in his eye, and leaning on his cane (he was severely wounded in Morocco and has to walk with a cane), superintends our retrograde movement.

The whole company received the general's congratulations; we had the feeling that we had won a victory, but we retreated none the less. This was the retreat to the Marne, one of the most glorious pages in the history of the world. I do not hope to make you comprehend the prodigious effort that our armies put forth in the overpowering heat. Let every one think of his sons, his brothers, his friends, and question the living and the dead of those great sad days which saved France! Let us march beside Pégy, making note of only a few points.

Already there are many who can hardly walk and who bravely spend their last ounce of strength to keep up; kilometre after kilometre, village after village, and never a word of a cantonment for rest. From time to time the brave Pégy comes up and revives their flagging energy. 'Well, well, old boy! have a little courage; brace up; we are nearly there.' Ah! he did not bother to stand on his dignity; he knew his 'Parigots,' and he spoke their language to them, thee-and-thouing them in a tone of familiar fellowship, choosing the words that tingle and revive; and many a man 'hung on' through a sort of affection for that scholar, that 'schoolmaster,' of whom it was currently said, 'Pégy — what a good old boy he is!'

Men throw away their knapsacks, they trudge on in the darkness. Pégy overhears the grumbling; he sees that things are likely to grow worse. Like the rest, he can do no more, but he goes

from rank to rank: 'Come, boys, courage! Don't stop; I give you my word we're almost there; I am played out myself, and hungry too; but, I entreat you, do like me.'

'At last, by hook and crook, spurred on by encouraging words, we reach Ravenel at two in the morning, after traveling almost fifty-five kilometres and fighting a battle, all in twenty-four hours, in terrific heat and with nothing to eat! As for eating now, there's no use thinking about it, for there's nothing to eat. We stretch out on the straw in a barn; two hundred men in a space big enough to hold a hundred at most; and more than that, there were a number of refugees, who had taken possession of the shelter and had to make way for us.

'A poor woman with young children, one at the breast, starts to go out. "Where are you going, madame?" Pégy asks her. "Mon Dieu, monsieur, these poor boys must have their rest!" — "No, madame, I won't allow it; you won't find room anywhere else. Come boys, untangle yourselves. These people must lie here." And we did it.'

The next day they start off again, without sleep, or rest, or food. Some of the soldiers pick hard green apples from a tree by the roadside. Pégy goes up to Victor Boudon and says, 'Give me an apple, old man.' — 'With pleasure, lieutenant.'

Rumors are current in the ranks that the government has left Paris for Bordeaux, but Pégy denies it vigorously.

'For my part, lieutenant,' says one man, 'I believe we're sold out.'

Pégy was terribly angry. 'You talk like an imbecile, my man!'

By this time the company has dwindled to some thirty men. They halt. When it is time to resume the march, as there are manifest signs of

indifference, Pégué cries, 'Forward, the 19th!'

'There is n't any 19th,' says a voice.

'As long as I'm here, there'll be one. Come on, forward, my boys!' And off he starts.

'All of us sprang to our feet and resumed the march,' said Boudon.

On September 2, about four o'clock, they arrive opposite Senlis, and see the bombardment, the conflagration of the town, and the church-tower tottering under the rain of shells. In the darkness they dive into the forest of Chantilly, having lost their commissariat wagons — without food, without munitions. All about them the Uhlans are prowling. Lieutenant Pégué walks alone at the head of his company, as skirmisher.

We are approaching the last stage. I would I might stamp on your memories the glorious, sacred character of the impending struggle. The children of Paris are about to defend the City of Light against the barbarian hordes.

Many a time we have felt like smiling at the redundant periods of Victor Hugo; but the genius which dictated them to him gave them the power to make their way into our blood. In the tragic days of early September, we loved the homes and the altars of Paris so dearly that we could not conceive the possibility of surviving them. *Pro aris et focis!* Victor Boudon interprets with wonderful accuracy the sentiments of his battalion of Parisians — of 'Parigots,' as they call themselves.

'We come nearer and nearer to Paris,' he writes me. 'From time to time we see in the sky the great beams of its search-lights. . . . We understand that the situation is very serious, since the enemy is barely thirty kilometres from the capital which we all left less than a month ago, with no expectation that we were to be its defenders; but in face

of the dangers we have confidence, confirmed by our officers, that "They" shall not pass! At that moment we had just known the most cruel disillusionment and had passed through the most terrifying experiences, quite terrible enough to cause a disastrous panic; but, curiously, even the prophets of evil, those who saw everything black, held their peace; the wind of discouragement which had blown during the days just past died down in face of the peril which all of us alike, Parisians and refugees, felt to be close at hand. All whom we loved — wives, children, families — are in yonder great city of Paris which the barbarians covet and to which they are drawing near with savage joy; they are in these villages, too, and these country districts which are already held by our brutal adversaries; and when we meet them in the momentous battle which cannot be long delayed, it is our homes and ourselves that we are to save from defilement. In this multitude in arms in defense of the country, is the triumph of Civilization over Barbarism and the downfall of the frightful Prussian militarism. There are many opposing convictions and ideas among men who only yesterday, as sworn enemies, glared at each other with gleams of hatred in their eyes; but to-day all this has vanished, hatreds have melted in the single thought and hope of all: *they must not pass!* . . .

'On the morning of September 5, the 55th Division of the Army of Paris, of which my regiment, the 276th, formed a part, was on the left of the army, which had at last received orders for a general offensive, 'to be killed on the spot rather than give ground.' Before us, on the wooded hills stretching from Dammartin to Meaux, Von Kluck's Boches, who had dogged us step by step in our terrible retreat from Roye, were on the watch, invisible, burrow-

ing in their trenches like cunning beasts.

'In torrid heat the battalion made a brief halt in the pretty little village of Nantouillet. Seated on a stone, white with dust like the rest of us, streaming with sweat, with beard unkempt, his eyes sparkling behind his glasses, once more I see our dear lieutenant, brave Charles Péguy, writer, poet, soldier, whom we all loved as our friend; who, in Lorraine as well as during the retreat, insensible to fatigue, fearless under the rain of shells, went from man to man, encouraging by word and deed; running through the ranks of our company from front to rear; eating, as we ate, only one day in three, without a word of complaint; always young despite his age,¹ familiar with the speech which Parisians, as most of us were, can understand; reviving with a brief phrase, sometimes biting, sometimes sarcastic or jocose, the drooping spirits; always dauntless, preaching by example — once more I see our dear lieutenant, inspiring us, when many were beginning to despair, with his unshakable convictions of final victory, while he read eagerly a letter from his family, a tear of happiness glistening in his eye.

'An hour later, as the clock struck twelve, we reached, by a little shrub-lined path, the farm of La Trace, near the little village of Villeroy, where the battalion was to encamp. The whistles have barely blown the signal for a brief halt, when suddenly German shells begin to fall all about us, causing some confusion in our ranks. We are completely surprised by this terrible and unlooked-for bombardment, which kills or wounds a number of men and horses; but the battery of seventy-fives in advance of us goes gallantly into action amid shrapnel and percussion shells, at the foot of the little hamlet of La Baste. Though hard put to it at the outset, our artill-

lery, after four hours of a terrific duel, had completely silenced the Prussian batteries. Next day, on entering the village of Monthyon, while in pursuit of the retreating foe, we came upon the shapeless débris of what had once been big guns, mingled with the bloody remnants of the Boche artillerymen, blown to bits and disemboweled by our shells.

'While our big guns were fighting thus victoriously, the battalion formed for battle, and the company deployed in sections by fours, Péguy's section being on the right of the line. From time to time there was a sharp order — "Lie down; curl up like snails"; this to avoid a volley of shells, which burst all about us without doing any damage. Sheltered behind a little rise in the ground, we awaited, under the inaccurate fire of the enemy, the moment for attacking his intrenchments, a fruitless attack having already been made by the Moroccans on our right.

'At last, word came, and we started forward gladly, deployed as skirmishers, under the energetic command of Captain Guérin, who was by Péguy's side on the right of our line. It is five o'clock; the German artillery, overwhelmed, has ceased to speak; but when we reach the crest of the hill a terrific hail of bullets welcomes us: we dash for the leveled and tangled oat-stalks, where many fall; it is difficult ground. One more leap, and we find cover behind the embankment of the Iverny-Chauconin road, gasping and breathless. The bullets hiss close above our heads; we fire at five hundred metres at the Germans, who are well sheltered behind the trees and thickets that line the little stream of La Sorcière, and are almost invisible in their earth-colored uniforms. Through a gap in the trees, we can catch momentary glimpses of German companies swiftly climbing the hill, supported by the infernal fire of the battalions in

¹ Péguy was born in 1873.

front of us. They are falling back on Monthyon and Chauconin, which they partly burn for spite. . . .

'Back! They're falling back! In clarion tones Lieutenant Péguy gives the order to fire, indicates the range and the objectives. He stands behind us, leaning against an abandoned road-roller, upright, gallant, and fearless under the downpour of bullets which hiss about us, while the infernal tap-tap of the Prussian machine-guns beats time.

'That wild rush through the oat-field has exhausted our breath; we are bathed in sweat, and our good lieutenant is in the same plight. A brief moment's respite, then, at a signal from the captain, his voice rings out: "Forward!"

'Ah! this time it is no laughing matter. Scaling the embankment and skimming over the ground, stumbling among the beet-roots and clods of earth, bent double so as to offer a smaller target for the bullets, we rush to the assault. The harvest continues, frightful to see; the song of death hums about us. Thus we press on for two hundred metres; but to go farther for the moment, with no support in our rear and no possibility of replenishing our cartridge-belts, is sheer madness. It means a general massacre; not ten of us will get through! Captain Guérin and the other lieutenant, M. de La Cornillère, are stark dead.

"Lie down," roars Péguy, "and fire at will!" But he himself remains on his feet, field-glass in hand, directing our fire — heroic in hell.

'We shoot like madmen, black with powder, and the muskets burning our fingers. Every second there are shrieks and groans and gasps which tell their story: dear friends are killed at my side. How many are dead? how many wounded? They are past counting now.

'Péguy is still standing, despite our cries to him to lie down — a glorious fool with that reckless courage of his.

Most of us had lost our knapsacks at Ravenel, during the retreat, but a knapsack at this moment would be a priceless shelter. And the lieutenant's voice rings out ceaselessly, "Fire! Fire! In God's name!"

'There is some whimpering: "We have n't any knapsack, lieutenant; we shall all be done in!" — "No matter!" shouts Péguy, above the howling tempest. "I have n't one either, you see, so fire, fire!" And he straightens up as if defying the balls, seeming to summon the death which he glorified in his verse.

'At that same instant a death-bearing bullet strikes the hero's head, crushes that broad and noble forehead. He has fallen on his side, motionless, without a cry; in the retreat of the barbarians he had the last prevision of the impending victory; and when leaping forward like a lunatic, a hundred metres farther on, I cast a terrified glance behind, I see yonder, as one black spot amid a multitude of others, stretched lifeless on the scorched and dusty ground, half-buried in the broad green leaves of the beet-tops, the body of our brave, our dear lieutenant.'

Here is the official report of the most glorious of deaths. After the war, there will rest upon us the duty of inviting all Frenchmen to read the poet who died for us, and who sang, —

Heureux ceux qui sont morts pour une juste
guerre,
Heureux les épis mûrs et les blés moissonnés.

Heureux ceux qui sont morts dans les grandes
batailles,
Couchés dessus le sol à la face de Dieu.¹

¹ Fortunate they who have died in a just war;
Fortunate the ripened sheaves and the har-
vested grain.

Fortunate they who have fallen in the great
battles —
Fallen upon the earth in the sight of God.

Péguy arrived in the other world with a splendid escort of his friends — a whole chivalry ennobled by gaping wounds. Whence, pray, comes this miracle which, at the fated moment, raises up her indispensable sons to serve France? Eternal truths have found their youthful witnesses. This warsets before us, by tens of thousands, examples whereby France shall live, as our ancestors, in days of old, lived, by the example of Roland and the blameless knights of the old ballads, and yesterday, by the example of the

heroes of the great epic. Let us try to meditate upon the sublime virtues of the soldiers of 1914-17. But, however we may profit by them, to remember them is like dipping water from the Ocean with the hand. I can take you into the woods, to see springs which I know well; but in these three years of war all the subterranean streams are bubbling to the surface, all the powers of sanctity and heroism are gushing forth, and we, overwhelmed with respect, stand on the brink of the chasm, on the shore of this new sea.

PRIVATE DROUOT AND HIS MAJOR

The young poet Paul Drouot, grand-nephew of General Drouot, the first Napoleon's faithful follower and friend in adversity, who was known by the sonorous title of 'Sage of the Grande Armée,' had published, before the outbreak of the war, two collections of poems — *Le Chanson d'Eliacin* and *La Grappe de Raisin* — which lovers of letters will keep among their precious treasures. But he fell in battle, near Notre Dame de Lorette in Artois, a soldier in the ranks, in June, 1915; and it is time now for us to broaden the conception we had formed of him. He has gone hence to the world of heroes, and it is right for us, by the aid of authentic documents, to tell the story of his moral nobility and of the high poetic sense in which he understood his duty, and to interpret the scenes amid which he died.

Although in poor health, really a sick man, Drouot was too proud to give heed to his ailments; he wished to prove himself, in his unadorned tunic, a worthy descendant of General Drouot, and a fit member of the battalion. He was enrolled in the light infantry, and — unmistakable sign of a warrior's spirit — he ranked his battalion

above all the rest. From time to time, when his heart overflowed with admiration for his comrades and his officers, he wrote to me. Shall I read you his last letter? I received it two or three days before the fatal missive which told me of his death. It is a beautiful letter, full of good sense. There you will see, sketched on his death-bed, — the slope of that conquered trench where he was struck down, — the countenance of a true leader of men, the noble countenance of Major Madelin, who fell in the assault on Lorette; and in looking at the portrait, you will learn to know the artist, Paul Drouot himself, who, but a few days later, was destined to sprinkle with his own blood the ground from which he had lifted his beloved commander.

The picture is like one of those old groups of the knight succored by his squire, scattered through the history of ancient France — all, in their various guises, eternally true and never losing the power to stir our hearts. Paul Drouot, poet and soldier, who bears his commander, covered with blood, through the rain of bullets and the network of barbed wire, who sits weeping beside the body while he writes to me

in praise of his hero, and who is destined soon himself to fall, pierced to the heart by a fragment of shell — tell me — is not he the peer of Bayard's loyal servitor? It is the simple truth, that never, in any age, has there been so vast a number of deeds after the high French fashion!

Hearken to the voice of our dead friend; and may he forgive me for telling his story before so numerous an audience. It is done for public reasons.

'I am going to try to give you,' writes Drouot, 'a straightforward and exact account of the last day and death of Major Madelin, the brother of our friend Louis Madelin, the historian.'

'Perhaps you may have happened to meet him? He was a Lorrainer, from Bar-le-Duc. First of all, I will introduce him to you.'

'He was tall, — very tall, — with a personal charm which you felt the moment you came within the circle of his influence — and that circle was his whole battalion. A twinkling blue eye, a shrewd expression, an unaffected elegance of manner — and then his breeding! the breeding of the officer. In short, just from listening to him, and watching him welcome them, every fresh soldier in the reserves, who came up from the station, though he may never have laid eyes on the major before, made up his mind on the spot to go through fire and water for him.'

'How well he knew them, too! how he loved them! how he could return their salutes, talk to them, rebuke or encourage them, with a glance! A wonderful man to train men!

'As battalion commander, he was a prodigy. I have had the honor of watching him writing his reports, preparing for an assault, looking through his files; everything was done with the ease of men of superior mould who make light of difficulties. How admirable a sight

to see is the creative organizer, ever ready for emergencies, for undertaking new duties, or for modifying the old ones to meet present needs. He was the noblest example of a man made in his Maker's image.

'The soldiers knew him through and through. Major Madelin! You could tell it by the way they mentioned his name, or saluted him, or presented arms. I wish I might describe to you what the real type of French officer is; but you know it better than I. Yet this man, this hero, at once so winning and with such control over his men, and even over the changing phases of a battle — I knew him intimately in the heat of action, and in all the activities which, in men of noble nature, reveal the heart and mind at once. He had attained this mastery when very young, as he died at thirty-six.

'As you know, he had admitted me to his intimacy — that is to say, I had been one of his secretaries for more than three months. He had offered me the position out of great consideration, for he had learned that my poor health would not admit of my performing regular company duty. Being of his 'household' I was able to avoid many 'fatigues'; I was always sure of finding a warm shelter, so as to take more or less care of myself; in fact, it enabled me to 'carry on.' And this was the footing on which I stood with him: a friendly word from time to time, a moment's conversation, and an abiding impression that, although he never told me so, he was a friend who kept a somewhat closer watch upon me than upon the other men in his battalion.

'Twice already the battalion had gone into the trenches with orders to attack which set him all a-quiver with impatience for victory. Twice the orders were countermanded; there were signs of irritation — muttering on the part of the men, watchful exclamations

from the officers. Were they making sport of the infantry?

'The third day came. The mines were ready for the match, the dispositions for the assault minutely made. About four o'clock the artillery preparation began. We breathed again. This time the attack would surely come off — only half an hour, only quarter of an hour more.

'The Boches, on their side, were bombarding us violently. The major, who had been absolutely calm all day, apparently paying little heed to the thoughts of the passing moment but with his mind intent upon the impending attack, and confident of the event, started at last for the first line. Some artillery officers and I remained at his station in the second line, where we could watch the whole development of the assault. The hour struck. Through the dense, black smoke of the bursting shells which divided us from the first line, we perceived a thick yellowish vapor which rose slowly; the general uproar was so great that the explosion of the mine seemed almost noiseless. On the instant, the infantry darted forward. All we could see was a very narrow line of trench, from which men and more men, without end, came rushing.

'Standing on the edge of a trench, with uplifted cane, waving his arms to arouse his men, an officer was silhouetted against the clouds of smoke — it was the major. For ten full minutes he stood there; we did not know whether he was applauding or encouraging his troops. Neither the artillerymen nor myself could take our eyes from that immovable figure. Nobody paid any heed to the bombardment; everybody was weeping, so sublime was the sight.

'At last the major returned. It was necessary to telephone to the general. His voice rang out, louder than usual and more distinct. The mere sound electrified you. "Ah!" he cried, "what

men they are! what men! even the bugler who sounded the charge!" Then came the scene at the telephone; the distant congratulations of the brigade commander.

'But already the major was on fire to get back to the first line.

'One of his captains had had to prevent him from going as far as the *white work*, the original objective, past which the attack had now swept. His second in command was about to follow him, he, too, overflowing with feverish eagerness and joy. "No," he said with a smile, "this time I am going to take Drouot along; he said he would like to go."

'We started — he and I and a young artillery orderly full of snap. We walked with long strides, difficult as it was to reach the first line of trenches when the passage was blocked with prisoners, wounded, and fatigue parties. The major tossed a remark or a question to the soldiers filing past us toward the rear, but, in his haste to see what the state of affairs was, he did not stop for an answer.

'In a moment we were in a position to watch in amazement the wonderful spectacle, at close quarters: another company emerged from the trench and rushed forward to attack. We could make out the holes in the enemy trenches, which had been knocked to pieces by the explosion, and the outline of the craters it had dug. Wounded men, who had fallen near by, were trying to crawl back to our lines. "Stay quietly where you are!" shouted the major, stepping out from cover, "it's too dangerous crossing the ground between."

'Meanwhile, as we hurried along the shell-wrecked trench and leaped over the piles of earth that blocked it, we raised our heads above the parapet to cast a glance at the terrain and the horizon narrowed by the smoke of the

bursting shells. Suddenly the major stopped to make a more extended scrutiny of the approaches to one of the exploded tunnels. Then he went over the parapet. I started to do likewise; but he turned and said, "I explicitly forbid you to follow me!" He ran as far as the salient formed by the land-slide at the other end of the 150 metres of open trench, and there lay flat on the edge, his head just above the crest of the depression. Evidently he proposed to inspect for himself the construction of the works we had taken. It had all been so sudden, so splendid, that my comrades about me were all a-tremble with excitement.

"I was looking in vain in my knapsack for my lost field-glasses, in order to get a better view, when the young artilleryman exclaimed, —

"Why, look! I should say that your major is n't moving!"

"The idea that anything could have happened to him seemed to me so absurd that I replied, —

"He's just watching; he is n't going to amuse himself by getting shot."

"See, now he is moving," he added. He saw plainly what I had difficulty in comprehending. "But he's moving in a queer way; let's go over there."

"We rushed out to the tunnel. The artilleryman, getting there first, turned the major over on his side.

"His lips were covered with blood. He recognized me.

"You must notify the general instantly."

"Those were his first words. Then he took some coffee that I offered him and tried to drink it. An infantryman had joined us, having seen from a distance what had happened. Together we carried him, as best we could, setting him down to recover our breath, hampered by the wire entanglements, being in great haste to get him under shelter, to take him down into the trench.

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"Take care," he said to us as we put him down on the ground; "look out for yourselves."

"We answered I don't know what: much it mattered about us! At last he was in safety. I hurried back to headquarters, as he had ordered, to fetch the surgeon.

"Meanwhile my comrades who had remained with him unclasped his tunic and laid bare the little wound in the neck, which was bleeding hardly at all, but of which he was to die. He spoke from time to time, inquired about the progress of the attack, and seemed again to come to life when they told him that everything was going well, that the Boches did not counter-attack, that they must have retreated a long way to their lines, that there was, all in all, great —

"The surgeon arrived. There was nothing to be done there; he must be removed as soon as possible from the trench, about which the *marmites* were raining down, and taken to the cantonment. The surgeon poured a little mentholized alcohol on a lump of sugar and put it between his teeth; but the muscular contraction which followed was so painful to the wounded man that he tried to reject the sugar. Then he said, becoming more conscious of the suffering which, perhaps, his prostration had somewhat deadened, —

"I am happy to suffer for France!"

"He bade the surgeon to see to it that we were rewarded, — we who had brought him in, — and to give his regards — perhaps his adieux, for I am not sure whether he realized that he was gone — to the officers of his battalion.

"I had had to go away to carry out his orders. I returned to his side and was able to say a few more words to him: that I had written to Madame Madelin that he was slightly wounded. He thanked me and entrusted his saddle-

bag to me, bidding me be careful of it. He thought of everything, of everybody, save himself. During the long and difficult journey back to the cantonment, though he did not speak, tears flowed constantly between his closed eyelids. I cannot say why it seemed to me that he was then consummating his sacrifice.

'Five children and a wife whom he adored, the prospect of a dazzling future, all the charms of intellect, all the joys —

'He died as we reached the *poste de secours*. We buried him in one of the cemeteries where they make breaches in the wall to extend them into the adjoining fields.

'Speak of him, my dear master. He is of those who are most worthy to be praised by your voice, which will carry so far into the future, and which will consecrate the memory of those unspotted names which we wish coming generations to love as we love them — forever and passionately.

'I am writing incoherently; I know it better than any one; but that must be borne in addition to all the rest.

'I have talked about the major and not enough about the battalion. How provoked he would have been with me for that! Ah! if you knew what an admirable battalion it was, what officers — and all that we owe them! But

these accounts are of those which are not meant for earthly settlement; which can never be settled for a goodly number of those ardent and devoted young hearts. How many things I could tell you which do not seem incredible to us, because we know our leaders and our comrades, but which are, in reality, incredible, miraculous — yet utterly simple.'

Could anything be nobler and more vigorous than this outpouring of a soldier — of a battalion, rather — to the glory of its commander! In these admirable pages we perceive that it is from the leader that the whole corps derives its powers, in the strenuous and painful hours, and that it retains a sentiment of infinite gratitude to him who sustains and leads it. When he wrote to me this narrative, which shall not die, Paul Drouot knew not that I should read it at his grave, and that he himself, loyal soldier that he was, would go to his rest in the winding-sheet which he had prepared for his commander.

However great his talent, the poet could never have invented, never have conceived a situation so exalted and so moving as that in which he was an actor during those hours of enthusiasm, of valor, of friendship, and of sacrifice! Ah! how holy is the door through which our young friends are escaping!

THE SENSUAL EAR

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

I HAVE a friend who always calls — when he remembers to, for alas! he sometimes forgets — the Methodist Church building in our village, a 'conventicle.' I wish he did not sometimes forget, for nothing makes me so at peace with my hereditary nonconformity as to hear an Anglican imply, by such verbal affectations, what he thinks of the dissidence of dissent. Methodism is as foreign to me as Anglicanism; yet, I doubt not, the Epworth League sings, in its handsome 'conventicle,' just the hymns that of old were sung by the Y.P.S.C.E. It is many a year since I attended a Y.P.S.C.E. meeting; and I have an idea — it is almost a fear — that *Gospel Hymns*, No. 5 is by this time *Gospel Hymns*, No. 10, and that some of the most haunting melodies are gone therefrom. Perhaps the 'Endeavorers' are now chanting 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' But I hope not. Oh, I cannot think it!

When life grows very dreary; when the Hindenburg line seems to turn from shadow to substance; when the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies has indulged in a new 'democratic' vagary; when flour has gone up two dollars more a barrel and the priceless potato is but a soggy pearl, deserving to be cast before swine; when another member of the family has broken a leg or had appendicitis — then my husband (he, too, of yore an 'Endeavorer') and I are wont to burst, simultaneously, mechanically, unthinking and un-

conspiring, into song. And the songs we hear each other humming in separate recesses of the house are 'Gospel Hymns.' Humming, we converge upon the drawing-room from our different retreats; and sometimes we look each other in the eye and say hardily, 'Let's.' Then we sit down and incite each other to a desperate vocalism. We see how many we can remember, out of our evangelistic youth, and we sing them all.

We remember a good many, if truth be told; and once I found a rapt huddle of colored servants on the stair-landing getting a free 'revival.' Neither of us has a voice worth mentioning, so I think that we must, without realizing it, have reproduced the fervor along with the words.

They were cannily arranged, those Moody and Sankey hymns: if you sing them at all, you cannot help pounding down on the essential words. They wallow in beat and accent. 'A Shelter in the Time of Storm.' We usually begin with that. It is ineluctable. But oh, how I wish that either of us could remember more than one 'verse' of

Well, wife, I've found the model church,
And worshipped there to-day;
It made me think of good old times
Before my hair was gray.

I have never heard it sung, — I never 'belonged' to the Y.P.S.C.E., — but my husband says that he has. My husband also says that he has heard 'the trundle-bed one.' I do not believe it, though he is a truthful man. I cannot believe it; the less, that he remembers

none of the words, and that it is only I who recall, visually, in the lower corner of a page, —

Poking (perhaps it was another verb) 'mid the
dust and rafters

There I found my trundle-bed.

A slight altercation always develops here. Why should he be more royalist than the king? It is not conceivable that it was ever *sung*; and even he cannot remember the tune; so we join forces in 'To the Work, to the Work,' or 'There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.'

(Mercy-drops round us are *falling*.
But for the *showers* we plead.)

He has an uncanny and inexplicable prejudice against 'God Be with You Till We Meet Again' — perhaps because they always sang it for the last one. But I can usually get him to 'oblige' with a solo — 'Throw Out the Life-Line' — which I am sure was not in *No. 5*, because we never, never sang it; though I do remember hearing a returning delegate to a Y.P.S.C.E. convention say that it was the one 'the people of Montreal seemed to like best.' Somewhere in the nineties, Endeavorers in thousands sang it all up and down Sherbrooke Street, apparently. Well: I am like the people of Montreal. It always 'gets' me, in the dissenting marrow of my dissenting soul; and when my husband has 'obliged' me with it, I am ready to forget the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. What can the devil do in the face of 'Throw Out the Life-Line,' and its 'linked sweetness long drawn out'?

By all of which it is made evident that, in the matter of hymns, mine is the 'sensual ear.' (Not so my husband's: he sings them in the critical spirit, as he might illustrate a violation of rhetoric. Heloathes 'Throw Out the Life-Line,' even while the chorus makes his voice appeal and yearn in spite of him. As I said, he does it only to oblige.)

The church of my choosing, if not of my profession, is the same as that of my friend who talks of 'conventicles.' There I sing 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' (or that American corruption thereof, the *Hymnal*) with the most conforming. And certainly, except for a few time-honored chants which they share with all Dissenters, their hymns are to me 'ditties of no tone.' My husband disagrees with me; but he is not, equally with me, the predestined prey of the brass band. He is better educated than I; has listened oftener at twilight to the enchanted choirs of New College and Magdalen. He likes the non-committal melodies of the *Hymnal* far, far better than the sentimental *parti pris* of *Gospel Hymns*.

I know as well as he does that the sentimental quality is of a sort that ought not to be there at all. I know that the music of 'Throw Out the Life-Line' belongs morally with the music of 'Old Black Joe,' and 'Oh, Promise Me,' and 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.' I know that the appeal of that tune is sensuous and emotional and personal, and, for a hymn, all, all wrong. I realize that, for church, Gregorian is the only wear; and that the less you diverge therefrom, the more decent you are. I, too, prefer Bach and Palestrina, and, for congregational singing, the oldest Latin hymns you can get. I can even see that the aridity and sameness of the Anglican 'hymn-tunes' are more dignified, and more to the purpose, than the plangent and catchy refrains by which Sankey lured 'wandering boys' back to be safe-folded with 'the ninety and nine.' And yet, when my husband (by request) croons 'Throw Out the Life-Line,' I cannot resist. I am evangelized.

True, I perceived this perniciousness early. Perhaps the white light dawned on me when, in Y.P.S.C.E. days, an older friend (who was in love) confided

to me that the words of a certain Gospel Hymn seemed to her not altogether reverent: they could so easily be applied to a human love-affair. She was quite right, I think. Some of us have felt the same about Crashaw and Giles Fletcher. But though the words were, in all conscience, carnal enough, I believe it was the tune that did the trick and set her dreaming of her young hero.

For I am his, and he is mine,
Forever and forever.

Oh, the yearning of that refrain: slow and honeyed and melancholy as 'My Old Kentucky Home' or 'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River'! Musically, doubtless, not so good; but musically of the same school, and suggestive — it, too — of plantations and moonlight and banjos and rich, heart-rending negro voices. My friend was right: they are not in the best tradition of reverence, those Moody and Sankey hymns. And yet, — here's the rub, — why do we remember them, when all but the most universal of the hymns we sang in church and sang much oftener than these, have gone beyond recapturing? My husband resents remembering them; he would far rather remember more worthy things. But I do not: I would not, for anything, lose them out of the rag-bag which is my mind. I am not sure I would not rather lose certain stanzas from the Greek Anthology, which come to my lips in much the same unvolitional fashion. From those refrains I reconstruct a whole moral and social world, even as Cuvier reconstructed his mastodon. You remember what the 'Evening Hymn' did for Mottram and Lowndes in 'The End of the Passage'? Just that 'I Know that My Redeemer Lives' does for me. And — this is the point — 'Rock of Ages' and 'Holy, Holy, Holy' do not do it; though I knew these even earlier, and am still, on occasion, sing-

ing them. So it is not all a question of association and the power of youthful memories. It is the very quality of the music — the words were negligible, when they were not atrocious — that touched in me, and can still touch, something popular, emotional, vulgar; something very low-brow and democratic, not to say mobbish. 'The sensual ear.'

Even in youth, I had the sense to differentiate. 'Jerusalem the Golden,' discovered in another hymn-book than our own, was for many years my favorite hymn — even during those years when I was singing 'Beulah Land' and 'Wonderful Words of Life.' I knew it was better; I knew I liked it better; I knew that it had more to do with religion than all the 'Beulah Lands' ever written. True, the words helped; and the words of the Gospel Hymns were a hindrance, even then. But my soul recognized the validity, the reality of the music. 'Jerusalem the Golden' remained my favorite until 'The Son of God Goes Forth to War' succeeded it in my affections; always to be, until I die, my very favorite. And even while we sang —

And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home, for evermore.

I had memories of something still better than 'Jerusalem the Golden': memories of an interval in a French convent where we chanted the Magnificat to its proper plain-song. Though, even there — but I shall come to that later.

II

Not long ago, we had a friend staying with us who was bred a Romanist. How Moody and Sankey got mentioned, I do not know — but they did; and our friend insisted that Moody and Sankey could not conceivably be so bad as the modern Catholic hymns. We

exclaimed; she reaffirmed. There was nothing for it but to put the burning question to the proof. Quietly, by the fire, we staged a little contest. We sang our Gospel Hymns; and she — well, she sang dreadful things. There was in particular a hymn to St. Joseph, beloved of sodalities. — No, I think her 'exhibit' was really worse than ours. It had the rag-time flatness without the rag-time catchiness, or the crooning negro quality. Bred up in part on such modern by-products of the Holy Catholic Church, no wonder that she succumbed utterly to my husband's rendition of 'Throw Out the Life-Line.' 'I think it's lovely,' she said; siding with me, to his great chagrin. How I wished that our friend of the 'conventicles' were there to decide between us — he who in his youth was forbidden to accompany his friends to Y.P.S.C.E. meetings as he might have been forbidden to go to dime-museums. But he has no ear — 'sensual' or other. Perhaps he could not have helped.

Our Catholic friend's exhibit gave me pause. I knew that in France they sing, nowadays, hymns unworthy of Gothic architecture. Not so many years ago, in a beautiful French cathedral which I was by way of frequenting, I heard the children of some sodality or confraternity pouring forth as poor a piece of holy rag-time as any conventicle has ever echoed. It jerked me back into the past, violently, as Hassan's carpet must have jerked its fortunate owner through space.

Vierge, notre espérance,
Étends sur nous ton bras,
Sauve, sauve la France,
Ne l'abandonne pas,
Ne l'abandonne pas.

So we sang it, too, at the Assomption, in happier days, each with a veil and a candle, winding in and out among the green alleys of the convent park. But the young Tourangeaux

went on to sing worse things: songs less catholic, more evangelical, with words more bitter and tones more shrill. I escaped, to return only at the hour of Benediction, when I knew that the 'O Salutaris Hostia' and 'Tantum Ergo' would mount again with the incense toward the rich mediæval windows.

I fear it is true, as our Catholic friend said, that the Church has fallen musically, as it has done architecturally, on evil days. Well: these shrill and senseless tunes are their equivalent for our Moody and Sankey. Even in conventicles, we have more dignified hymn-books for use in 'church' as opposed to Sunday-school or Y.P.S.C.E., and the like. And as our Primary Department (of the Sunday-school) was handed over to the works of Fanny Crosby (did she write

Roses in bloom,
Filling the room,
With perfume rich and rare.

I wonder? Anyhow, she wrote most of them), so the young Catholics in both France and America are handed over to the musical divagations of ill-educated priests. It is a pity; for they have a tradition that cannot be bettered. *My ancestors sang lustily out of the old Bay Psalm Book: —*

Ye monsters of the mighty deep,
Your Maker's praises spout;
Up from the sands ye codlings peep,
And wag your tails about.

But, at the same period, *their* ancestors were singing the Latin hymns of the Middle Ages in undegenerate solemnity. It is natural enough, perhaps, that I should have emerged on 'There's a Light in the Valley for Me'; but why should they have emerged on 'Souvenez-vous, Jésus,' and the Mariolatrous wailing of 'Im-mac-u-late, Im-mac-u-late'? Take as fine a Protestant hymn as, on the whole, we have inherited — 'O God Our Help in Ages Past.' Its tune is, to my thinking, bad: difficult

to sing and monotonous to hear. But in the very church that these poor French infants are innocently desecrating, a few hours, more or less, see a whole congregation chanting, with passionless and awful reverence, —

'Parce, Domine, parce populo tuo; nec in æternum irascaris nobis.'

Whoever has heard that welling slowly from crowded choir, nave, and transept, the coifed peasant and the trained *séminariste* singing in unison (no staginess of part-singing there!), and has joined his voice to the multitudinous supplication, will not cease to regret that modern vulgarity is as Catholic as it is Protestant.

It was the most delightful of Huysmans's perversities to contend, in all seriousness, that the devil, driven out of an immemorial haunt of his own near Lourdes by the advent in that spot of the Blessed Virgin, took his sullen revenge on the æsthetic sense of her priests. He could no longer hold his filthy Sabbaths there; but he could and did bewitch the clergy into making Lourdes a thing of ugliness. Their taste went wrong with everything they touched in Lourdes; and while Satan could not prevent the Blessed Virgin from working miracles, he could still bring it about that the faithful should be healed amid the most hideous architectural surroundings. Perhaps Huysmans would have credited the modern Catholic music unhesitatingly to the devil.

But certainly Moody and Sankey were not clerics of Lourdes. Nor could the Presbyterians who first sang the rhymed version of the Twenty-Third Psalm to the air of 'So bin ich vergessen, vergessen bin ich' be suspected of any part in the devil's private feuds with the Virgin. Indeed, the particular Presbyterians whom I have heard sing it thus had not, I fancy, much more reverence for the one than for the other.

I do not think that we can account for *Gospel Hymns, No. 5* by the Huysmans formula. Even the hymn to St. Joseph, beloved of sodalities, is, I believe, mere modern pandering to the uncultured majority: revivalism in essence, like Moody and Sankey and the Salvation Army and Billy Sunday. But at least the Catholics have this advantage: that though they too have indulged in operatic music and have even sunk to 'Vierge, notre espérance,' they still hear from their choirs the ancient music and the ancient words. You lose the sodalities and confraternities when you hear once more the familiar 'Tantum Ergo' (I do not mean the florid one that they sing at St. Roch in Paris, and elsewhere); the new vulgarity is forgotten, as many vulgarities have been touched and then forgotten by Rome, in her time.

I used to think that the worst of our bad Protestant hymns was their ignoring of the human intelligence.

Many giants great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall
If met by Daniel's Band.

(My fortunate husband sang it in his youth.) But even that, while it could have a religious meaning, I should say, only for a sub-normal intelligence, is not a deliberate and explicit defiance of the intellect of man.

Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit:
Fitque sanguis Christi merum;
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui:
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

It took St. Thomas Aquinas, Doctor Angelicus, thus to state, in one su-

preme utterance, the whole case against the Higher Criticism.

No, I do not think that the sense of a hymn counts so much. The mediæval 'Ave Maris Stella' has not much more to recommend it, philosophically speaking, than the hymn with the 'Im-mac-u-late, Im-mac-u-late' refrain. A poem, even a religious poem, is good poetry or bad poetry, and that is all there is to it. 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains' is a silly poem, and 'The Son of God Goes Forth to War' is a rather fine poem; and Bishop Heber wrote both. But the permanent superiority of the latter is in the music to which it is set. One Presbyterian sect sings, I believe, nothing but the Psalms, — rather unfortunately metricized, to be sure, — and their church singing is the dreariest in the world. Yet the Psalms are rated high. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' gets its appeal from Sir Arthur Sullivan and not from the author. I do not believe that 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' would have been the favorite hymn of the late President McKinley were it not for the slow, swinging tempo, which needs only a little quickening to be an excellent waltz, with all the emotional appeal of good waltz music.

On the whole, *Hymns Ancient and Modern* are far better, from the point of view of poetry, than *Gospel Hymns*, No. 5 — but they have not converted half so many people. The elect, the high-brows, may say what they like: if you are doing your evangelizing on the grand scale, the 'sensual ear' must be pleased. I do not believe that the music I have referred to, of the 'Tantum Ergo' or the 'Parce, Domine,' would ever convert the crowd in a tent or a tabernacle — even if D. L. Moody or Fanny Crosby wrote new words to it. But if you let a grammar-school pupil hack words out of the New Testament and set them to the tune of 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground' — well, it

would be strange if some one were not converted. You may be very sure that the Roman Catholic Church has not taken to vulgar and catchy hymns without a set purpose of winning souls.

At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the light

And the burden of my sin rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

The last line might almost have been lifted bodily from one of Stephen Foster's negro melodies. It has the very lilt of

My old Kentucky home far away.

And it is only one of many in *Gospel Hymns*, No. 5. That is why my husband remembers them, in spite of himself. He may condemn them, but he cannot forget. There is hardly one of them that would not consort happily with the right kind of brass band. They connote crowds and the 'emotion of multitude.' So, to me, does the 'Parce, Domine' connote crowds — but crowds awe-struck, unweeping, and in no mood for stimulation by a cornet accompaniment. There is a cardinal difference. The success of almost any Gospel Hymn depends on an emotional appeal very like that of Kipling's banjo: —

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone,
Common tunes that make you choke and blow
your nose,

Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh, that bring the groan —

I can rip your very heartstrings out with those.

Whatever Bach and Palestrina and Scarlatti and good Gregorian do to you — well, it is not that. Whereas almost any good Gospel Hymn gets you, if it gets you at all, in the banjo way. There is the revivalistic essence in all of them. And when the Catholics wish to be revivalistic, they imitate, rather badly, the Protestant 'hymn-tune.'

Most of my friends (including, obviously, my husband) are so truly high-

brow that they cannot be 'got' in the banjo way. They do not like cornet solos; and brass bands playing negro-melodies leave them dry-eyed. They honestly prefer the Kneisel Quartet or a Brahms symphony. Their arid and exquisite aestheticism rejects these low appeals. Did I not say that my husband loathes 'Throw Out the Life-Line' even while he is reducing me to an emotional crumple? I refuse to admit that I am incapable of that same arid and exquisite aestheticism; but the lower appeal reaches me too. I do weep over the brass bands. I do choke over the flag appropriately carried. I do fall in love (if I am careful to shut my eyes) with a good tenor voice. And while there are, luckily, a great many people like my husband, there must be millions more like me. He remembers the Gospel Hymns; but I like them.

Not quite to the trail-hitting point; but then I fancy the hymns of the tabernacle are less good than they used to be. I do not know the tune of 'Brighten the Corner Where You Are.' Though my six-year-old son has learned it from the cook, I do not believe he has the tune right. He cannot have it right: if it were right, there would be no sawdust trail. Nor do I know the music of 'The Brewer's Big Horses Cannot Roll Over Me.' But I have a suspicion that Billy Sunday's hymns are nothing like so good as Moody and Sankey. The dance music of the day always has its effect on popular airs of every kind, even religious. I venture to say (*pace* the shade of Lord Byron) that the waltz, throughout the nineteenth century, had a strong religious influence. Every one knows that good waltz music, if played slowly enough, is the saddest thing in the world. The emotion aroused by good waltz music well played is blood-brother to the emotion aroused by 'God Be with You Till We Meet Again' and 'For You I Am Praying, I'm Praying

for You.' Waltzes and Gospel Hymns reinforce each other — which is probably why the unco' guid object to dancing. But with all due allowances for mob-emotion and the sensual ear, I cannot believe that syncopation serves the Lord. People's eyes do not grow dim as they listen to a fox-trot. It does nothing to bring forth that melting sense of universal love which the old popular music did. All waltz music was in essence melancholy; and all sentimental melancholies meet together somewhere in the recesses of the vulgar heart. Yes: when popular composers were writing good waltzes, it was easier for the Sankeys and Blisses to write good hymns. The Y.P.S.C.E. must have had easier work with the young people who were singing 'Marguerite,' than it has now with the young people who are singing 'At the Garbage Gentlemen's Ball.' I have a notion that the young people who are singing 'At the Garbage Gentlemen's Ball' do not go to Y.P.S.C.E. meetings at all. Well, you see, those who sang 'Marguerite' did.

Those who know say that we are growing more vulgar all the time. Perhaps the difference between D. L. Moody and Billy Sunday is a good index of that degeneration. Certainly the silly young things who wept while they sang 'God Be with You Till We Meet Again' would not have pretended to call Christ up on the telephone — or have permitted any one else to do it in their presence. But, thank Heaven, the conventicles are like to outlast the tabernacle.

At all events, I am sure of one thing: that my husband will not be persuaded, twenty years hence, to 'oblige' with 'The Brewer's Big Horses.' But I hope he will continue at intervals to oblige with 'Throw Out the Life-Line.' For, so long as he does, I shall continue to be evangelized.

SAFE

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Now shall your beauty never fade;
For it was budding when you passed
Beyond this glare, into the shade
Of fairer gardens unforecast,
Where, by the dreaded Gardener's spade,
Beauty, transplanted once, shall ever last.

Now never shall your glorious breast
Wither, your deft hands lose their art,
Nor those glad shoulders be oppressed
By failing breath or fluttering heart,
Nor from the cheek by dawn possessed,
The subtle ecstasy of hue depart.

Forever shall you be your best —
Nay, far more luminously shine
Than when our comradeship was blessed
By what of earth seemed most divine,
Before your body passed to rest
With what I then supposed this heart of mine.

Now shall your bud of beauty blow
Far lovelier than I dreamed before
When, such a little time ago,
I looked upon your face, and swore
That Helen's never moved men so
When her white, magic hands enkindled war.

As you sweep on from power to power,
Shall every earthward thought you think
Irradiate my lonely hour,
Until I taste the golden drink
Of Life, and see the full-blown flower
Whose opening bud was mine beyond the brink.

A WOMAN OF RESOURCE

A STORY OF THE POLYGAMOUS CITY

BY AN ELDERLY SPINSTER

I

ONCE inside the heavily screened door of the women's courtyard, we saw the wee King stretched out on his lacquer-legged bed, his head in his mother's lap. With one foot he had gathered the jasmine flowers, that were scattered over his sheet, into a little pile over the wiggling toes of his other foot. He lay imperially eating the season's first long, cool, green cucumber. Our arrival transformed him suddenly into an ordinary naughty small boy. He thrust the cucumber vainly behind him, and sat up.

'Miss Sahib,' he said most politely, 'salaam.'

His gray-eyed young mother rose to welcome us. Clothed in sheer white garments, with a clinging veil of fine darned net, the circles of gold wire at her ears full of pink roses, she was lovely. His grandmother rose and called for chairs to be brought us. Age could no more hide the sweetness of her face than her veil hid the gold chains at her throat.

His aunt gathered up a lap full of the jasmine flowers she was stringing, and slowly came toward us. The grace of her slender body showed through her soft thin clothes. Her brown eyes were shaded by a mist-like lavender chiffon veil thrown over her head. She was like a slender cluster of wisteria blossoms swinging in the morning sunshine high

up against the gray stone houses that face the bay in Naples.

We sat down together beside the King's bed. Beyond us was a cluster of blooming pomegranates; above us, a mauve and silver sky, and the earliest twinkling stars.

The doctor spoke to the grandmother. 'Is Akhbar better?' she asked, meaning the King.

'His fever is down a bit,' was the answer.

The doctor turned to the child. He immediately put out his tongue. It had an ugly coat on it.

The doctor sighed.

'Has he taken his medicine?' she asked.

'We've been waiting till you'd come,' the grandmother began apologetically. 'He does n't like it. He preferred the cucumber. O King of Heaven,' she said, turning to the boy, 'did I not tell you not to eat that? The doctor is not pleased.' Then to the doctor, 'But what could we do? He would have it!'

'Bring the bottle to me!' said the doctor.

It was Akhbar's turn to sigh. A servant brought the medicine.

'Akhbar,' said the doctor, — oh so prosaically, — 'come here.'

No monarch about him now! Only a poor wee Moslem bowing to the inevitable. Had he not learned that clinging to his mother's arms was useless, and

dodging behind the orange trees futile? He went to her.

'Open your mouth!' The doctor's voice absurdly expected obedience.

'Swallow it!' Down went the quinine mixture. 'Now lie down! Lie down flat!'

Akhbar obeyed. As a baby, he had resisted, he had fought, he had kicked and bitten, until he learned the hopelessness of all resistance. What could he, a little child, do unaided, when these his worshiping servants, these women of soft veils and shining bracelets, whose life was consumed with his fever, who died with each of his baby pains, when these gave him over to this creature in stiff white linen, with glasses instead of eyes, a stiff white sun-hat instead of decent draperies, hard white shoes instead of tinkling tinted feet; whose dozens of strong white hands held his arms and legs firmly when he tried to kick; who pried open his mouth with a spoon, indifferent to his teeth; who filled it with bitter stuff, and then held his nose shut till he had swallowed it? No caressing 'Star of Heaven' from her! No entreating 'Lord of my Life!' Only—oh, so flatly!—'Akhbar! open your mouth! Keep this down!'—speaking to him as if he were a woman!

How vividly he remembered that hard-fought day of his humiliation, when, after he had exercised the right of Indian children to empty their stomachs at their will, the doctor had returned and spanked him in the most efficient, most spinsterly, and most New England fashion! The women had endured this with their weeping faces hidden, only because the other two sons, who had not had medicine, had died. This one—God be praised!—whom the doctor had soaked in quinine, whose diet she had regulated,—cucumbers were only occasional lapses, —whom she had nursed through four

summers of teething malaria and dysentery—this adorable one lived! If the doctor had decided to feed him on the hardened clay of the courtyard, they would have agreed. And now the doctor was about to go home!

When the doctor had put down the bottle, the young aunt spoke up resentfully.

'He says he'll not let us go to your party.'

The doctor smiled.

'I'm sure he will,' she said. 'I've written asking him to send you. No one is refusing, and he certainly would n't. Not for my farewell party!'

'But he has your written invitation, and he says we're not to speak of it,' said the old woman. She was plainly disappointed.

'It's to be strictly *purdah*,' the doctor assured her. 'There's to be a seven-foot screen all round the garden, and not even a manservant in sight. And the general's wife is coming, and the commissioner's wife—a lot of English ladies, and the ladies of the rajah's house, and the judge's wives, and the Dwan's ladies, and every one in town. I'll insist on him letting you come.'

'But my son has decided we're not to go, and that settles it,' the old lady sighed.

'But I've decided we *will* go, and that unsettles it!' burst out her young daughter. 'I'm not a child that I should obey my brother! Silly thing that he is! He's only cross because Rajah Mohammed Khan took precedence of him at the viceroy's durbar last month—that Mohammed's grandfather used to herd our grandfather's camels!—So he said, "Let this new English-made gentry send their women about the streets. I don't do it. I'm respectable!" That's all he knows. At my father-in-law's we ladies go to many *purdah* parties, and we go driving veiled, after dark—so my hus-

band would want me to go. If my brother does n't let us, I'll write to my husband to come and take me home. I'll not sit here like a toad in the bottom of a dry well. I've got such clothes as the women in this town have never seen. I'm going.'

The old lady nodded toward her daughter apologetically.

'She's young,' she said, speaking to the doctor, 'young and silly. And her husband makes a perfect fool of her, always teaching her to read something or other. Unfortunately she has no mother-in-law. She's just spoiled. The years may teach her something.'

'Doubtless they will,' I hastened to add. Bilquis was annoyed by her mother's speech. 'I'm expecting her to get as much out of the years as most people do.' I chuckled a bit to myself.

Bilquis saw my smile and smiled back at me knowingly. 'I'm expecting the same,' she said.

When we came away, the doctor began, 'I like that man's impudence! The idea of his refusing! Those women have n't been out of that house for years, except Bilquis. I'd hate to ask a favor of him, but I might, for the women's sake.'

'Oh, you might remind him of a few things,' I added. 'The time Akhbar had pneumonia, or' — I hesitated — 'of Ethel's wedding.'

'Yes,' spluttered the doctor, 'so I might. Would n't I like to! The brute!'

I laughed. It was only a year since the doctor had gone to attend her dearest friend's wedding, only to be called home before the ceremony by hourly frantic telegrams about Akhbar's condition. When she had got to him, she found that he had been eating green bananas exclusively for two days. It was hardly decent to speak even now of her disappointment at having to miss the wedding. When she was re-

minded of it, she said again, 'The old brute!'

The week before the *purdah* party was the hottest of the season, and our town is not far from the hottest place in India. The doctor's furlough, depending upon the arrival of some one to take her place, had been delayed until a season when no one travels. The heat, which was absorbing her last drop of energy, was corrupting every sore and making fetid every wound in the city, burning the eyes out of babies, and simmering away their low vitality, and pulling nerves slowly out of tired mothers. The hospital verandahs and yard were overcrowded with dissatisfied patients. The nurses were overworked. The doctor was sleepless.

The Tuesday night before the party, which was to be on Friday, we went to our beds on the second-story verandah, very weary. I threw a glass of water on the brick floor, and it sizzled and disappeared before I had turned the glass over. Our sheets were hot to touch. The leaves on the tall eucalyptus hung limp. The stars' rays burned us.

The doctor soaked her sheets in the least hot water, took a sleeping powder, and lay down. 'I'm trying a new kind to-night,' she said bravely. 'I wish I could sleep!'

'It's only a week now till you go,' I said. 'I must tell them to be sure to give the little fig trees water in the morning.'

And going to the back verandah, I quietly told the good old watchman that the doctor was too tired to be wakened for any reason. Then I went to sleep.

Some time in the night the front gate clicking woke me. I sat up and looked. A man had come in, in spite of the watchman's expostulations. They came toward the verandah, the voices growing louder.

I ran to the farther end of the veran-

dah and called to them in a whisper, 'Keep still. Don't you dare to make a noise!'

But the doctor was sitting up, dazedly getting her kimono around her.

'What's the matter?' she said.

The man below heard her.

'Preserver of the Poor,' he cried, 'it is I, Rajah Salim Khan. Akhbar is ill! He is dying. You have not come. You misunderstand me. I sent a servant this morning. You were operating. I sent another this afternoon. You were resting. He came again in the evening. You had gone to a patient in the city. He left word for you to come. You come not. The women say that you are angry. How could you imagine I could refuse you anything! If you desire it, my women shall come to spend a month with you. Don't be angry with me.'

'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' I was thinking.

But the doctor was saying, 'What's Akhbar eaten now?'

'Preserver of the Poor! It was most unfortunate! He was uncomfortable in his stomach. Yesterday I returned from Delhi with a box of those foreign sweets called chocolate for my wife to give you. Akhbar got the box and ate them all, — such fools the women are, — ate them all and the silver papers they were wrapped in. He is near convulsions. I know he will die. I beg you to come with me.'

'I will be ready at once,' said the doctor.

II

The doctor and I were arranging groups of chairs on the carpet spread on the tennis-court, an hour before the time appointed for the party, when the ladies from the home of the inspector arrived. Once inside the curtain across the door of the high screen we had erected, they began to lay aside their *bur-*

quas. A burqua, benighted reader, is yards and yards of white longcloth gathered into a little embroidered cap that fits the head, falling like a great full cape over the whole body to the ground. It has two thick little lace medallions in front of the eyes. Hidden in such a garment, no woman can be distinguished from another. Alighting from their carriages at the gates, our guests were monotonous ghosts of blank discretion. Seeing them unveiled inside the screen, one could understand that such beauty would be dangerous to the over-susceptible gaze of the public.

After removing her outer veils, the inspector's wife came toward us, ahead of the others, wearing a white veil of something as thin and sheer as linen lawn, bordered in emerald green and gold an inch wide, the corner falling almost to her feet in the back; a very loose and full shirt-like garment called a *kurta*, which came to her knees, cut at the neck like a kimono blouse, made of almond-colored silk embroidered at the wrists and neck in pink and gold; and shining white, very full divided-skirt-like garments which fit snugly at the ankles. These *sutens*, foreigners, for want of a better word, disgustingly call trousers. Really they resembled trousers as much as my white net frock did. On her feet she wore little sandals with great soft red silk pompons. Gold showed through her veil at her throat and her ears. On her wrists were solid gold bracelets an inch thick.

Her young co-wife wore a sea-green chiffon veil with a six-inch border woven in real gold; a thin white lawn kurta, embroidered all over by hand in white, fastened in front by three gold studs on a jeweled chain; sutens of green and blue changeable taffeta, with appliquéd gold polka-dots an inch in diameter; white satin French slippers. She had a band of flexible gold across her

smooth black hair, and pink roses and jasmine flowers in her earrings; gold bracelets at her wrists. She was somewhat fairer than most of our guests, as fair as a European. The lines from her eyebrows to her brown eyes and down on her flushed cheeks were like the lines of a water-lily.

Following these two, four Hindu ladies from the Dwan's home came in. The one to whom I spoke first was thin and fair, with a face too insolent to be beautiful. She wore three veils of chiffon, one above the other. The under one was rosy pink, the second one faintly salmon-colored, and the outer one mauve. This mystery of color fell about her head and shoulders with a charm which is not to be described to those who have not seen it. Her kurta was white silk, and her very full ungored skirt was changeable blue and pink taffeta faced with mauve, which showed against her pink heels at every step.

Her sister wore an emerald green silk skirt with a Benares design in gold a foot and a half deep, a turquoise-blue silk kurta, a leaf-green little velvet vest, and a *point d'esprit* veil. Her sister-in-law wore a full skirt of changeable orange and almond color, with a border of fine green, black, and pale blue lines, a cream-colored kurta, a black velvet vest, and a veil of flame-colored chiffon. The fourth woman of that party wore a mulberry-colored skirt with a silver border, a white kurta, and a veil the color of the outer leaves of a Marechal Niel rose.

Our guests continued to arrive, clothed in that wonder of color which had given me new thrills of joy day by day for twenty years. By what English names can one call colors that English eyes never see? There were pinks that were like hyacinths, golds shaken with pulses of rose, dim purples that were green, — or were they gray? —

tones of sea-waves in moonlight with phosphorus shining in their curving edges, bronze-colored greens, colors learned from Himalaya dawns, desert sunsets, noons in jungles, twilights in old gardens where peacocks strut, mists on the foothills with clear blue above.

The wife of the head master of the high school was wearing a veil faintly amethyst, exactly the color of the bare limbs of guava trees in the late afternoons in winter, and white satin suttens with great patterns of pomegranates on them.

Bilquis came in with her mother and sister-in-law, a little late, very complacent and gracious. She stood, a little longer than necessary, perhaps, where every eye could see her splendor. Her suttens were of white silk with little bright blue flowers, cut in the newest way about her ankles, to draw attention to the crowning detail of her costume — white silk stockings! Many beholders had on little white satin slippers like hers, but none had stockings. I saw from the beautiful faces around me that gentlemen of our town who went to Delhi shopping would do well to remember silk stockings, whatever else they forgot. Her veil, too, was a new design — long slender green and blue bamboo branches on gold and white mesh. She wore an opal necklace, and instead of heavy gold bracelets like her mother's, an English-made bracelet containing a small watch. There was, of course, no reason why one in such array should not have been gracious.

Our guests seated themselves in constrained groups. Few of them knew each other. No one but the doctor and I knew them all. The English ladies could not, of course, speak Hindustani. Each one of us was secure in the sweet consciousness of being superior to all the others present, and each was just a little cautious not to be misunderstood by

different and therefore, of course, inferior sorts of women. So, after all had arrived, and our guests had, with great diligence and perfect indifference, observed each unusual detail of all the costumes, — how many yards of taffeta would be in suttens cut like Nur-ul-Nessa's, how much real gold braid was in the banker's daughter-in-law's kurta, the peculiar design of the ruby necklace the Lahore lady wore, the depth of the barrister's wife's embroidered cuffs, the fact that the Rai Sahib's wife's feet looked large in Pashawari shoes, — after all this had been done carefully and perfectly, the doctor started a game.

It was Bilquis who got things going. The doctor showed her a little earthenware water-pot on the ground, blindfolded her, — without crushing the dainty bamboos, — turned her round and round, gave her a big stick, and told her to break the jar. Her frantic drives in the air were so funny that presently even our more portly guests, forgetting the dignity of their ancestors, clamored for their turn. Then eight of the younger women began badminton, a game which is to tennis what a Ford is to a Cadillac. Such a batting of shuttlecocks backward and forward through the air; such flapping of sandals that had neither heels below nor leather above the soles; such dancing about on slippers of leather tinted in peacock feathers' color and design; such tinkling of anklets and bracelets; such frantic efforts to keep yards of veils over patrician heads even in our chaste seclusion; such sudden thrusts of slender white arms up into the air; such fluttering of full skirts, and hurried shaking of suttan folds; such grace of free lithe bodies unused to haste!

No wonder we watched them breathlessly until they were too hot to play longer!

In the lull that followed, when, a

little apart, I was praising God for the variety of beautiful eyelids, a very tall woman entered, and without removing her burqua, sat down in the chair nearest the door. We were all wondering who she was, and why she had not taken her veil off, when Bilquis, with a little cry of recognition, went to her and removed her veil. It was the doctor, dressed in the Indian clothes that had been given her.

We all crowded around her, laughing, examining her lavender and white suttens, her white kurta, and her pink chiffon veil dotted all over with little gold crescents.

Presently the laughter grew more hilarious. Doctor's suttens were on backwards! We laughed more when she stoutly refused to put them right. The women were much amused, and full of admiration. How beautiful she looked, they said. Akhbar's mother took off her jewelry and decorated her. Then they were satisfied! If only she would work in the hospital so arrayed! 'Look at her now, and consider how she looks in her uniform,' said one, sighing.

When the first stars were showing above the ragged banana trees, and twilight was falling from the great she-shem branches high up in the air above us, we had refreshments. The Hindus were served by Hindu women of their own caste with the sweets we dare not touch. The Moslem women ate ice-cream with us — at least, they tasted it suspiciously, and put it down. We understood that was their politeness, and continued to eat without them.

After the refreshments, with all their loveliness discreetly swallowed up in their ugly burquas, our friends took their leave.

The ladies from the rajah's household were the last to go, because, as Bilquis explained, they were awaiting the return of a woman servant she had sent

home on an errand. When she returned, Bilquis unwrapped the china bowl she had brought, and gave it to the doctor.

'Here are the foreign sweets from Delhi,' she said with a wicked little smile.

'What sweets?' said doctor.

'Those that Akhbar ate the other night,' she answered; and she snickered for pure joy.

'She ought to be thoroughly punished,' put in her mother, laughing, half-vexed. 'Akhbar ate only two or three of them.'

'Yes. But he *was* ill,' Bilquis explained. 'We wanted his father to go for you in the evening, but he was very kingly. Said he did n't care whether you came or not.'

'He was going to call the assistant from the government dispensary. He *knows* we don't allow that man to put

his hands on Akhbar,' interrupted the boy's mother.

'So, when he went out out of the room, I emptied the sweets into this bowl, and when he saw the box empty, he jumped at the conclusion that Akhbar had eaten them.'

Bilquis was enjoying herself through and through.

'And she told him Akhbar had eaten even the papers,' said her sister-in-law admiringly.

'I was sorry afterward that you had to get up at night. It *was* well you came, though, was n't it? We've had an awfully nice time. That wife of Mohammed Khan's looks like a stick with a rag tied about it! I'll tell my brother so.'

And so they swaddled themselves up, and we put them in their closed carriage.

A RUSSIAN EXPERIENCE

BY RUTH PIERCE

July 30 [1915].

TO-DAY I went to the Jewish detention camp in Kieff, with the wife of the French Consul here. She called for me in her limousine. As I think of it now, it was all so strange — the smooth-running car with two men on the box, and ourselves in immaculate white summer dresses. The heat was intense, but we were well protected. Through the windows we saw others sweating and choking in the dust of the hot streets.

'I'm afraid I've brought you here on a very hot morning,' said Mme. C — apologetically.

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In spite of my curiosity I believe that I felt a distaste of the detention camp on such a day. A crowd is always depressing, and doubly so in the heat. But we stopped at a door cut in a high board-fence, and passed the sentinel into the enclosure where the Jews were penned while awaiting the next stage of their journey.

Hundreds of faces turned toward us; hundreds of eyes watched our approach. There were old men with long white patriarchal beards flowing over their dirty black gowns; there were younger men with peaked black caps

and long black beards; and there were women who had pushed back their black shawls for air, and who held sore-eyed, whining babies listlessly on their knees. Bits of old cloth stretched over poles afforded shade to some. Others tried to get out of the burning sun by huddling against the walls of the tenements that enclosed the yard on three sides. The ground was baked hard as iron and rubbed smooth by the shuffle of numberless feet.

As we approached, the Jews rose and bowed low. Then they settled back into their former immobility. Some stared at us vacantly; others lowered their eyelids and rubbed their hands together softly, with a terrible subervience. If we brushed close to one, he cringed like a dog who fears a kick. Yellow, parchment-like faces, all with the high-bridged curving noses and the black animal-like eyes. I was as definitely separated from them as though there were tangible iron bars between us. We seemed to be looking at each other across a great gulf.

'They are human beings,' I said to myself. 'I am one with them.' But their isolation was complete. I could not even begin to conceive the persecution and suffering of ages that separated us. "All people are born free and equal," indeed!

I turned away.

'This camp is run on communistic principles,' Mme. C—— was explaining. 'The Jewish Ladies' Benevolent Society provides a certain amount of meat and vegetables and bread, which is cooked and served by the Jews themselves. Here is the kitchen.' We spoke French among ourselves, which seemed to put us further away from the dumb, watchful Jews behind us. 'If it was n't for us, they would starve. The government allows them eight kopeks a day. But who could live on that? Besides, most of the Jews here

pay the eight kopeks to the overseer, to avoid his displeasure. He makes a good revenue.'

Two rooms in one of the houses had been converted into a kitchen. A dozen or so Jewish women were paring and cutting up potatoes and cabbages and meat into huge soup-boilers. They were stripped to their shirts, and their bodies were drenched with perspiration. They curtsied to us and went on preparing dinner.

A blast of scorching heat puffed out from an open oven. Two women, with long, wooden handles, pulled out big round loaves of black bread and laid them on a shelf to cool.

The warm fragrance of cooking attracted some white-faced Jewish children. They edged into the kitchen and looked up at the food, their eyes impenetrable and glittering like mica. A woman cut up some bread and gave them each a piece, and they slunk outdoors again, sucking their bread.

'The food is scientifically proportioned to give the greatest possible nutriment,' Mme. C—— said.

We went out. After the kitchen heat the air of the courtyard was cool.

'This is the laundry. A certain number of the Jews here wash and iron the others' clothes. They are kept as clean as possible.'

The laundry was gray with steam. A dozen or so women were bending over wash-tubs. Like the women in the kitchen, they were stripped to their shirts. The wet cloth stuck to their sweating bodies and outlined their ribs and the stretch of muscles as they scrubbed and wrung out the clothes. When the water became too black, some young boys threw it out-of-doors, and the women waited for the tubs to be filled again, their red parboiled hands resting on their hips, in the way of washerwomen the world over.

We crossed the mud before the wash-

house, on planks, and went into a house across the courtyard.

'This is the tailoring establishment,' Mme. C—— continued. 'The tailors among them mend and cut over old clothes that we collect for them, so that every Jew may start on the next stage of his journey in perfectly clean and whole clothes. My husband and son complain that they will have to stay in bed soon, I have taken so many of their suits. And here are the shoemakers.'

We looked into the adjoining room, where the cobblers sat cross-legged, sewing and patching and pegging shoes.

'It's very hard to find the leather. But it is so important. If you could see how they come here — their feet bleeding and swollen and their shoes in tatters. And many of them were rich bankers and professors in Galicia and Poland, used to their own automobiles like the rest of us. I think I would steal leather for them.'

The workers were different from the waiting Jews in the courtyard. Perhaps it was work that gave them importance in their own eyes, and took away that dreadful degrading subserenity — degrading to us as much as to themselves. The whirring noise of the sewing-machines, the click of the shears, the bent backs of the workers, and the big capable hands, formed by the accustomed work! The trade of every man could have been known by his hands! My heart was warm toward them.

'It's splendid, I think,' I said to Mme. C——.

As though she guessed my thoughts, she replied, 'They are grateful for being allowed to work.'

'For being allowed to work.' Those words damn much in the world. What hindrances we erect in the way of life!

And I looked out into the courtyard

again, at the apathetic faces of the waiting Jews. Waiting for what? The white dead faces, with the curved noses and hard bright eyes, all turned toward us. Were they submissive or expectant, or simply hating us? They say the Galician Jews turn traitors and act as spies for the Austrians. But surely not these! What could these broken creatures do? How near to death they seemed!

The courtyard burned like a furnace. The shade was shrinking from moment to moment. The heat rose in blinding waves. I was sickened. The courtyard smelled of dirt and waste and sickness. It was unreal — the whole thing unreal. Those working at usual, necessary tasks as well as those furtive, watchful ones in the burning sunlight! Death was in them all!

I went out into the courtyard, walking slowly in the scorching heat. There was no shade or coolness anywhere. My attention was drawn to a pregnant woman who had evidently been sitting in a thin strip of shade by the fence, but now the sun was beating down on her bare head. She sat with her arms hanging along her sides, the palms of her hands turned upwards. A baby hardly a year old twisted fretfully on her lap, fumbling at her breast with a little red hand. But she looked steadily over the baby's round head, a curiously intent expression in her dark eyes, as though she were looking at something so far away that she must concentrate all of herself in it so as not to lose it from view.

Under a canopy made from an old blue skirt lay a sick boy. His face was like a death-mask already, the yellow skin stretched tightly over the bones of his face, and his mouth unnaturally wide, with parched, swollen lips. From his hollow eye-sockets his eyes looked out unwinking, as though the lids had been cut off. He held himself

halfway between a reclining and an upright position. No normal person could hold himself that way for long, but the sick boy kept himself motionless with maniacal strength. The flies hung over him like a cloud of black cinders. One of his friends attempted to keep them away with a leafy branch which he had found, Heaven knows where! I could see no other sign of green in the place. As we passed, I noticed the branch sweep back and forth over the sick boy's face, touching the skin. And still the fixed stare continued, uninterrupted — that blind gaze straight out into emptiness!

At the farther end, an opening between two of the tenements led into a garden. This space, too, was crowded with waiting Jews.

'But where do they sleep?' I asked. 'Is there room for all those people in the houses?'

'No,' Mme. C — replied; 'not when so many come through as came this last time. But fortunately, these summer nights are fine; earlier, we had much rain, and you can picture the suffering. Then there was no shelter for them at all. They were simply herded into a pen, and many died from the exposure. Now, however, we have made conditions better for them.'

There was more reality here in the garden, where there was a suggestion of growing grass and a thin leaf shade. The Jews lay on the ground as if trying to get some coolness out of the earth. Up and down the paths walked a number of spectacled men, who were brought up to me and introduced as Professors So-and-so, and Doctors So-and-so. They were constantly trying to get in touch with friends in Kieff or Moscow or Petrograd, or colleagues in medicine or other sciences, or relatives who could help them. They worked through the society. By the payment of certain amounts they could bribe

the overseers to let them stay on in the Kieff detention camp, or even have the liberty of the city. One man, a rich banker from Lvov, had been officially 'sick' for several months, but as his money had almost given out he was in danger of being sent on to Tomsk in the near future. He lived in the hospital, where he had better quarters and food. These professors and doctors, men of wide learning and reputation, who are recognized as leaders in their professions, and are constructive, valuable forces in society, were herded together with the others, allowed to disappear into Siberia, where their minds and bodies will be wasted, and their possible future activity will count as nothing.

A man in a soiled white coat came up, looked us over with little blinking pig eyes, and addressed a few words to Mme. C — in Polish.

'That is the overseer,' Professor A — said to me in English. 'He takes every kopek away from us. But he is no worse than the rest. All along the way it is the same thing. One is bled to death.' He shrugged indifferently. 'We most of us could have gathered together a little money. But what will you? It was all so sudden. We had no time. Here we are, *en tout cas*. And after all, in the end —'

I might have been talking with the professors on the campus of their own university. They exerted themselves to be attentive and entertaining, as if they were our hosts.

One doctor said to me in French, 'I have seen your wonderful country. It is amazing. I would like to see it again. I have been asked to lecture. Perhaps, after the war —'

He broke off abruptly. In a flash the end of his life came up to me. His work and ambitions, then the cleavage in his career; the sharp division in his life; the preparation of years, and then,

instead of fulfillment, an exile to a country where life was a struggle for the bare necessities of the body — food and shelter. I looked at his hands — thin and white and nervous. What hideous, despairing moments he must know!

I asked him a question. His eyes blazed suddenly.

'Do not speak of these things! They are not to be spoken of, much less to *you*.' He looked as though he hated me. 'I beg your pardon, I am nervous. You must excuse me.' He went away hurriedly.

'Poor chap!' Professor A—— said. 'It is hard for us all in this heat. And, yes, some of us have more imagination than others.'

A man in a uniform came into the garden. He walked to a tree in the centre, and stood in the shade, a long sheet of paper in his hand. There was a stir among the Jews. Those lying down got up and approached him. The women, with their children, dragged themselves nearer. Every one stopped talking. The apathy and indifference gave place to strained attention. There was a kind of dreadful anxiety on every face — a tightening of the muscles round the eyes and mouths, as if the same horrible fear fixed the same mark there. I have never seen a crowd where personality was so stamped out by a single overmastering emotion. The gendarme began to read in a singsong voice.

'What is he saying?' I whispered.

'The names of those who are to leave this afternoon,' Mme. C—— replied.

The garden was absolutely still except for the monotonous voice and the breathing of the crowd. Oh, yes, and the flies! It was not that I forgot the flies, only their buzzing was the ceaseless accompaniment to everything that happened in the camp.

'How horrible this is!' Mme. C——

observed. 'They all know it must come, but when it does, it is almost unbearable. It is truly a list of death. Many of them here cannot survive another stage of the journey in this heat. And yet they must be moved on to make place for those who are pressing on from behind. In this very crowd were five old men who were killed on the way here, by the soldiers, because they could not keep up with the procession. How could these civilians be expected to endure such hardships? They are townspeople, most of them having lived indoors all their lives, like you or I.'

'Like you or I!' No, no. It was unbelievable. I could not put myself in their place. I could not imagine such insecurity — that lives could be broken in the middle in this way.

'How useless it all seems!' I said.

'Useless. You think so?' Mme.

C—— took me up. 'Do you realize that whole Galician towns have been moved into Siberia this summer? Part of the way on foot, part in baggage-cars, where they stifled to death in the heat and for lack of water and food. One carload was not listed, or was forgotten by some careless official, and when it was finally opened it was a carload of rotting flesh. The bodies were thrown into the river by the frightened official, but a soldier reported him and he was court-martialed. One crowd of several thousand was taken to Siberia. They reached Tomsk. Then the government changed. What was the need to transport these Galician Jews, the new minister argued. A useless expense to the government. A waste of money and time. Let them go back to their homes. So the Jews were taken back over the same route, many more dying on the return journey, in the jails, and camps, and baggage-cars, or by the roadsides. They found themselves once more back in their pillaged

towns, with nothing to work with, and yet with their livelihood to be earned somehow. They began to dig and plant and take up the routine of their lives once more. They began to look on themselves as human again. The grind of suffering and hopelessness began to let up and they had moments of hope. And then the reactionaries came into power with their systematic oppression of the Jews. Back to Siberia with them! This in midsummer heat. I saw them as they passed through Kieff for the third time, a few weeks ago. Never shall I forget them as I saw them last. The mark of the beast was on them. You could n't call them living or suffering or martyrs any more. They were beyond the point where they prayed to die.'

The gendarme had finished his list. The tension relaxed. Some of the Jews settled back into their former apathy; others gathered in excited groups, pulling their beards and scratching their heads; still others walked up and down the paths, restless, like so many caged animals.

A man and a woman with two children approached the gendarme deprecatingly. The man asked a question, indicating the woman and children. The gendarme shook his head. The man persisted. The gendarme refused again, and started to move away. The man detained him with a hand on his arm. Another man approached. He spread out both hands, his shoulders up to his ears. All three men spoke Polish in loud, excited voices.

'What are they saying?' I asked.

'The gendarme has just read the names of the woman and children, who are to leave this afternoon. The father's name is not with theirs. Naturally, he wants to be with his wife and children to protect and care for them as best he can. If they are separated now they can never find each other

again in Siberia — if they live till they get there. The third man is alone. He is willing to give up his place to the father, but the gendarme refuses. "His name is written. Yours is not. It is the order," he says.'

The gendarme now left the garden. The woman was sobbing in her husband's arms. He was patting her hair. The children hung at their mother's skirt, crying and sucking their fingers.

As I left the camp, the Jews were gathering about their rabbi. He stood in his long black robes, one hand raised.

August 10.

Lately, our conversation at table has been suppressed by the appearance of a young woman whom the rest suspect of being a spy. She is dark, and never utters a word. All through dinner she keeps her eyes on her plate. I said something in French to her the other day, but, apparently, she did not understand. Across the table, the Morowski boys laughed at me. I suspect that they, too, had tried to speak to her, for she is pretty, and had been snubbed like me. I don't know how the idea of her being a spy got round. She may have been sent here to keep her eyes on the Polish refugees in the *pension*.

Her room is in our corridor, and this morning Marie saw, through the open door, Panna Lolla and Janchu talking to her. It appears that Janchu had been inveigled in by bon-bons, and Panna Lolla had gone in after him. Panna Lolla said the young woman was so lonely. She is a Pole and wants to leave Russia. She hates it here. But she has no passport. She showed Panna Lolla an old one that she wants to fix up for the police authorities. But she can't speak Russian, and is very frightened. She asked Panna Lolla if she knew any one who could write Russian. Marie forbade Panna Lolla

to go near the woman again. It is just as well, for Panna Lolla likes excitement, and is capable of saying anything to keep it going.

August.

We were arrested four days ago — and you will wonder why I keep on writing. It relieves my nerves. Ever since the *revision* Marie and I have gone over and over the same reasoning, trying to get at why we were arrested. To write it all out may help the restlessness and anxiety and — yes — the panicky fear that rises in my throat like nausea. Life is so terribly insecure. I feel as if I had been stripped naked and turned out into the streets, with no person or place to go to.

It was four o'clock, and we had just finished dinner. In an hour and a half we were leaving for Odessa. All our trunks and bags were packed, and our traveling suits brushed and pressed. And suddenly the door of our apartment opened. Six men came into the room, two in uniform, the other four in plain clothes. It never occurred to me that they had anything to do with me. I thought that they had mistaken the door. I looked at Marie questioningly. There was something peculiar about her face.

The four plain-clothes men stood awkwardly about the door, which they had closed softly behind them. The two men with white cord loops across the breast of their uniforms went over to the table on the right and put down their black leather portfolios. They seemed to make themselves at home, and it angered me.

'What are these people doing here?' I asked Marie sharply.

She addressed the officer in Polish, and he answered curtly.

'It's a *revision*,' she replied.

'A what?'

'A *revision*,' she repeated.

I remember that I consciously kept

my body motionless, and said to myself, 'There is nothing surprising in this. There is nothing surprising in this.'

Everything had gone dark before my eyes. My heart seemed to have stopped beating.

Marie laughed and the sound of her cracking, high-pitched laugh came to me from far off.

The officer said something to her, and she stopped abruptly as if some one had clapped a hand over her mouth.

'What did he say?' I managed to articulate. My own language seemed to have deserted me.

'He says it is a matter for tears, not laughter.'

Her voice was sharp and anxious. I was relieved at the spite and vanity in his words. They made the situation more normal. I felt myself breathing again, and my stomach began to tremble uncontrollably.

Janchu began to cry from the bedroom, and Marie got up to go to him. Quickly a plain-clothes man with horn-rimmed spectacles slipped in between her and the door. The officer who had now seated himself behind the table, raised his hand.

'Let no one leave the room,' he said in German.

'But my baby is crying,' Marie began.

'Let him cry!' And he busied himself pulling papers out of his portfolio.

An army officer entered and spoke to the head of the secret service. He wore a dazzling, gold-braided uniform and preened himself before us, looking at us curiously over his shoulder. When he had gone, the head told us that we were to have a personal examination in the salon of the *pension*.

A secret-service man escorted each of us, and we walked down the corridor, past the squad of soldiers with their bayonets, and so into the salon, where we were delivered into the hands

of two women spies. They undressed us, and we waited while our clothes were passed out to the secret-service men outside. When we were given our clothes again, we went back to our apartment.

The rooms were in confusion. All our trunks and bags were emptied, one end of the carpet rolled back, the mattresses torn from the beds. The secret-service men were down on their knees before piles of clothes, going over the seams, emptying the pockets, unfolding handkerchiefs, tapping the heels of shoes; every scrap of paper was passed over to the chief, who tucked it into his portfolio. I watched him, hating his square, stolid body which filled out his uniform so smoothly. His eyes were long and watchful like a cat's, and his fair moustache was turned up at the ends, German-fashion; in fact, there was something very German about his thick thighs and shaved head and official importance. As I have learned since, he *is* a German and the most bitterly hated man in Kieff for his pitiless persecution of all political offenders. They say that he has sent more people to Siberia than any six of his predecessors. They also say that every hand is against him, even to the spies in his own force.

I trembled to spring at him and claw him and ruffle his composure some way. Instead, I sat quietly, my hands folded, and watched the spies ransacking our clothes. Every card and photograph I tried to catch a glimpse of before it went into the black portfolio. And suddenly I saw the letter about the Jewish detention camp, which I had forgotten all about. I saw the close lines of my writing, and it seemed as if the edge of the precipice crumbled and I went shooting down. A cold sweat broke out over me.

'But why are we arrested?' I heard Marie ask in German.

'Espionage,' the chief answered shortly.

'But that is ridiculous. We are American citizens.'

No reply.

'Can we leave for Odessa to-night?'

No reply.

Marie stopped her questions.

'What money have you? Come here while I count it,' one of the spies said to me.

He slipped me one hundred roubles on the sly, before turning the rest over to the chief. I held it openly in my hand, too dazed to know what to do with it, till he whispered to me to hide it.

'You may want it, later,' he said.

'Frau Pierce will go with us,' the chief said, closing his portfolio; and I understood by this that the revision was finished. 'Frau G—— can stay here under room-arrest, with her little boy.'

As a matter of course, I went into the other room and changed into my traveling suit.

'May I take my toilet things?' I asked the chief.

'Ja.'

'You'd better make a bundle of bed-clothes,' the spy who had given me the money whispered to me.

I rolled up two blankets and a pillow with his help.

'I'm ready,' I said. 'May I send a few telegrams?'

'Certainly, certainly.'

The chief's manner suddenly became extremely courteous.

I wrote one to our Ambassador in Petrograd, one to Mr. Vopeka in Bucharest, one to the State Department in Washington, and one to Peter. I wrote Peter that I was delayed a few days. I was afraid that he might come on and be arrested, too. My hand did not tremble, although it struck me as being very queer to see the words traced out

on the paper—almost magical. My imagination was racing, and I could see myself already being driven into one of those baggage-cars bound for Tomsk.

'Keep your mind away from what is going to happen,' I said to myself. 'You'll have time enough to think in prison. Things are as they are. You are going to walk out of this room, just the way you've done a hundred times. Are you different now from what you have always been? Keep your mind on things you know are real.'

I tried to move accurately, as if a false move would disturb the balance of things so that I should walk out of the room on my hands like an acrobat.

Suddenly, the chief, who had been talking in a corner with the other man in uniform, wheeled about.

'Frau Pierce may stay here under room-arrest. Good-day.'

He clicked his heels together and bowed slightly. His spies clustered about him, and they left the room.

All at once my bones seemed to crumble and my flesh to dissolve. I fell into a chair. Marie and I looked at each other. We began to laugh. 'We must n't get hysterical,' we said, and kept on laughing.

The room was so dark that we looked like two shadows. Panna Lolla had come after Janchu and taken him into Count S——'s room. We imagined the excited curiosity of the rest of the *pension*.

'I'll wager that that woman was a spy, after all.'

'But why—why should *we* have a revision?'

'Anyway, they could n't have found much. We'll be set free in a few days,' Marie said.

'They found my letter about the Jews,' I replied.

'What letter? Oh, my dear, what did you say?'

'I forget. But everything I saw or heard, I think.'

We began to laugh again.

'Will they send our telegrams?' — 'Will Peter come on?' — 'What shall we do for money?'

The room was pitch-dark except for the electric light from the street. We heard the creak and rattle of the empty commissariat wagons which were returning from the barracks. We all fell silent, feeling suddenly very tired and lethargic.

'Where is Janchu? It's time for his supper,' Marie said, without moving.

I started out of the room to call him, and fell across a dark figure sitting in front of the door. He grunted and pushed me back into the room.

'I want Janchu,' I said in perfectly good English, while he closed the door in my face.

'There's a spy outside our door,' I whispered to Marie.

Panna Lolla came in with Janchu and turned on the light.

'There's a man outside our door, and two secret service men at the *pension* door, and two soldiers downstairs,' she whispered excitedly in one breath. 'No one can leave the *pension*, and they take the name and address of every one who comes here. And that woman was a spy. Antosha saw the chief go into her room and heard them talking together. And she left when they did.'

I lay all night, half-asleep, half-awake, hearing the street noises clearly through the open windows. I cried a little from exhaustion and nerves, and then controlled myself, for my head began to ache, and who knew what would happen the next day. I had to keep strength to meet something that was coming. I had no idea what it was, but the uncertainty of the future only made it more ominous and threatening. That letter — In the

darkness I could see the chief's watchful, narrow eyes, and the horn-rimmed spectacles of the friendly spy, and the stuffed portfolio.

Later.

Nothing has happened yet. We have our meals brought to us by Antosha, who tries to comfort us with extra large pickled cucumbers and portions of sour cream. We are allowed to send Panna Lolla down town for cigarettes and books from the circulating library. Thank Heaven for books! With our nerves stretched to the snapping-point and a pinwheel of thoughts everlastingly spinning round in our heads, I think we should go mad except for books. It is very hot, but my body is always cool and damp, because I can't eat much, I suppose, and I lie on a *chaise longue* motionless all day long. I can feel myself growing weak, and there is nothing to do but sit and wait.

Marie and I go over and over the whole thing, and finish at the point where we began. 'But why?' We think it may be because Marie came to Bulgaria to visit me and brought me back here, and now we want to leave Russia together. The papers say that Bulgaria already has German officers over her troops. But I can't believe it. She is too independent. They say that she will certainly go with the Central Powers. That, too, is inconceivable. Perhaps, however, if it is true, and already known by the Russian authorities, the secret service is suspicious of our going back there, and of Marie's intention of sailing home from Dedeagatch, *via* Greece. What else could it be? How this uncertainty maddens us! Yet we are thankful for every day that passes and leaves us together. What will happen when they translate my letter? *Boje moy!* I hear a step outside the door, and my heart simply ceases to beat.

Pan Lzudesky to-day tiptoed into our room when the spy was having his lunch. He whispered to us that he had seen the English Consul, Mr. Douglas, and told him about our case. He begged us not to be discouraged, and to eat. He said that he almost wept when he saw our plates come back to the kitchen, untouched. How flabby and livid he looked, his vague, blurred eyes watery with tears! Yet we could have embraced him. He is the only person who has spoken to us.

October.

There is the most careful avoidance of any official responsibility here in trying to find out where our passports are and who is to return them. We have already unraveled yards of red tape, and still there is no end. Of course, ever since Peter came he has followed a schedule of visits — one day to the English Consul; another day to the secret police, then to the Military Governor, the Civil Governor, the Chief of Staff, and back, in desperation, to the English Consul. There is an American vice-consul here, but he is wholly ineffectual since he has not yet been officially received. His principal duty consists in distributing relief to the Polish refugees. Mr. Douglas, the English Consul, is our one hope, and he is untiring in his efforts to help us. If we ever do get out it will be due to him.

The English government stands behind its representatives here in a way; the American State Department does not. I suppose that this is partly because America has no treaty with Russia, on account of the Jew clause. At any rate, one might just as well be a Fiji Islander as an American, for all the consideration one gets from officialdom.

I went to the secret police the other day with Mr. Douglas. It is located in

the opposite end of the town, down a quiet side street—an unobtrusive, one-storied brown house that gives the impression of trying to hide itself from people's notice.

We rang the bell. While we waited, I was conscious of being watched, and glancing up quickly, I saw the curtain at one of the windows fall back into place. The door opened a crack, and a white face with a long, thin nose, and horn-rimmed spectacles with smoky glass to hide the eyes, peered out at us furtively. Mr. Douglas handed the spy his card and the door was shut softly in our faces.

In about three minutes the door was opened again and a gendarme in uniform ushered us into a long room thick with stale tobacco-smoke. He gave me a chair, and while we waited I looked about at the walls with the brightly colored portraits of the Czar and the Czarina and the Royal family, and the ikon in one corner. 'Give up all hope all ye who enter here.'

And then the chief came in, accompanied by two spies with black portfolios under their arms. When he saw us he grew white with anger. He looked like a German, spurred and booted, with square head and jaw and steel-like eyes and compressed, cruel lips. He was the only well-dressed one in the crowd, but his livery was the same as theirs. He was their superior, that was all; and how I loathed him!

'He's angry because they brought us in here,' Douglas whispered under his breath.

The chief turned his back on us.

The spies scribbled away furiously, their noses close to their paper, not daring to look up.

We were taken into another room, a small back room, bare except for a table and sofa and a tawdry ikon in the farthest corner. And there we waited fully fifteen minutes in abso-

lute silence. How silent that house was, full of invisible horrors!

Suddenly the chief came into the room, closing the door carefully behind him. He was quite calm again.

He looked at Douglas. 'What do you want?'

Douglas explained how anxious we were to get out of Russia, how insufficient for cold weather was the money we had, how my husband's business called for his immediate presence, and so forth, all of which we had gone over at least three times a week since my arrest, and all of which was a matter of entire indifference to the secret police. They had failed to find any proof of espionage, which was their charge against us, and my letter, their only evidence, had been passed on and was snarled up somewhere in official red-tape. Now they washed their hands of me.

'We can do nothing. It is out of our hands.' He was extremely courteous, speaking German for my benefit. 'It is unfortunate that Frau Pierce should have written the letter. I was obliged to send it on to the General Staff. You should have a reply soon.'

There was nothing more to be said. Douglas was conciliatory, almost ingratiating. My nerves gave away.

'A reply soon!' I burst out. 'I'm sick of waiting. If we have the liberty of the city, surely there can't be anything very serious against us. It's an outrage keeping our passports. I'm an American and I demand them.' I was almost crying.

'You must demand them through your ambassador, meine Frau.'

I knew that he knew that we had been telegraphing him since our arrest, and my impotence made me speechless with rage. Douglas took advantage of my condition to beat a hasty retreat.

As we were going through the doorway, the chief said carelessly, 'By the

way, how did you happen to find this house?’

‘I have been here before,’ Douglas replied.

‘Thank you. I was only curious.’

I could feel the spies’ eyes on my back as we went down the path.

‘Mrs. Pierce — Mrs. Pierce, you must n’t lose your temper that way.’

‘I don’t care!’ I cried. ‘I had no way to express what I felt.’

‘I know,’ Douglas agreed thoughtfully.

October.

I gained admittance to the Military Governor the other day. He is the successor of that over-cautious governor who prematurely moved all his household goods during the German advance, and was then relieved of office. His palace, set back from the street behind a tall iron fence, is guarded by soldiers with bayonets, and secret-service men. I laughed, recognizing my old friends the spies.

Upstairs, the Governor was just saying good-bye to Bobrinsky, former Governor of Galicia, and we stood to one side as they came out of an inner office, bowing and making compliments to each other. Gold braid and decorations! These days the military have their innings, to be sure! I wonder how many stupid years of barrack-life go to make up one of these men? Or perhaps so much gold braid is paid for in other ways.

The Governor was an old man, carefully preserved. His uniform was padded, but his legs, thin and insecure, gave him away, and his standing collar, although it came up to his ears, failed to hide his scrawny neck where the flesh was caving in. He wore his gray beard trimmed to a point, and inside his beak-like nose was a quantity of grayish-yellow hair which made a very disagreeable impression on me. All the time I was speaking he exam-

ined his nails. When he raised his eyes finally, to reply, I noticed how lifeless and indifferent they were, and glazed by age. I could see the bones of his face move under the skin as he talked, especially two little round bones, like balls, close to his ears.

‘I have nothing to do with the case. It has been referred to the General Staff, I believe. You will have to wait for the course of events.’

He turned his back, went over to the window and began to play with a curtain-tassel. An aide bowed me to the door.

I am just back from the General Staff, where the mysterious rotation of the official wheel landed me unexpectedly into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of the Chief of the Staff, and to see him I had to wait only five hours with Mr. Douglas in the ante-room! Mr. Douglas has just left me to go to his club, exhausted, and ready to devour pounds of Moscow sausages, so he said.

The ante-room of the General Staff was as Russian as Russian can be. I suppose I shall never forget the dingy room, with its brown-painted walls and the benches and chairs ranged along the four sides of the room, and the orderlies bringing in glasses of tea, and the waiting people who were not ashamed to be unhappy. In the beginning Mr. Douglas and I tried to talk, but after an hour or so we relapsed into silence. I looked up at the large oil paintings of deceased generals which hung about the room. At first, they all looked fat and stupid and alike in the huge, ornate gilt frames. But after much study they began to take on differences — slight differences which it seemed that the painters had caught in spite of themselves, but which made human beings of even generals.

Shortly afterward, Douglas and I were admitted to the Chief of Staff.

The walls of his office were covered with large maps, with tiny flags marking the battle-fronts, and he sat at a large table occupying the centre of the room.

When we entered he rose and bowed, and after waving me to a chair, re-seated himself. He was rather like a university professor, courteous, with a slightly ironical twist to his very red lips. His pale face was narrow and long, with a pointed black beard, and a forehead broad and high and white. While he listened or talked, he nervously drew arabesques on a pad of paper on the table.

'I have your petition, but since I have just been appointed here I am not very familiar with routine matters.' Here he smiled slightly. 'Yours is a routine matter, I should say. How long have you waited for an answer — four months? We'll see what can be done. I have sent to the files and I should have a report in a few minutes.'

An aide brought in a collection of telegrams and papers, and the Chief glanced through them. Then he looked at me searchingly and suddenly smiled again.

'From your appearance I should never imagine that you were as dangerous as these papers state. Are you an American?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'and I assure you that I am dangerous only in the official mind. I have no importance except what they give me.'

'Mrs. Pierce is an American and unused to Russian ways,' Douglas said apologetically.

'Well, your case has been referred to General Ivanoff and I will wire him again at once. If you come back next Thursday I will give you a definite answer.'

We went out. It was a gray, winter day, with a cold wind from the river, but I felt glowing and stimulated and alive, seeing the future crystallize and grow definite again. You can't imagine the wearing depression of months of uncertainty.

'That Chief of Staff is the first human official I've met,' I said to Douglas.

'Give him time, give him time,' Douglas replied. 'Did n't you hear him say he was new to the job?'

November.

At home I found a summons from the police to appear with Marie at the local police bureau to-morrow at nine, to receive our passports. I telegraphed Peter through Douglas. Now that our affair is settled I feel no emotion — neither relief nor joy.

PRESS TENDENCIES AND DANGERS

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE passing of the *Boston Journal*, in the eighty-fourth year of its age, by merger with the *Boston Herald*, has rightly been characterized as a tragedy of journalism. Yet it is no more significant than the similar merger of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and the *Cleveland Leader*, or the *New York Press* and the *New York Sun*. All are in obedience to the drift toward consolidation which has been as marked in journalism as in other spheres of business activity—for this is purely a business matter. True, in the cases of the *Sun* and the *Press* Mr. Munsey's controlling motive was probably the desire to obtain the Associated Press service for the *Sun*, which he could have secured in no other way. But Mr. Munsey was not blind to the advantages of combining the circulation of the *Press* and the *Sun*, and has profited by it.

It is quite possible that there will be further consolidations in New York and Boston before long; at least, conditions are ripe for them. Chicago has now only four morning newspapers, including the *Staats-Zeitung*, but one of these has an uncertain future before it. The *Herald* of that city is the net result of amalgamations which wiped out successively the *Record*, the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Inter-Ocean*. It is only a few years ago that the *Boston Traveler* and the *Evening Herald* were consolidated, and Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, Portland (Oregon), and Philadelphia are other cities in which there has been a reduction in the number of dailies.

In the main it is correct to say that the decreasing number of newspapers in our larger American cities is due to the enormously increased cost of maintaining great dailies. This has been found to limit the number which a given advertising territory will support. It is a fact, too, that there are few other fields of enterprise in which so many unprofitable enterprises are maintained. There is one penny daily in New York which has not paid a cent to its owners in twenty years; during that time its income has met its expenses only once. Another of our New York dailies loses between four and five hundred thousand dollars a year, if well-founded report is correct, but the deficit is cheerfully met each year. It may be safely stated that scarcely half of our New York morning and evening newspapers return an adequate profit.

The most striking fact about the recent consolidations is that this leaves Cleveland with only one morning newspaper, the *Plain Dealer*. It is the sixth city in size in the United States, yet it has not appeared to be large enough to support both the *Plain Dealer* and the *Leader*, not even with the aid of what is called 'foreign,' or national, advertising, that is, advertising which originates outside of Cleveland. There are now many other cities in which the seeker after morning news is compelled to take it from one source only, whatever his political affiliations may be: in Indianapolis, from the *Star*; in Detroit, from the *Free Press*; in Toledo, from the *Times*; in Columbus, from the

State Journal; in Scranton, from the *Republican*; in St. Paul, from the *Pioneer Press*; and in New Orleans from the *Times-Picayune*. This circumstance comes as a good deal of a shock to those who fancy that at least the chief political parties should have their representative dailies in each city — for that is the old American tradition.

Turning to the State of Michigan, we find that the development has gone even further, for here are some sizable cities with no morning newspaper and but one in the evening field. In fourteen cities whose population has more than doubled during the last twenty-five years the number of daily newspapers printed in the English language has shrunk from 42 to only 23. In nine of these fourteen cities there is not a single morning newspaper; they have but an evening newspaper apiece to give them the news of the world, unless they are content to receive their news by mail from distant cities. On Sunday they are better off, for there are seven Sunday newspapers in these towns.

In the five cities having more than one newspaper, there are six dailies that are thought to be unprofitable to their owners; and it is believed that within a short time the number of one-newspaper cities will grow to twelve, in which case Detroit and Grand Rapids will be the only cities with morning dailies. It is reported by competent witnesses that the one-newspaper towns are not only well content with this state of affairs, but that they actively resist any attempt to change the situation, the merchants in some cases banding together voluntarily to maintain the monopoly by refusing advertising to those wishing to start competition.

It is of course true that in the larger cities of the East there are other causes than the lack of advertising to account for the disappearance of certain newspapers. Many of them have deserved

to perish because they were inefficiently managed or improperly edited. The Boston *Transcript* declares that the reason for the *Journal's* demise was lack 'of that singleness and clearness of direction and purpose which alone establish confidence in and guarantee abiding support of a newspaper.' If some of the Hearst newspapers may be cited as examples of successful journals which have neither clearness nor honesty of purpose, it is not to be questioned that a newspaper with clear-cut, vigorous personalities behind it is far more likely to survive than one which does not have them.

But it does not help the situation to point out, as does the Columbia (S.C.) *State*, that 'sentiment and passion' have been responsible for the launching of many of the newspaper wrecks, for often sentiment and the righteous passion of indignation have been responsible for the foundation of notable newspapers such as the New York *Tribune*, whose financial success was, for a time at least, quite notable. It is the danger that newspaper conditions, because of the enormously increased costs and this tendency to monopoly, may prevent people who are actuated by passion and sentiment from founding newspapers that is causing many students of the situation much concern. What is to be the hope for the advocates of new-born and unpopular reforms if they cannot have a press of their own, as the Abolitionists and the founders of the Republican party set up theirs in a remarkably short time, usually with poverty-stricken bank accounts?

If no good American can read of cities having only one newspaper without concern, — since democracy depends largely upon the presenting of both sides of every issue, — it does not add any comfort to know that it would take millions to found a new paper, on a strictly business basis, in our largest

cities. None but extremely wealthy men could undertake such a venture, — precisely as the rejuvenated Chicago *Herald* has been financed by a group of the city's wealthiest magnates, — and even then the success of the undertaking would be questionable if it were not possible to secure the Associated Press service for the newcomer.

The 'journal of protest,' it may be truthfully said, is to-day being confined, outside of the Socialistic press, to weeklies of varying types, of which the *Survey*, the *Public*, and the *St. Louis Mirror* are examples; and scores of them fall by the wayside. The large sums necessary to establish a journal of opinion are being demonstrated by the *New Republic*. Gone is the day when a *Liberator* can be founded with a couple of hundred dollars as capital. The struggle of the *New York Call* to keep alive, and that of some of our Jewish newspapers, are clear proof that conditions to-day make strongly against those who are fired by passion and sentiment to give a new and radical message to the world.

True, there is still opportunity in small towns for editorial courage and ability; William Allen White has demonstrated that. But in the small towns the increased costs due to the war are being felt as keenly as in the larger cities. *Ayer's Newspaper Directory* shows a steady shrinkage during the last three years in the weeklies, semi-weeklies, tri-weeklies, and semi-monthlies, there being 300 less in 1916 than in 1914. There lies before me a list of 76 dailies and weeklies over which the funeral rites have been held since January 1, 1917; to some of them the government has administered the *coup de grâce*. There are three Montreal journals among them, and a number of little German publications, together with the notorious *Appeal to Reason* and a couple of farm journals: twenty-one states are

represented in the list, which is surely not complete.

Many dailies have sought to save themselves by increasing their price to two cents, as in Chicago, Pittsburg, Buffalo, and Philadelphia, and everywhere there has been a raising of mail subscription and advertising rates in an effort to offset the enormous and persistent rise in the cost of paper and labor. It is indisputable, however, that if we are in for a long war, many of the weaker city dailies and the country dailies must go to the wall, just as there have been similar failures in every one of the warring nations of Europe.

Surveying the newspaper field as a whole, there has not been of late years a marked development of the tendency to group together a number of newspapers under one ownership in the manner of Northcliffe. Mr. Hearst, thanks be to fortune, has not added lately to his string;¹ his group of *Examiners* and *Journals* and *Americans* is popularly believed not to be making any large sums of money for him, because the weaker members offset the earnings of the prosperous ones, and there is reputed to be great managerial waste. When Mr. Munsey buys another daily he usually sells an unprosperous one or adds another grave to his private and sizable newspaper cemetery. The Scripps-McRae Syndicate, comprising some 22 dailies, has not added to its number since 1911.

In Michigan the Booth Brothers control six clean, independent papers, which, for the local reasons given above, exercise a remarkable influence. The situation in that state shows clearly how comparatively easy it would be for rich business men, with selfish or partisan purpose, to dominate public opin-

¹ Unfortunately, as we go to press, this statement seems to be contradicted by the dire rumor that Mr. Hearst has acquired the respected *Boston Daily Advertiser*. — THE EDITORS.

ion there and poison the public mind against anything they disliked. It is a situation to cause much uneasiness when one looks into the more distant future and considers the distrust of the press because of a far-reaching belief that the large city newspaper, being a several-million-dollar affair, must necessarily have managers in close alliance with other men in great business enterprises, — the chamber of commerce, the merchants' association group, — and therefore wholly detached from the aspirations of the plain people.

Those who feel thus will be disturbed by another remarkable consolidation in the field of newspaper-making — the recent absorption of a large portion of the business of the American Press Association by the Western Newspaper Union. The latter now has an almost absolute monopoly in supplying 'plate' and 'ready-to-print' matter to the smaller daily newspapers and the country weeklies — 'patent insides' is a more familiar term. The Western Newspaper Union to-day furnishes plate matter to nearly fourteen thousand newspapers — a stupendous number. In 1912 a United States court in Chicago forbade this very consolidation as one in restraint of trade; to-day it permits it because the great rise in the cost of plate matter, from four to seventeen cents a pound, seems to necessitate the extinction of the old competition and the establishment of a monopoly. The court was convinced that this field of newspaper enterprise will no longer support two rival concerns. An immense power which could be used to influence public opinion is thus placed in the hands of the officers of a money-making concern, for news matter is furnished as well as news photogravures.

Only the other day I heard of a boast that a laudatory article praising a certain astute Democratic politician had

appeared in no less than 7000 publications of the Union's clients. Who can estimate the value of such an advertisement? Who can deny the power enormously to influence rural public opinion for better or for worse? Who can deny that the very innocent aspect of such a publication makes it a particularly easy, as well as effective, way of conducting propaganda for better or for worse? So far it has been to the advantage of both the associations to carry the propaganda matter of the great political parties, — they deny any intentional propaganda of their own; but one cannot help wondering whether this will always be the case, and whether there is not danger that some day this tremendous power may be used in the interest of some privileged undertaking or some self-seeking politicians. At least, it would seem as if our law-makers, already so critical of the press, might be tempted to declare the Union a public-service corporation and, therefore, bound to transmit all legitimate news offered to it.

In the strictly news-gathering field there is probably a decrease of competition at hand. The Allied governments abroad and our courts at home have struck a hard blow at the Hearst news-gathering concern, the International News Service, which has been excluded from England and her colonies, Italy and France, and has recently been convicted of news-stealing and falsification on the complaint of the Associated Press. The case is now pending on appeal in the Supreme Court, where the decision of the lower courts may be reversed. If, as a result of these proceedings, the association eventually goes out of business, it will be to the public advantage, that is, if honest, uncolored news is a desideratum. This will give to the Associated Press — the only press association which is altogether coöperative and

makes no profit by the sale of its news — a monopoly in the morning field. If this lack of organized competition — it is daily competing with the special correspondents of all the great newspapers — has its drawbacks, it is certainly reassuring that throughout this unprecedented war the Associated Press has brought over an enormous volume of news with a minimum of just complaints as to the fidelity of that news — save that it is, of course, rigidly censored in every country, and particularly in passing through England. It has met vast problems with astounding success.

But, despite its many foreign correspondents, it is in considerable degree dependent upon foreign news agencies, like Reuters', the Havas Agency in France, the Wolf Agency in Germany, and others, including the official Russian agency. Where these are not frankly official agencies, they are under the control of their governments and have frequently been used by them to mislead others, and particularly foreign nations, or to conceal the truth from their own subjects. As Dean Walter Williams, of the University of Missouri's School of Journalism, has lately pointed out, if there is one thing needed after this war it is the abolition of these official and semi-official agencies with their frequent stirring up of racial and international hatreds. A free press after the war is as badly needed as freedom of the seas and freedom from conscienceless kaisers and autocrats.

At home, when the war is over, there is certain to be as relatively striking a slant toward social reorganization, reform, and economic revolution as has taken place in Russia and is taking place in England as told by the *London Times*. When that day comes here, the deep smouldering distrust of our press will make itself felt. Our Fourth

Estate is to have its day of overhauling and of being muckraked. The perfectly obvious hostility toward newspapers of the present Congress, as illustrated by its attempt to impose a direct and special tax upon them; its rigorous censorship in spite of the profession's protest of last spring; and the heavy additional postage taxes levied upon some classes of newspapers and magazines, goes far to prove this. But even more convincing is the dissatisfaction with the metropolitan press in every reform camp and among the plain people. It has grown tremendously because the masses are convinced, rightly or wrongly that the newspapers with heavy capital investments are a 'capitalistic' press and, therefore, opposed to their interests.

This feeling has grown all the more because so many hundreds of thousands who were opposed to our going to war, and are opposed to it now, still feel that their views — as opposed to those of the prosperous and intellectual classes — were not voiced in the press last winter. They know that their position to-day is being misrepresented as disloyal or pro-German by the bulk of the newspapers. In this situation many are turning to the Socialistic press as their one refuge. They, and multitudes who have gradually been losing faith in the reliability of our journalism, for one reason or another, can still be won back if we journalists will but slake our intense thirst for reliable, trustworthy news, for opinions free from class bias and not always set forth from the point of view of the well-to-do and the privileged. How to respond to this need is the greatest problem before the American press. Meanwhile, on the business side, we drift toward consolidation on a resistless economic current, which foams past numberless rocks, and leads no man knows whither.

PROFESSOR'S PROGRESS. V

A NOVEL OF CONTEMPORANEOUS ADVENTURE

I

ON the third day of his sojourn in Fairview, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Latimer found himself. With the cure, there came a sudden onset of homesickness which would immediately have put him on board a train for the city, in utter disregard of the state of his wardrobe and sister Harriet's feelings, if Hartmann had not interposed a plea. The two others had departed the day before for points south and west, but the doctor still had several wearisome truths to impress on a Board of Health which was 'audomatically' impervious to common sense. If Latimer would wait over night, they could go down to the city together in Foreman's car, which the magnate had left at Hartmann's disposal. The harrowing picture of Hartmann on a lonely trip to New York, depicted by that good man almost with tears in his eyes, was more than Latimer could bear. He would wait.

And another reason was that Latimer felt the need of atonement. Of the three days in Fairview, to Hartmann's chagrin, Latimer had devoted just two hours to the new model town. Try as he would, his interest in the architect's plans for the great Social Hall and the Foreman Hospital would not bubble. After he had several times failed to distinguish between the blue prints for the drainage and those for the water-mains system, Hartmann sorrowfully abandoned him. Thereupon Latimer joyfully turned his back on the Eliza-

bethan town on the hill, and spent his hours until far into the night in the streets of that other Fairview which in another six months would be no more, but which drew him poignantly to its malodorous, unsanitary self.

It was precisely the difference between life and a blue-print that held him. He knew it was unjust to Foreman and his collaborators that he should be thinking of them as tinkering upon a new kind of machine; yet there was the feeling. Even Hartmann, for all the humane sentiment that drove his bulky frame to action, was engaged upon a project, a problem, and therefore a formula. The pity of it, that, as soon as you have more than one man to face, you are no longer dealing with souls, but with problems.

There were no problems in the unkempt streets of the old town on the edge of the flats; that is, to the people who lived amid the landscaped family wash and gossiped from windows, or gave utterance to sententious truths from around slow-burning corn-cobs. They were to themselves an end in themselves. They were neither class-conscious, nor church-conscious, nor conscious of anything but the regular beat of an ancient routine. The sense of depression which attacked Lorimer during that first walk with Filbert had vanished overnight. He felt no need to idealize these people as the vanguard of a cleanlier and more prosperous generation. They were sufficient for the day, without the apology of galvanic cabbage-patch humor and sunshine-

alley sentiment. They were ultimate and serene.

'Blessed are the poor,' thought Latimer, 'for they shall not keep up appearances. Neither must they read the books that are written about them.'

On the third morning of his stay at Fairview he was escorted through the Intercontinental shops by Bauer himself. Latimer had hitherto thought of Labor in terms of Meunier and Pennell: of half-naked men sweating in the heat of blast furnaces, or strained out of human semblance under enormous weights and masses. What he really saw in this particular factory were the long cathedral aisles of machinery. He heard singing wheels and the drone of belting. And here or there was a worker bending over his tool-bench in scholarly contemplation of a nondescript bit of metal, like Carrel over his test-tubes.

Latimer recalled the wonder that always possessed him at home, when he stopped to peer down into excavations where men groped about in a crazy network of mains and conduits, or when he looked up to the steel girders swinging into place on the new skyscrapers. Only now and then would he catch sight of a heavy sledge in play, or the heave of muscles. As a rule men moved about in the tangle of cloaca as if engaged in an elaborate minuet. He saw men poised on the end of a steel beam go through a graceful calisthenics, with a measured wave of the arm, now this way, now that way, thirty stories above the sidewalk. Yet the subways got themselves dug, and the pavements were laid, — and torn up again, — and the skyscraper grew a couple of stories overnight. He wondered at the serenity of labor.

They stopped to watch a middle-aged man in overalls filing away at a longish piece of steel which for the life of him Latimer could not identify. Bauer told him that it was part of the

mechanism of a field-gun, which would be put through an indefinite number of processes here at Fairview, and then would be shipped somewhere else for justification, and would then go by water and part by rail somewhere else, where the gun would be assembled; after which the gun would be tested, approved, checked up, and shipped — somewhere else.

Latimer shook with impatience at the deliberate, precise arm-motions of the man at the bench. 'Out there,' he saw little groups of weird mannikins, in a smear of fog and mud and blood, clawing into the sides of a crater under the counter-barrage of the Prussians, and praying for the guns which they had outrun. But the guns were stuck fast in the Flanders slime, and the crew were breaking their backs under the wheel-hubs, and the drivers were lashing away at the horses.

'For God's sake, hurry!' Latimer cried out in an inward agony, as the Fairview worker picked up a wad of cotton waste and studiously polished off the metal joint he was dallying with. One, two, three; one, two, three — while the sweat was on Latimer's face.

And then, in a moment, he understood that this man was working while he, Latimer, was only rasping the nerve-strings of his own soul. Why, of course: the gun crew in Flanders was probably standing about quietly debating the best way of getting the wheels out of the mud. A man was hurrying across fields for a plank. The second lieutenant was simultaneously trying to establish telephone communications with battery headquarters and to borrow a cigarette. And this gun now in the making at Fairview would be six months in reaching the front. Latimer saw the machinist reach for a gauge of some sort and adjust it with infinite contemplation; and there came to him a great calm.

'I am cured,' he said aloud.

'I beg pardon?' Bauer wondered.

'I was saying that I shall probably take the night train for New York,' said Latimer. 'This has been supremely instructive.'

But as we have seen, Hartmann prevailed with him to wait till the following morning, whereupon Latimer telegraphed notice of his imminent return to his wife, and his excuses to sister Harriet. But to Manning and the promised visit he held himself pledged. Manning lay on the direct road to the city, and it would be only decent to drop in for a moment to explain.

II

Hartmann's professed lack of interest in the 'meganism' of the automobile had no relation whatever to his ability in the driver's seat or a pretty taste for eating up the road. Probably it was the rebound from the strain of three days' negotiations with the Fairview Board of Health, made up exclusively of 'unmildigated tonkeys.'

Only twenty-four hours ago the needle on the speedometer would have caused Latimer intense anxiety. Now, in the flush of new-found health that was coursing in him, he was inclined to regard Hartmann as an unnecessarily timid driver. At intervals he burst into song; whereat Hartmann sneered bitterly, until such a time as a succession of clear stretches of roadway permitted him to join in with a dreadful howl which, he explained to Latimer, was the first verse of *Gaudeamus*. In the course of the next two hours he sang that first verse thirteen times, but, he told Latimer, by no means as well as he used to do it thirty years ago.

For some time Latimer had been expectantly studying the countryside, and there it was: an ugly iron bridge, a willow by the roadside not far from

the river-bank, a flat rock jutting out into the water, a white church steeple — they were entering Westville, to be sure.

'Hartmann,' he said, 'do you mind stopping for a quarter of an hour?'

'Stretch your legs, hey? All right. I think I can recall the second verse.'

'There is a sick woman here. Will you look at her?'

Hartmann threw up his hands.

'How can I? Without being asked?'

'Unquestionably you can satisfy yourself without a formal examination. To that purpose I have devised the necessary fiction,' said Latimer. And from his pocket he drew a box of chocolates which he had purchased at Fairview. 'We stop off merely to leave this for the little girl, with whom I am on established terms. You accompany me reluctantly. If you need a little more time for consideration, we may ask for a glass of milk.'

They found the family around the kitchen-steps. The woman was rinsing clothes between two tubs. The husband was dreamily improvising over the repair of an intricate piece of fishing-gear, with the little one at his side. The three severally responded to the unexpected visitors. In the woman's eyes there was wonder. In the little one's, a bright scrutiny which searched Latimer's person and settled with a triumph of intuition upon the candy-box in his hand. The man saw in Hartmann the longed-for purchaser of this country home that he hated; he saw release and town again.

'As we came by it occurred to me,' said Latimer; and he developed his lie with sufficient manfulness; nevertheless the conversation dragged.

'The little one should be at school,' he said.

'Teacher's sick,' announced the child gleefully.

'Such a school as it is,' said the

woman, with the first sign of discontent that Latimer recalled in her. Pause; and they all turned to watch the child in her tour of exploration through the candy-box.

'You can give us a glass of milk,' said Hartmann, 'right where we are?'

'Sam,' she said. And the man, buoyed up by a great hope, started off with unwonted energy toward the spring where the milk was cooling. His wife went into the kitchen to wipe her dripping arms.

'You find the symptoms?' whispered Latimer, hoping against knowledge.

'The most conspicuous symptom, yes,' said Hartmann sullenly. He nodded toward the man crouching over the spring. 'What is one to do?'

'There should be a regular job for him at Fairview,' said Latimer. 'And for her, one of your new houses. They could let this place. It would pay them to abandon it.'

'You are a disintegrating sentimentalist, friend Latimer,' grumbled the other. 'Make the offer. I will see to it.'

But the woman shook her head. 'Sam is not strong enough for a factory.' What she was thinking, of course, was that her man was not strong enough for the temptations of town. 'We came out here because it was better for me.' Again she was lying.

'Much bedder for you, a glean small house with windows and a good kitchen,' burst out Hartmann. 'You should not work.'

She shook her head, and Latimer despaired. Then an inspiration came.

'For the little one there will be an ideal school, playgrounds, a swimming pool, games, theatricals.' He tried to speak with the nonchalance of a well-bred catalogue.

'A good school?' she said, looking up in haste.

'Equal to the best private schools in the country,' said Hartmann.

She looked back toward her husband, stared down at the child, and yielded.

'We'll be ready for you in another month,' Hartmann urged.

'We will come,' she said; and of her own initiative held out her hand to Latimer. 'Thank you,' she said; and her eyelids trembled.

III

What more natural than the warm afterglow of self-approval which descended upon our two travelers as they climbed back into the car? To Latimer's suggestion that Hartmann now 'let her out,' the reply was a shrug of resentment at superfluous advice, followed by a silent, 'Watch me!' The motor sang like a telegraph wire in the wind. They reconstructed the second verse of *Gaudeamus* out of their joint and fragmentary memories, and shouted it to the flying landscape. Between spasms of harmony Latimer lit two cigarettes, keeping one for his own use and inserting the other, after a few preliminary puffs, between Hartmann's lips. As the wind and the sun poured into his veins, Latimer removed his golf-cap and put it on again with the peak on the nape of his neck, like the pictures of Barney Oldfield in the Sunday Supplement. He was seized with a vast pity for the proletariat of the four-cylinder cars whom they overtook and passed with a swirl and an occasional ironic wave of the hand. He found his thoughts running to roadsters, sedans, town cars. He pumped oil with more ardor than precision.

With this result: that, having flashed by a sign-post announcing the town limits of Greensborough and made a sudden corner, Hartmann had to throw all his weight into the brakes to avert collision with a uniformed figure in the middle of the road waving the conventional open palm.

'What's wrong?' said Hartmann, as innocently as a German chancellor on Belgium.

'Thirty-five miles an hour's the matter,' said the constable.

Hartmann shouted, —

'At dirty-five miles an hour I should have been through your tinkly liddle town before I had endered it. This is an oudrage!'

'You can explain that to the jedge,' said the officer. 'That is, if he ain't away for his dinner. Give me a lift an' I'll show you where we turn in.'

The subsequent colloquy was futile. Greensborough's court-house occupied one wing of an imposing pile of municipal brickwork which their captor designated as the town workhouse. Granted the authentic signs of a progressive community spirit revealed in well-paved and cleanly streets, ornamental lamp-posts, plate-glass store fronts on Main Street, and three moving-picture theatres within two blocks, it was still a wonder why so small a place as Greensborough should stand in need of such elaborate prison facilities.

'Now if it were a loonadic asylum, I could understand,' remarked Hartmann with vicious intent; 'but a chail —'

They found the court-room deserted. The 'jedge,' then, was at dinner, unless, it occurred to the constable, the jedge might be in the 'labbertory.' He pronounced the word with unmistakable pride in his mastery of the term and equal contempt for the thing it described.

'Laboratory?' said Hartmann. 'Lead the way.'

They marched through a confusion of wainscoted corridors and stopped before the open door of what Latimer might easily have accepted for the psychological experimentation room at his old college, except that everything was varnish-new and the sunlight came in cheerily through the window. A gray-

haired young man, bending over a desk, raised his head and smiled inquiringly, a little innocently, Latimer thought, through horn-rimmed spectacles.

'Dr. Wheeling,' said the constable, with a semi-military curtness which was at the same time a salute and an introduction.

Latimer hastened to explain.

'We are in search of the officiating magistrate, having been apprehended on the absurd charge of violating the traffic regulations by an official whose zeal we can commend more easily than his intelligence.'

Dr. Wheeling was sympathetic.

'Justice Horner will not be back for some time, I regret to say.'

'He takes dinner at home, of course?'

'To be precise, no,' replied the prison doctor. 'The fact is, His Honor at this moment is some distance out in the country inspecting a prize milch-cow with a view to purchase.'

'That would be Al Thomas's Jersey,' observed the constable.

'Exactly,' said Wheeling. 'Won't you be seated?'

'But that is imbossible,' shouted Hartmann; and to their captor, 'Come along and help us hunt up your judge. I'll make it worth your while.'

The constable hesitated, and Latimer, to bridge the pause, did the polite thing.

'You have here an admirably equipped institution,' he remarked. His tone was the connoisseur's.

Wheeling beamed at him through his goggles. 'It's a very decent plant for a town of our size.'

'It is my surmise,' said Latimer, 'that this very impressive penal establishment has been built around your laboratory, Dr. Wheeling, and not the other way about.'

The doctor stared in amazement. 'How could you have guessed?'

'Shall we call it intuition?' smiled

Latimer. 'When I am in the presence of the scientific spirit I know it. My name is Latimer.'

Wheeling came forth from behind the desk and shook hands.

'May I suggest that your plan of hunting up the justice is a feasible one?' he addressed Hartmann. 'In the mean time, if Mr. Latimer is interested in our work I should be delighted —'

And when Hartmann and his turn-key were gone, 'Your surmise, Mr. Latimer, as to the origin of this institution touches me particularly, because it is largely through my efforts that the thing has taken form; if I may say it without boasting. My interests have always run in the direction of mental research, especially of the criminal type. I have written for the scientific journals. It was difficult work converting the local authorities to my plans; a special bond issue was necessary. Even then, as a straight penitentiary, this plant would never have been erected; but as an experiment station in criminal psychology it had decided publicity value. The argument appealed to our Chamber of Commerce. Without boasting, we have put Greensborough on the map. Only —' he sighed — 'the material is not as abundant as one might wish.'

'Greensborough is too law-abiding,' ventured Latimer.

'Unfortunately, yes. Our cells are often quite empty. That is why I have been compelled to resort to volunteers. The great majority of our citizens have subjected themselves to my tests, out of a commendable public spirit. But the population of Greensborough is limited.'

Latimer glanced about the room.

'Strictly speaking,' he said, 'I am not yet within the grasp of the law. Nevertheless, until my companion's return, if I can contribute to your stock of data —'

Wheeling went pink with delight.

'This is generous, Mr. Latimer. I hardly —'

'Not at all. Shall we proceed?'

'Immediately,' cried Wheeling. 'Allow me to place your chair in the full light. That's it.'

From drawers and shelves he brought out the simple materials of his business, and sat down before his desk, from top to toe the tingling professional.

'I trust, Mr. Latimer, that you approach this examination in the candid and impersonal spirit in which it is attempted,' said Wheeling. 'It is in the interest of science, of course. A sympathetic attitude on your part is essential to the validity of the tests we are about to undertake, even when these may seem superfluous or meaningless.'

'Does that frequently happen?' said Latimer, with the kindly intention of expressing interest.

But it brought up Wheeling with a start. His formula of introduction was really a sort of hypnotic chant intended to reduce the subject to the proper passive state. He looked at Latimer and wondered whether it had been necessary in the present instance.

'We will begin,' he said, 'with a simple experiment in visual observation. I shall pick up a black piece of paper with one hand and a white piece of paper with the other. You will tell me as soon as you are certain of your facts, which hand holds which. Close your eyes, please. Now!'

Latimer assigned the proper slip to the proper hand.

'Five seconds,' said Wheeling, in a tone of surprise, as he jotted down the answer on a prepared form. 'May I ask, Mr. Latimer, whether you have ever been tested for color-perception before this?'

'No,' said Latimer. 'Am I at all out of the normal?'

'More than twice the average reac-

tion time,' said Wheeling. 'We will try again — this time with red and blue. Close your eyes, please. Now!'

Latimer made the correct distinction.

'Extraordinary!' exclaimed Wheeling. 'Three seconds. Normal vision should distinguish blue from red more slowly than black from white. You have reversed the process.'

'Perhaps this may be the reason,' said Latimer. 'In the first instance I immediately distinguished the black from the white, but it took me some time to recall that, sitting opposite me, your right hand corresponded to my left and *vice versa*. In the second experiment I had fixed the identity of your right hand and your left. If you had asked me simply to point out the red and the blue and the black and the white, the results would probably have been different. It might be worth while to repeat the test.'

'Do you think so?' said Wheeling.

'I am convinced of it,' said Latimer.

They went through the test again, and it was as Latimer had foretold. The revised figures showed that Latimer was slightly above the average in color-perception for the ordinary type of prison inmate. Wheeling was delighted.

'Rapidity of concentration next,' he said. 'Take this paper and pencil and hold yourself ready to begin writing when I give the order. Ready? Write the names of seven common garden vegetables.'

'Spinach, tomatoes, potatoes,' wrote Latimer. 'A simple soul,' he thought, as he lifted his eye momentarily to catch the fleeting vision of the next vegetable, and saw Wheeling peering at him with that kindly, meaningless smile through the thick lenses of his horn-rimmed spectacles. 'A simple soul, eager for the truth. Always the same goal; the difference is only in the method of approach. Truth! Men

have sought her through the clouds that cover the awful light of the face of the gods, in the torture of their own flesh, in the eyes of women, in the Arctic silences of their own thoughts, in the forests, in the mountains, in the deserts, in cloisters and catacombs — Cucumbers, lettuce, parsley, beans,' he wrote hastily; and then as he caught Wheeling's astonished yet patient gaze, 'I believe I could do it faster than that. My mind wandered.'

'But that is just the point,' said Wheeling. 'As an index of mental co-ordination it is the first, unrehearsed attempt that counts. As such, the exceptional length of time you have taken is of the very highest significance. Excuse me while I set down a special remark that does not come under any of my schedules. Or, better still, while I am writing, I give you this sheet of paper on which you will kindly draw, without unduly hurrying yourself, the outlines of a pig, a tree, and a house.'

Here indeed was a task that called for the utmost concentration. Outside of the geometrical figures which he had drawn for some forty years on the college blackboard, Latimer was helpless with pencil in hand. The elements of perspective were a mystery to him; and expression was utterly beyond his powers. He succeeded in drawing the rough two-dimensional house which is the favorite of infancy, with curly smoke coming out of the chimney and a flight of steps hanging several feet below the ground level. He did a little worse on his tree, which was only a telegraph pole with arms projecting at acute angles. Recognizable both, perhaps; but the pig was a complete disaster.

'That is pretty poor, isn't it?' he said; and there was no pretense in the anxious query.

'It is not a question of good or poor,' said Wheeling, 'but of the age-class in which your technical execution would

place you. From that point of view the drawings are certainly extraordinary. Somewhere between six and seven years, I should say.'

'You mean a child of six or seven would be expected to do as well as this?' said Latimer, flushing scarlet.

'The average child,' said Wheeling. 'Twenty-three children in a hundred of that age-class would do better. So much for manual coördination. Now tell me as fast as you can how much is three times four?'

'Twelve,' Latimer shot at him before he had finished.

'Good! Eight times seven?'

'Fifty-six,' said Latimer with the same precipitation.

Wheeling flushed with excitement.

'We are on the track of what is evidently a special aptitude. Thirteen times thirteen?'

'One hundred and sixty-nine.'

'Twenty-four times twenty-four?'

'Five hundred and seventy-six.'

Wheeling's eyes were a gleam. What a case! The doubly abnormal mind! In many instances below the median, in one instance rising far above it; how far above, he trembled to think. Then he took the plunge.

'One hundred and eleven times one hundred and eleven?'

'Twelve thousand, three hundred and twenty-one,' said Latimer.

'Two hundred and thirteen times two hundred and thirteen?'

'Forty-five thousand, three hundred and sixty-nine,' said Latimer.

'Amazing!' said Wheeling; and upon Latimer's soul, still writhing under the humiliation of that subnormal pig, the word fell like balm. In the upswing of spirits, self-confidence returned, and he felt prepared to meet Wheeling on a footing of human equality.

'Let us go back for a moment to a simple reaction test,' said Wheeling.

'That is essential if we are to strike the

balance for the mental account. I will read out to you a string of numbers among which will occur the numeral four. As soon as you hear that number you will tap with your finger on the table. It may occur once or several times. You will tap every time. That is plain?'

'Quite,' said Latimer.

'Three, six, seven, six, six, three, eight, nine, six, five, eleven, nine,' began Wheeling.

'Undoubtedly a simple soul,' said Latimer to himself, his mind swimming lazily on the droning rhythm of Wheeling's notation. 'No trace of originality, I should say, but susceptible to guidance from above. A loyal private in the army of science, his not to make reply, but only to follow where others lead. Upon the minds of one hundred thousand such men the true mind of science builds its generalizations. The true mind glimpses the vision and flings it out for a hundred thousand common men to prove or disprove with their life's work. — Four!' He smote the table with both his fists as the signal number pierced to his brain.

Wheeling smiled.

'That is the third time I mentioned four. You don't mind my saying that you present the very interesting example of an exceptionable faculty rising above a low level of general mental coördination.'

'Not at all,' said Latimer.

'Of course I should want to look my data over carefully,' said Wheeling. 'But at a venture I should say that you belong,' — he hesitated, — 'I speak impersonally, of course, — in the thirteen- or fourteen-year class.'

'Allowing for the arithmetical exercises?' said Latimer.

'Yes, that would be the weighted average. To make the test complete I should have to take your cranial measurements.'

'You suspect —?' said Latimer.

'Characteristic criminal stigmata? I should hardly say that. But I can see peculiarities — the lobar formation —'

'Tell me this, Dr. Wheeling,' said Latimer, breathing heavily. It was a sign of rising steam in the boiler of his temperament. 'Your system consists in testing my mental capacities by the standard of the child?'

'Exactly.'

'But you have n't asked me to skip a rope.'

Wheeling stared.

'That is not part of our regulation test,' he said.

'And yet it is plain,' sputtered Latimer, 'that at skipping a rope I should probably be inferior to a child of eight. I should likewise be very low down in the scale at going down a banister, or creeping under a gate, or walking on my hands. And if it came to screaming myself red in the face and getting my toe into my mouth, I should be set very low in the scale of infantilism.'

'But our tests,' said poor Dr. Wheeling.

'I mean,' shouted Latimer and caught himself on the edge of an explosion —

(To be concluded)

MISSING

BY BEATRICE W. RAVENEL

LORD, how can he be dead?

For he stood there just this morn

With the live blood in his cheek

And the live light on his head?

Dost Thou remember, Lord, when he was born,

And all my heart went forth thy praise to seek,

(I, a creator even as Thou,) —

To force Thee to confess

The little, young, heart-breaking loveliness,

Like willow-buds in Spring, upon his brow?

Newest of unfledged things,

All perfect but the wings.

Master, I lit my tender candle-light

Straight at the living fire that rays abroad

From thy dread altar, God!

How should it end in night?

Lord, in my time of trouble, of tearing strife,
Even then I loved thy will, even then I knew
That nothing is so beautiful as life! . . .
Is not the world's great woe thine anguish too?
It hath not passed, thine hour,
Again Thou kneelest in the olive-wood.
The lands are drunk with sharp-set lust of power,
The kings are thirsting, and they pour thy blood.
But we, the mothers, we that found thy trace
Down terrible ways, that looked upon thy face
And are not dead — how should we doubt thy grace?

How many women in how many lands —
Almost I weep for them as for mine own —
That wait beside the desolate hearth-stone!
Always before the embattled army stands
The horde of women like a phantom wall,
Barring the way with desperate, futile hands.
The first charge tramples them, the first of all!

Dost Thou remember, Lord, the hearts that prayed
As down the shouting village street they swung,
The beautiful fighting-men? The sunlight flung
His keen young face up like an unfleshed blade . . .
O God, so young!

Lord, hast Thou gone away?
Once more through all the worlds thy touch I seek.
Lord, how can he be dead?
For he stood here just this day
With the live blood in his cheek,
And the live light on his head?
Lord, how can he be dead?

A PARABLE FOR FATHERS

BY JULIA FRANCIS WOOD

DINNER was perhaps the busiest hour in father's hard-working day. Whatever else Murray and Jean might be learning at college, carving had been omitted from the curriculum. Father was left to struggle alone, as usual, with the huge roasts which were wont to vanish with startling rapidity before the onslaughts of the young Hender-sons. No sooner would a first expeditionary force of well-filled plates be sent forth than, before father could do more than cut up Trottie's meat, the long procession would be filing back again to a tumultuous chorus of encores. Between relays, there were the twins' covert scufflings to be suppressed; mother was admittedly the disciplinarian of the family, but father's quiet, 'Boys! I had been looking forward to a quiet dinner-hour!' had power generally to soothe the stormier moments.

It was not until every one else had nearly finished that father, guiltily conscious of delaying dessert, would find leisure for a few hurried mouthfuls, and it was that inopportune moment that Trottie invariably chose to make him a fervent avowal of affection. She must hold father's hand; father must lean over and kiss her. Murray's or Jean's impatient, 'Trottie, do let father eat. We have an engagement and it's late already,' would force an issue between food and caresses. Father had not that strong-mindedness one would wish in such a situation; despite mother's protests, he always weakly declared that he had quite finished, and abandoned himself to Trottie's sticky embraces.

It is needless to state that father did not scintillate during the evening meal. Like most quiet men, he had married a vivacious girl; but even mother's volubility collapsed before that hubbub of young voices clamoring for the plat-form. The fourteen-year-old twins kept up a continuous merry altercation, occasionally rising into shrill-voiced vehemence; eight-year-old Trottie, her genial efforts persistently snubbed, took refuge in soliloquy; twenty-year-old Murray and eighteen-year-old Jean held victorious sway of the rostrum, with a running fire of comment on 'our crowd' and college reminiscences, varied occasionally by kindly efforts to educate mother and father, or to settle for their benefit any problem, from politics to the rearing of children.

Mother sometimes grew restive under this instruction, but father always listened gravely when Murray corrected his business methods or political views. Sometimes, when the college vocabulary grew particularly vivid, he would lift a humorous eyebrow over at mother and complain, — 'for father always had his quiet joke, — 'Is it for this we've been standing in the bread-line all winter?' And mother would reply cryptically, in horror, 'Eastern polish!'

But if father did not talk, there was certainly something radically wrong with the universe when that unfailing background of genial, interested silence was suddenly withdrawn. It began the night when he called down the table to mother, with a gloom that was new to his cheery voice, —

'It's on the twentieth —'

'What's on the twentieth?' demanded Larry, the more irrepressible — if there was indeed any choice — of the twins. 'A funeral, I should judge from father's beamish look.'

'It's the Loyal Legion banquet at the Carlisle House,' mother informed them, 'and your father has promised to make a speech.'

The youthful Hendersons tore themselves from their ice-cream and exploded in an amazed chorus. Murray voiced the general sentiment.

'I did n't know speeches were in father's line,' he said. He had just won a Sophomore debating medal himself.

'They are n't,' groaned father. 'You don't inherit that from me.' He put his gray head down into his hands with a dejection that no business cares had ever wrung from him in public. 'I can't see how I ever let myself be persuaded into the confounded thing.'

This from father was the wildest profanity, and indicated a serious state of mind indeed.

From that moment, it seemed, father was a changed man. As the days drew nearer to the twentieth, his mien became more and more that of a condemned criminal awaiting execution. At table he was for once deaf alike to repartee or to recrimination; all evening he sat motionless behind his paper, with troubled eyes and moving lips, evidently in agonized rehearsal of the fatal speech.

The extraordinary thing was the effect this had upon the family. Father was a darling, of course — there was no one in the world like him; but in that vivid, effervescent circle of young life, each absorbingly intent upon his own pleasures and ambitions, father admittedly played a relatively unimportant rôle. It was inexplicable, therefore, how the merriest sallies lost their flavor without the applause of his silent

chuckle, the keenest triumphs their zest without his pleased smile. Trottie expressed the family sentiment when, in the midst of rapidly appropriating father's neglected dessert, she burst into a prolonged wail. 'I'm mizzable! father don't pay 'tention to me.'

The morning of the twentieth dawned clear and bright, and father searched in vain with haggard gaze a cloudless sky. It was plain that he had hoped to the last that some devastating cataclysm of Nature might prevent the evening's horror. Instead, Fate, grimly relentless, was preparing for him another prostrating blow. Mother, to whom he had clung for mental support throughout the hideous week; who had alternately soothed his fears and energetically prodded his faltering spirit; who had assured him twenty times each night that it was ridiculous for any man who had had such unusual experiences never to have spoken once at the banquets; that he would find how simple it was once he began; that he knew how much they all thought of him and how lenient his audience would be; that he had promised and could not disappoint them now, — mother, at the eleventh hour, after battling valiantly all day, succumbed to a neuralgic headache and took to her bed.

It was late in the afternoon when she called Jean to her darkened chamber and told her that she must go in her place.

'But, mother, I *can't*,' Jean expostulated aghast. 'It's the night of the Farley dance and I've promised to go with Harold.'

'It's too bad,' mother agreed, 'but your father can't go alone to the only speech he's ever made in all his life — when you know how he's been dreading it, too. You'll have to call Harold up.'

Jean explained with exemplary patience. 'But, mother, you don't under-

stand. It would be *awful* to break a date this way at the last moment — when it's too late for Harold to get another girl. If I had any kind of an *excuse* it might be different, but just an engagement with one's *own father* —

But mother was impervious to reasoning. 'It's a very little thing to do for your father,' she declared. 'It's no use arguing, Jean — if you won't do it, I'll get up and go myself, sick as I am.'

'Of course, if you put it that way, mother, I'll have to go,' Jean said stiffly. 'Probably Harold will never forgive me, but I suppose that does n't make any difference.'

'I hope Harold has a little sense,' remarked her mother unfeelingly. 'I think Murray should go, too. Is he going to take any one to-night?'

'He's tagging it,' Jean admitted unwillingly. 'Lucia's out of town, and he won't take any one else. But I know he's looking forward to this dance.'

There was still that hurt antagonism in her young voice. It was not as if she would n't be glad to do anything in the world for father, she told herself with passionate insistence. But she could n't make his speech for him! And just *going* with him surely was n't worth this terrible sacrifice mother was calling upon her to make. Of course she could n't explain to mother how things stood, how mean she had been to Harold last night; no direct unkindness of word or deed that they could thrash out openly afterwards, but little intangible wounds of omission — wounds inflicted in sheer girlish intoxication of her budding power over men. Harold had borne them in rigid, bitter silence; all day long she had promised herself to atone for them graciously to-night. And now he would think her amazing message a last unwarrantable stab! He would perhaps never give her a chance to explain — how could she explain anyway when she did n't understand

herself what had made her behave as she had?

'Please tell Murray I'd like to speak to him,' mother was saying wearily. 'And if you're going, Jean, you'd better dress right away.'

It had evidently been a stormy session with Murray, too, from the gloom on his handsome brow when he and Jean, mutinous young martyrs, presented themselves coldly to mother for a still unforgiving farewell kiss. She eyed disapprovingly Jean's simple gown.

'I want you to put on the dress you were going to wear to the dance,' decreed mother implacably. 'You must look your best to-night for your father's friends.'

'But, mother,' Jean protested, in exasperated justification, 'you're always lecturing me to save my clothes, and surely to-night —'

'To-night of all times,' declared mother. 'Do you realize that your father seldom has a chance to enjoy your pretty clothes — when he has to work so hard to pay for them?'

Jean obediently buttoned her best pink tulle — that cloud of flimsy loveliness which had been destined to delight Harold's adoring eye — over a hotly rebellious heart. She swept down the stairs like an outraged young duchess. Father's tragic gaze lightened for a moment as it rested on her.

'My little girl looks very sweet to-night,' he said; and Jean forgot for a moment her attitude of injured martyrdom and gave him an impetuous hug. After all, it was n't father's fault —

Bitterness surged over her again, however, as they went down the steps and turned toward the street-car. How different an exit from her usual triumphant descent to the carriage some eager admirer had waiting for her each evening. For this was in the days when the horse had indeed received his death-blow, but was not as yet socially

extinct. Romance, even in the opening years of the twentieth century, still rode to dances in 'sea-going hacks,' as Murray elegantly termed them.

Something of Jean's thought must have penetrated father's mind, for he turned an anxious eye upon her white coat. 'I ought to have had a carriage for those pretty clothes,' he said. 'You see, I never dreamed I was to be honored this way.'

'It does n't matter,' Jean assured him.

An uncomfortable little thought had wedged itself into her mind. There was always an equipage of some sort waiting for her; Murray's carriage-bill rolled in each month as regularly as his laundry-bill; but father and mother, the last few years, went always on foot. Was this waiting on the bread-line such a joke, perhaps, after all?

It was a silent ride to the hotel. Father was evidently miles away from them, locked in a last frenzied struggle with the speech. Jean and Murray were lost in bitter dreams of the paradise they had lost. The last dreg of unkindness seemed added to Jean's cup when she surveyed herself in the dressing-room. She had never looked so pretty. 'And only those old fogies to see me,' she mourned.

The unworthy thought vanished when she saw the light in father's face as she came out into the corridor. All that was best in Jean leaped to meet that look. What did one silly little dance matter anyway? What difference did it make if Harold never spoke to her again, when she had the power to bring such love and pride into father's eyes? In a passion of remorseful tenderness she smiled and dimpled her winsomest as father's friends bent courtly silver heads over her hand and paid her old-fashioned compliments. Even Murray's glumness melted before the touching pride in father's voice as he

introduced 'my little girl' and 'my boy.'

Father himself seemed miraculously changed from the quiet figure they had always known. The grim shadow of the speech had evidently lifted, for a few moments at least. He sparkled suddenly with boyish enthusiasm and eager good-fellowship. It was astonishing to see these elderly magnates clapping him on the shoulder, calling him Rolly, bringing up reminiscences of a dashing past which made father's children open their eyes. Was it possible that father had not always been sixty, and merely a lovable background for very remarkable children?

It was not until they were fairly seated at the long table, resplendent in floral swords and crossed sabres, that the real meaning of the occasion came with a touch of awe to Jean. She had known of course that the Loyal Legion were officers of the Civil War. All the children had been brought up on father's war stories. The twins still voraciously demanded them; but she and Murray had for some time past felt that the war was a very remote and insignificant topic indeed before the burning issues of college and social life which loomed colossal upon the horizon. They had tactfully concealed this point of view from father. He never knew that when he began, 'Just before the battle of Nashville, when we were stationed —,' she or Murray would signal silently, 'It's your turn this time to listen,' and slip from the room.

But somehow father's reminiscences had abruptly ceased — also the invitations to the open banquets that he had wistfully tendered them from time to time. They had always been too busy to go. To-night, this assemblage of white-haired, straight-backed officers — scarred and crippled, some of them — made startlingly vivid the Great Conflict, and dwarfed to pitiful insignificance her foolish, trivial little round

of pleasures. Why, these men had done great things — offered their lives that the flag against the wall might still be theirs. And she and Murray had felt it a condescension to give up an evening to them!

She slipped her hand into father's underneath the table. Father's fingers closed about it convulsively, in a desperate appeal very different from their usual comforting strength. He met her startled glance with a brave attempt at a smile, but there was no doubt that father was again in a 'blue funk.' Jean herself felt a sudden tremor of fear. It was all very well to have laughed about the speech in the safe shelter of home; before this august gathering it took on new and hideous proportions. She felt a sudden passionate desire to throw her arms around father before them all, to cry out to them how dear and splendid he was, even if he could not make speeches.

She could see that Murray was sharing her fears.

'I wish I'd gone over it with you, father,' he said remorsefully; 'I could have helped you perhaps — and then I could have prompted you if you got stuck!'

The speaking began. One glib-voiced orator after another got up, rolled out polished, graceful sentences, sat down. Jean hated them all with fierce intensity. And now the terrible moment had come. It was father's turn.

'We have among us to-night,' the toast-master was saying, 'one known to you all as the bravest of soldiers, the most efficient of officers, the best of comrades. No one present has seen more active or unusual service than Captain Henderson. Unfortunately his modesty equals his valor, and we have never been able to persuade him to relate at our banquets any of his experiences. To-night, however, as he is the

only officer here who was present at the storming of Fort Blakely, he has relented and promised to make us —'

'Not a speech!' father implored wretchedly. He had been listening to these encomiums in the frankest misery. 'You know you promised I need n't make a speech — just talk.'

'I stand corrected,' apologized the toast-master, amid laughter. 'Captain Henderson is not going to speak to us — he is merely going to talk to himself — about the storming of Fort Blakely.'

Father did not attempt to rise. He leaned forward a little, and in a very low voice, with his eyes fixed upon his plate, began to speak. Murray's knuckles whitened between his straining fingers; beneath the table Jane clutched father's coat in a convulsive grasp.

'This is the first speech I have ever made,' said father simply, — 'and the last. I am sure you already understand why. But if you want to know about Fort Blakely, — why, I was there, — and this is what happened.'

He went on huskily, with an occasional falter or clearing of his throat, to describe the lay of the country, the arrangement of the troops, the importance of the assault. Jean, listening in an agony of pity and tenderness, swept the table with defiant, hostile glances. If they dared to be laughing at father! If they dared to notice how his dear hand shook as he lifted a glass of water to his lips! Something in the kindly intent faces reassured her, lifted that intolerable ache of impotent sympathy. Why, they *loved* father — these men! It would n't make any difference what his speech was like — they would understand.

Perhaps father, too, dimly felt this as he went on. His voice grew clearer, his look less haggard. His head was up and he was speaking, still very quietly, but so that all the room could hear,

when he brought them to the beginning of the charge —

And then one could see that father completely forgot his speech; forgot his circle of motionless listeners; he was a boy of twenty, riding headlong into a horror of blood and fire and almost certain death, holding in his young hand the responsibility of a hundred lives and the welfare of a nation. This was no 'Speech' indeed, but a flaming page torn from history.

They were very silent for a moment when he ended — then the room broke into a thunder of applause. There could be no doubt as to the success of father's speech. The toast-master had to fight for silence.

'There are a few words I should like to add to Captain Henderson's graphic account,' he said. 'I am sorry to state that he has not been wholly accurate in some details. He entirely neglected to mention that he led that famous charge himself, was the first man over the parapet, and was promoted in consequence for conspicuous gallantry on the field of action.'

How they did cheer father then! There were tears in Jean's eyes, and Murray was openly swelling with pride like a young turkey-cock. Father himself looked abjectly miserable, as if he had been caught red-handed in a crime.

At the close of the evening they stood and, in accordance with the beautiful old custom, joined hands in a circle and sang 'Auld Lang Syne.' It held a heart-breaking significance for that gray-haired band, where each year gaps were made as one gallant officer after another was called to obey his last orders. Murray and Jean, fresh links in the chain to hand down the hero blood, sang lustily and happily. This time it was they, who, standing very close to father, holding his hands very tightly, sent down the table glances of proud possession.

It was far from a silent ride homeward. Father was inclined to treat humorously both his earlier fears and his success, but his children would have none of this.

'It was a bully speech, father—a wonderful speech,' Murray told him earnestly for the tenth time. 'And me with the nerve to think I could have helped you with it! And, father, why did n't you tell us those things about yourself? You always just talked about the *regiment*! I just burst with pride—those things they said about you —'

Father, visibly embarrassed, protested that every one was like that in the war; but the eager young voices swept on.

'And, father, I can join next year, can't I? You told me I could when I was twenty-one — I want to *belong* — and go to those meetings with you.'

'Why, my boy!' said father; and to Murray's astonishment turned his back upon him and looked steadfastly out of the car-window. 'I've dreamed of that since you were a little shaver. The first hour they put you in my arms I began planning —' Father's voice broke and he was silent.

Jean was silent, too, studying with wide-eyed intentness a topsy-turvy world. One short evening had swept father from the obscure niche he had occupied by virtue of being Murray's and her parent into a figure suddenly towering, magnificent. And it was not wholly because of splendid charges and parapets stormed that she saw with new vision: there was the quiet heroism of father's daily life, its selflessness, its constant thought for others, its burdens so gallantly and cheerily borne. As they went up the steps, she flung her arms around him in a storm of emotion.

'It's nothing,' she choked at father's alarmed insistence. 'I was just thinking, what if anything had happened to you in that dreadful war — and I could n't have had you for my father!'

FREEDOM OF THE COLLEGE

BY ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

I

THERE have been many disputes about freedom. And there will be many more. It is a matter about which men feel very deeply. It has therefore been argued about more than it has been studied. 'Shall not a man be free to think what he thinks and say what he thinks'? one group demands. 'What are you going to do with a fellow who has no common sense?' retorts the other. And on the relations of Liberty and License, especially as both names begin with *Li*, there have been many passionate pronouncements.

We are apparently just entering on another phase of this old conflict. It is presented very commonly in the headlines of our newspapers. 'Another professor dismissed. Teaching investigated and condemned. Faculty members protest in vain. Trustees firm.' The reader is given the impression that a conflict is going on in the colleges, that trustees and professors are arrayed in opposing camps. It is understood that one party is demanding freedom of thought and speech while the other is insisting upon common decency and common sense. And further, it is noted that the two parties find their demands mutually hostile and irreconcilable. Just why freedom and common sense should be irreconcilable does not appear to the casual observer, or perhaps appears only to him. And yet it is very easily taken for granted that they are. And so the issue is formulated. Trustees and professors are in conflict about freedom of thought and speech.

Now if there be such a conflict within the college, it is not to be avoided. It would be well to have it out, and that quickly. I should like, in this paper, to contribute, so far as I may, to the 'having it out.' I do not expect to end the controversy. My purpose is rather to find out whether or not there is one, and if so what it is. Especially I should like to know just what it is that the professor wants and that the trustee is said to be unwilling he should have. What is academic freedom?

In the first place, what kind of a thing is it? Is it a right, or a duty, or an obligation, or a privilege, or a perquisite, or what is it? Is it something which the professor wants for his own private satisfaction? That would make it a perquisite or a privilege. And we should have the very natural question, 'Why may not other people have the same freedom which the professors claim?' But the question which we really ask on this plane is just the opposite one. The question is, whether the professor may have the same degree of freedom as other men have; whether, because of his peculiar responsibilities, he ought not to be specially limited in thought and speech. There are, we all know, dangers with professors. There is always the danger that some one will take a professor seriously; and so it may be necessary to take care what he says. And it is also possible that his thinking may carry him along one of the roads that thought travels, that he may really get somewhere else; therefore there may be need of prescribing whither he shall and shall not go. These are dan-

gers which mark him off from the common run of men. And so the question on this level is, to what degree the professor should be denied this privilege of freedom of thought and speech which a democracy normally allows its citizens.

But freedom as a privilege is not fundamental. The duty or obligation to be free is the essential thing. I take it that the community is so related to the college and the college so related to the professor, that the community makes a demand upon the college with regard to the professor. It says, 'I demand of you that for the sake of my welfare you see to it that the study of my scholars and the learning of my children be free.' And the duty, the obligation, of the professor is to the college just as the obligation of the college is to the community. In order to do its service, he must be free; he is a trickster and a fraud if he is not free. When he speaks of freedom, he is not playing with his own perquisites and possessions; he is facing his master and the commands of his duty are upon him.

The essential principle in the doctrine of academic freedom as a duty may, I think, be stated in this way. Most men, outside our institutions of learning, having the choice between freedom and non-freedom of thought and speech, choose the privilege of the latter. They prefer not to be free. It is for this reason that they demand that the man within the college shall adopt the former. To explain this statement, I must try to explain what colleges are for. If we can understand this, I think we may get a grip on academic freedom. May I therefore try to describe the mission of the college with regard to human opinions and judgments?

Every one knows, or may know if he stops to think about it, that his opinions, the judgments which he believes, are not very good, are not so true as they might be. 'Mine own they are,'

we say, 'but poor things.' In the realm of politics, for example, we all have opinions and act upon them, but we know that we do not know very much about politics, and further that, if we did know more, we could make better opinions. And the men who differ from us, as well as those who agree with us, are in like situation. They too are doing each his best, and yet it is not very good. Our judgments upon politics, yours and mine, are rather poor things; they are not very true; for reasons of our own we claim the privilege of holding opinions, of believing them, of acting on them, even though we know that as opinions they are no better intellectually than are we who make them.

There are two ways in which this unsatisfactoriness of our opinions is brought home to us, and each of them seems to me to reveal the need of colleges which are free.

The more obvious bit of evidence about the quality of our opinions is that our neighbors think less highly of them than we do ourselves; in fact, they contradict them. And these contradictions come, not only from our equals in intelligence, but also from our superiors. I may believe in Social Coöperation, but my neighbor holds fast to Individualism. And on the whole he seems to be as good a mind as I. In other words, I think that my opinion is true, but just as good a mind as mine thinks it is not. That makes the chances even that I am wrong. But worse and more disturbing than our equals are our superiors, the better men who differ from us. No matter what opinion we may hold, we know that other minds, better informed and trained than ours, can make a better. And so, however brave a face we put on it, we know that our superiors, the men whose mental fibre is stronger and more delicate, can think their way to better thoughts than ours. I feel sure that this awareness of our ineptitude,

this knowledge of our ignorance, is one of the reasons why we build colleges.

The second and more disturbing observation about our beliefs is that of their connection with our interests. Here again, not in a conscious way, but none the less effectively, we seem to have chosen not to be free. Men seem to think by classes, and thoughts to express desires and needs rather than facts. We do not like the story that when the Constitution was made men voted in groups according to the bearing of the votes upon their holdings or lack of holdings in property. And yet the story is told. And in the telling is revealed, not conscious lack of honesty, not conscious putting of private interests before the public good, but rather a blind unconscious bias in human thinking. And in the present day there is no lack of illustrations. Holders of property to-day are very much agreed about the rights of property. And laboring men are on the whole convinced that labor does not get its share and must have more. Germans agree that Germany must have her place out in the sun, and France and England find the moral law demanding that they keep the Germans in their proper place. Even professors sometimes agree — as to the interests they have in common. They are in large agreement concerning college presidents, college trustees, and professorial freedom. They hold the dogma of their class, that members of the class should have more power. And when one leaves his class and joins the presidents, we know the merry farce of changing points of view, of widening experience, of greater insight into many things.

I do not wish to press the point too far. I am not saying that human beliefs are simply selfish desires finding expression in the forms of thought. The man who proves that human thinking is 'interested' in this sense, proves that

his proof is 'interested,' and we should ask of him not whether his proof is good or bad, but what he hopes to gain for himself by setting up the proof. Nor am I taking as my own the current popular philosophy which scoffs at 'absolutes' and finds the meaning of truth in service to the actual ends of actual men. That doctrine too is rendering doubtful service in these times of stress. But I am only saying this — that as we view our fellows and ourselves, we find ourselves in groups according to our interests, and in those groups we find common beliefs related to those interests. There is a bias in our thinking. We cannot trust ourselves to be impartial. To do our daily work we must be special in our points of view. Unconsciously we use our thoughts as instruments to further our ends. But when we stop to think about it, we hate the special interested point of view; we know that it is not true, not worthy of our deeper selves. And in the seeking for escape from it, we find a second impulse to the building of the colleges, the colleges which shall be free.

If now the college be defined in terms of these two impulses, it is essentially, not accidentally, a place of freedom. It is a place in which the human mind is seeking deliverance from its bonds — the bonds of partial knowledge and self-interest. It has no hope of fully achieving such freedom, and yet this end defines its work. Men form their opinions from partial knowledge; the college must know, so far as may be known, all that the human mind has thought and learned which bears on these opinions. Men fashion their thoughts according as their interests and activities have moulded and shaped their minds; the college may have no special interests shaping it. It must in this sense stand apart, viewing all interests of men alike with equal eye, and measuring each in terms of every other and the whole. It

is a place of knowledge and of criticism.

What then is academic freedom? It is, it seems to me, the very quality of a college. The question whether or not a college is free is meaningless. An institution which is not intellectually free is not a college, whatever else it be. States may be servants of partial insights and partial interests, and so may factories and corporations, and even schools of medicine; but not so colleges. A college is our social and individual striving to escape the bonds which the world's work would fix upon us. It is the search for freedom from ourselves.

II

The actual carrying on of the college enterprise brings one to many rather puzzling problems. Even for an individual self-criticism is not an easy task. To do two things at once—to go about one's work, planning and acting as if one's thoughts were true, and yet to know and act as if one's thoughts were wrong and partial—to do both things at once is hard for busy, single-minded men. It is no wonder that we fail. But it is even harder for an institution like a college to do the task. A college has so many independent parts which do not know each other, which take themselves for granted, which have not stopped to think about themselves, or other parts, or even the college as a whole. Trustees, professors, presidents, departments, graduates, students, donors, outside world are all factors in the situation. Each has its share in making for our people knowledge and self-criticism. And they have hardly begun to criticize, to understand themselves, to realize the work they have to do.

But worse than either of these difficulties is the fact that, though the college has compounded its medicines to cure the public mind, the patient does not come for treatment; he does not

know that he is ill. We say that colleges are built because men know their ignorance, that is, the ignorance of their fellows, and wish to cure it. But motives are not always clear, even to those who act on them. And I am sure that, in the large, our public does not keenly feel the need of criticism; on the other hand, I am not sure that, if it did, the college is the doctor whom it would choose for diagnosis and prescription.

What shall we do to lure the patient, to get some living forms in which to practice our profession? I see no other way except to hang our shingle out and let it swing in public places. Perhaps to change the figure would give it more attractiveness. 'Clearing House for Opinions; Discount on Popular Prejudices; Foreign Exchange'! And if we catch a patient, we must make it clear to him that he is ill, yes, very ill, and that the social mind is ill also, and all his friends. I fear the method is not quite professional. But something must be done to make people understand that colleges are ready to do a piece of work, and that the work is sorely needed in our country and by our generation.

Assuming then that we have caught a patient, may I proceed to tell him just what our methods are and what they are not, to arouse his hopes, excite his fears, especially to let him know what college freedom is?

And first, let it be understood, the college is not simply a school for boys. It is a place to which boys should go because the teachers of men are to be found there, scholars whom men respect and honor as their guides and leaders. No man who cannot lead his peers is fit to teach the younger generation. The education of a boy consists in coming into active contact with a group of minds which have command of human thinking; he learns by feeling how they think, and imitating them.

Again, the college has no list of dog-

mas or doctrines which it seeks to teach. There is no catalogue of things to be believed, nor any list of problems which should not be discussed. I have heard the suggestion made that certain matters are not to be regarded as 'subjects of reasonable controversy.' I am sure that for a college no such prohibition can be made. I do not mean that every problem of human life will be discussed by every student all the time. There must be pedagogic common sense in choosing things to think about. But are there matters which are not 'subjects of reasonable controversy'? I know no other test than this — any matter concerning which reasonable men differ is a subject of reasonable controversy. And if there be such reasonable disagreements, young minds should know about them in proper time.

On the other hand, if there are still other subjects on which all men have the same opinions, there can be little harm in letting younger people know of these agreements. The only genuine pedagogic sin I know is that of dragging our students by the nose to preconceived conclusions, blinding their eyes to paths that lead on this side or that toward truth, yet pretending that we are leading them into the ways of human thought. Such teaching is not honest; and it will find its own reward for those who give as well as those who take it.

I do not mean that there is no place for schools which choose to teach some special doctrines which they think important. Such schools are different from free colleges, not in kind but only in degree. No college, however free, can escape the prepossessions of its background, the mental attitude from which it springs. But in the schools of which I speak, some special conscious limitations are taken on; the school commits itself to teaching this or that as true. Such schools must first of all try to be fair to doctrines other than

their own. But they must also deal honestly with those for whose support they ask. They have no right to put a label on and then to act and teach as if the label did not mark them off from others; that is what labels do.

Does the receiving of gifts from private donors or public governments destroy or hamper the freedom of the college? Yes, in some degree. Taking the college world at large, such influences are subtly, or not so subtly, felt. But there is no essential reason why they should be present. If they are, some one has failed to understand his task and hence to do it. No college, clearly conceived and honestly administered, would take a gift to which such influence was attached. No college is for sale, and nothing that is for sale, subtly or obviously, can be a college.

I think that the Association of University Professors, fine as it is in purpose, has tended to increase misapprehension at this point. The Association in its proposals and discussions has sundered the college in two. It has opposed the teachers and the administrators. Trustees and presidents, it seems to say, must further the material interests of the college, must pay the bills, and find the wherewithal to pay them. Professors, on the other hand, have no concern with interests like these; they are the scholars and teachers, interested in the truth. Professors are free, but trustees and presidents — well, they must get the money, so perhaps they must give up some measure of their freedom. What does this mean?

It sometimes seems as if professors said, 'Let presidents and trustees get money as they can; let them make promises to donors or legislators if need be; but we will see that the promises they give are broken; no man can influence us.' Professors free; trustees and presidents slaves, that seems to be the doctrine. But surely such a doc-

trine is false and hateful. No college can live half-slave and yet half-free. Professors have no right to freedom unless the college as a whole is free. The freedom of professors is a myth unless it lives within the freedom of the college.

I think that in the large, with very little reservation, the colleges are free, trustees and presidents as well as teachers. Donors and legislators are eager to give to institutions which no man can buy; that is their reason for giving. But public confidence in such freedom is not so easy to secure. Men carry the notions of property and ownership from other fields into the college field; they make a gift into a bargain, and so they fail to understand. The college must explain itself, must make its friends and foes alike perceive that it is one in purpose; honest in dealings, seeking to free men from ignorance and self-interest, seeking to make for men knowledge and self-criticism. It has no other purpose in any part or fragment of its being.

A harder relationship to understand is that of professors and propaganda. How shall men express opinions within the classroom or outside, and yet not make the college seem to be a partisan in public disputes. There are two very different ways in which it might be done. We might arrange that no professor should be a partisan on any public issue; he must remain a scholar, seeing the principles beneath the popular disputes, impartially making all sides clear, and yet not advocating any one of them. Or on the other hand, we might make up a college faculty of many advocates, at least one advocate for every important line of popular thought and impulse, trusting to each to push his cause as strongly as he can. In either case, the college, as a whole would remain free and uncommitted. Which is the better plan? I wonder if we need to choose between them.

No one who loves a college can fail to

feel the attraction of the former plan. We like to think of scholars as standing apart from common quarrels, as looking deeper into life than common men, as finding the principles that underlie all common controversies. And so they do, and ought to do. And yet they do not by such study escape men's disagreements; the superficial quarrels reappear down in the lower levels of our thought; scholars are not agreed regarding the issues of our human life. They have their points of view, their attitudes of mind, their working theories, their own beliefs. Shall they be advocates of those beliefs? They cannot help it. But on the other hand, are there no limits to the forms their partisanship may take? I think there are. A man who advocates a view as if there were no other views, who finds the total truth in some mere fragment of an insight which has come to him, who sees and formulates no underlying principles beneath the strife of parties, is no proper college teacher. A college has a right to expect that every one who serves its cause, whatever else he do, shall keep its faith, its partial insight if you like, that truth is broader than a creed and deeper than the theories of any sect or class.

Shall college teachers be advocates or critics? I do not think we are ready to choose as yet. We want both types and are not ready to let either go. Most of our men prefer the impartial rôle; some have the zeal of advocates. And if the scholars keep themselves alive to human situations, and partisans hold fast to academic faith, we need not interfere. We should not like to see our 'ninety-three professors' declaring that all our acts are right — right beyond question; nor do we wish our scholars to retire to quiet places, reflecting sadly on the weaknesses of fellow men. One thing we know — whatever individual professors do or think, the college must

be impartial; it must not be an advocate; it must urge no cause but its own, the cause of knowledge and self-criticism.

There are, however, two or three remarks which may be made upon the issue just considered.

Should we, in choosing teachers, take account of their opinions? If we are well enough acquainted with their work to pass on their appointments, we cannot well help knowing what they think. And yet we must not take account of it. We might, if we had found ourselves by blind unconscious preference appointing men of our own points of view, seek out opponents of ourselves to keep the balance. But on no other ground could we be justified in choosing a man because of his beliefs.

May teachers be dismissed because they hold and advocate this view or that? Such action would contravene the very spirit and purpose of a college. Professors must be good men, must study well, and teach successfully. If these requirements are met, no question can be raised regarding their opinions. The college has no fear of any opinions. It takes them all and judges them. If this be true, the tenure of the teacher is not that of one who is paid to work as he is told, who may be sent away if those who pay him do not like the work he does. His tenure is rather that of the judge who, by the very nature of the task assigned him, is placed beyond control or punishment by those on whom his judgment must be made.

I think there is a case against the allowing of college presidents to play the rôle of public advocate. So far as teachers are concerned, safety is found in numbers. No one of them can claim to represent the college as a whole. Whatever one of them may say, a dozen of his fellows will be found to take another point of view. But presidents are wont to speak each for his college.

Nothing about them is more obvious than just their singularity. And when a president takes his place in sect or party he takes the college with him as no professor can. I have no doubt that in the public mind one president, engaging in propaganda as a partisan, can do more harm in shaking confidence in academic fairness and impartiality than could a hundred teachers if they should storm and rave in every sect and party that the country knows. And if it should appear that, on the whole, the college presidents are very much alike in mental attitude, are in most cases committed to a single point of view regarding human problems, I think that very rightly the colleges would fail of influence upon the public mind, would lose the public confidence on which the doing of their work depends.

III

How shall we win and keep that confidence? That is the urgent problem for us and for the people we serve. How shall we teach unless the people listen? How shall they listen unless they know that we can teach and that we will?

Unless a people find, in colleges or elsewhere, some place of criticism, some place where truth is sought, where thought is free, there is no hope for freedom of the people.

The college must teach, and, first of all, must make the people understand what teaching is. How shall we let them know that we are building knowledge for their use, that we are serving every interest that they have and yet are slaves to none of them, that we will listen to every thought they bring and yet will weigh and value them with thoughts of other men in mind?

There is no other way than this: to study and to teach. And teaching is the attempt to make men free.

Physician, heal thyself!

SCIENCE AT THE FRONT

BY JOSEPH S. AMES

As one approaches the great battle-line of Europe, the most impressive fact is the existence of order. Every man has his definite work to do; there is no hurry, no confusion. At every cross-roads there is a director of traffic, for all the world like Piccadilly Circus; every motor-truck, every field-gun, has its appointed road to follow. Chance is excluded as a factor. The same idea controls the actual fighting — on the land, in the water, in the air; everything is regulated by knowledge, that is, by science. This does not mean military science in its narrow sense — far from it. It means that the general staffs realize the possibility of making use of scientific knowledge and the desirability of consulting scientific men.

Other features of the Front are striking: the magnitude of the preparations for battle, calling for the services of great business men; the attention paid to the social and physical well-being of the soldiers; and many other facts; but, the more one goes up and down the battle-line, the more one is amazed at the vital part which science is playing; and, the more closely one is allowed to enter into the councils of the staffs, the more apparent it is that men of science have a field of usefulness never before opened to them.

A clear-seeing, clear-thinking American chemist, who was in Germany and England for many months in the year 1916, having unique opportunities for observation in both countries,

summed up the situation in a few words, which I heard him say soon after his return to this country. The substance of what he said was this: 'There is not the least uncertainty as to how this war will end.' At its beginning, the German General Staff summoned the scientists of Germany into consultation on every step; each branch of the army called to its service professors from the universities and scientific experts from its numerous factories; but, as the war continued, the policy changed, the regular officers of the army replaced the scientific advisers, and now the latter have little influence. In England, the course of events has been the reverse: in the beginning the Staff officers had their way; but, as the months passed, more and more were the men of science called to help in advice and in actual field duty, until now every man of note in the scientific life of England is at work for the country. No fact is more striking in the history of the war; none will have consequences so far-reaching.

I will add to this, that in France the work of scientific laboratories has always received due and proper recognition and does now.

This fact was realized more or less clearly in this country, and in the spring of 1916 the National Academy of Sciences, at the request of President Wilson, organized a National Research Council, composed of engineers, university professors, and government officials, to make a study of the relation of science to war, and to be prepared to help the government in all

scientific matters. Immediately after this country declared war, this Council decided to send to Europe a commission of six, who should see with their own eyes what the part of science in the war was. It was my privilege to be one of these. We reached France toward the end of April, and returned to America early in July. We were welcomed by the French government, and later by the English, and were given every opportunity to ask questions and to observe. M. Painlevé, the Minister of War, at our first official reception, said to us, 'Every door in France is open to you'; and so we found.

In what follows I shall confine myself largely to my personal impressions and experiences; and I am sure that all of my associates could tell stories even more interesting. I cannot speak with any clearness of the hospital and sanitation service, of the work of the different medical research committees, of the scientific work in connection with food, of the wonderful institutions for the reëducation of the maimed and blinded, although all these were studied by some of us; but even I, a physicist, was conscious of the evidences of the astounding progress made by the French and English doctors and scientists.

We were placed in contact at once, both in Paris and in London, with the men we wished to see, many of whom were, of course, friends of long standing. We were shown laboratories, manufactories, testing-grounds, and given every imaginable help to get answers to questions and to see undreamed-of investigations. It was a most wonderful experience, to see the mobilization of a nation. There was no one, be he artist, merchant, scientist, or workman, who was not giving his service to his country. Office-hours and work-hours were from seven o'clock on; they had a beginning, but I never saw their end. Each week had seven days; for France

and England know that they are at war, and modern warfare does not respect Sundays or festivals.

All the scientific work of the country is organized; there is no lost motion. There is complete coöperation between the staff, the men of science, and the manufacturers. The officer in the Army or Navy states his problem: he wishes to be able to locate the position of a battery of guns or a submarine; the scientific advisers instantly set to work. A geologist thinks his science can be of use to the general at the front; he is at once given an opportunity of proving the correctness of his idea. An airplane pilot thinks he can improve his machine; a manufacturer, without a day's delay, makes the alteration desired. It is wonderful. A whole nation at war is an awe-inspiring sight.

In Paris, which is now the centre of France, as never before, we received our theoretical instruction. We were interested in knowing about maps, for instance. We called, by appointment, to see the chief officer; he received us and at once gave us a lecture, with the clarity and breadth of view of a master, on the administration under his charge, telling us of each stage in the process of acquiring knowledge of the enemy's country and putting this on the printed map. We asked for more details, and all were explained. Then we were shown the actual working of the machinery; all the instruments, the organization of the personnel, the printing processes themselves.

Or, we wished to know about air-planes. We were shown the experimental laboratories and wind-tunnels, the manufactories, the new engines undergoing their various tests, the aviation fields; and finally, as an illustration of how air-planes were used, we were shown the system for the defense of Paris against raids through the air.

So it was with respect to every sub-

ject. Nowhere were we more impressed than in Paris by the fact that the French are a serious people. Each man is keen in his profession, earnest in his work, eager to talk about it to any one like himself, anxious to be of help in any way, and frank in describing defects or lack of perfection. The French army officer is the most wonderful man I met in Europe.

In England, too, our experiences were similar, only different in ways one expected, knowing the English people. In that country we visited individuals, rather than departments. The attitude of an Englishman toward his work is so different from that of a Frenchman; on the face of things, he is not proud of his achievements, he would rather show you a series of failures than the final success.

One incident among many will illustrate this. We wished to see the great aviation field at St. Omer; and, on our arrival, the officer in charge asked me what I would like to see. I said, among other things, air-plane instruments. His reply was, 'Right-o. Come over here. In this shed I have all of our broken-down instruments. What do you think of a government which would send us such things?' Finally, after due effort on my part, we were shown the instruments with which he was satisfied.

After we had been taken all over the field, we were about to leave, when I saw, a hundred feet away, what looked like a new type of air-plane; and I asked what it was. He was delighted to show it to me; it was the very latest machine. He told me what a surprise it had been for the Germans, and what a great success. It was the machine actually used by Captain Ball in running up his record of destroyed German machines to over forty. Now, this young officer simply could not have shown me that machine on his own initiative; he was so proud of it that

he would have considered it a form of boasting, of 'side'; but the minute I asked questions, he was free of all responsibility. One can easily see that this quality of an Englishman makes it necessary for the visitor to know beforehand what he wishes to see. The latter is helped, though, by the intense frankness of an Englishman after his confidence is once secured, and by his deep pleasure in the fact that his brethren, the American people, are at war by his side, and share his ideals.

After several weeks of preparation we were taken to the actual battlefield, and shown how, in real hourly conflict, the methods and apparatus of science are applied. In Paris and London we learned the theory; at the front we saw the practice. Each confirmed the other. I was for five days the guest of a French army, passing from Rheims to Verdun; and for five days at the British headquarters, being taken along the line from Arras nearly to Ypres. I can truly say that the excitement, the mental stimulus, of seeing what the various applications of science to war meant rendered me unconscious of everything else. Shells often fell near us, they were nearly always passing over us eastward; we would fall and stumble into and out of shell-holes; we were in the midst of the horrors of a recent battlefield; none of these things made any real impression. No one, who has not had a similar experience, can picture the way in which one's senses are all deadened except those being used for the purpose in hand.

II

It is difficult to make a beginning in telling of what I saw of the uses of science. It must not be thought that I can in one article, or even a dozen, tell the whole story. I think it safe to say that there is no branch of science

which is not being applied in this war. This was a most surprising fact to me. Take geology. I had heard that geologists were attached to the Staff; but I had pictured them as mining engineers rather than as professors of the pure science. Imagine, then, my surprise when I found in one of the rooms at Headquarters a world-famous geologist studying and marking areas on a geological map of Flanders. All this country through which the battle-line passes has been studied with care by geologists for many decades, and Belgium and France have both published sets of maps showing all the geological details. On the professor's table was a map of the district directly east of Ypres; he was coloring certain areas red and others various shades of blue. He was also marking certain points and drawing a few straight lines.

Naturally I asked what it all meant. One color meant, 'Here it is safe to make dug-outs'; another, 'Here you will strike rock'; another, 'Look out for quicksands'; and so forth. The points meant, 'Dig for water.' I asked him why he did not use a divining-rod expert (only I said a 'dowser,' as I was speaking real English). He laughed and said that *unofficially* he might do so. The straight lines meant, 'Here you may make tunnels or burrow mines.'

I saw on the walls of the room vertical sections of the country, and inquiry brought the answer that they were for the study of underground water-systems; for the rise and fall of such might interfere with tunnels and mines, and so knowledge of them is necessary. Never have I spent a more interesting hour. It was said that one reason for the great success of the British operations at the Messines Ridge, when fifty or more mines were exploded, was the skill of the geologist who planned their location; for in some cases they were so surrounded by quicksands that the

Germans could not countermine. I cannot vouch for the truthfulness of this, but, personally, knowing the men concerned, I believe it.

In this war the 'weather man,' the meteorologist, has come into his own. No one laughs at him now. His information is desired by the artillery officer who has to know the temperature of the air and its moisture-content, the strength of the wind at different levels, and the like, in order that he may aim his guns. When the temperature is hovering about the freezing point, the Staff wish to know if the improvised roads will be frozen sufficiently to permit the movement of guns or motor-trucks. The captains of the air-squadrons must know the condition of the atmosphere up to heights of 20,000 feet. The importance of the information may be judged from the fact that we were asked repeatedly if there was not some way by which the American weather reports could be kept from reaching Germany. Our reply had to be that, with Mexico where it was, nothing could be done.

At the beginning of the war the value of meteorological predictions was not recognized by the Allies. Two incidents produced a sudden change. One morning the batteries were ordered to resume firing at the same range as on the previous afternoon; no change in elevation was made, and the shells began landing in their own front trenches, whereas the day before they had reached the enemy's lines. Such is the effect of marked changes in the air. In the early days the British weather reports leaked into Germany; and one week every condition reported indicated that for a few days ahead the weather would be such as the Germans desired for the dispatch of Zeppelins over England. The forecasters in London, however, did not, in their printed statements, tell all that they knew, and

informed the Admiralty that a change was probable which would make the conditions favorable for attack on the Zeppelins. The latter came, and found the British ready for them. From that time on the meteorologist came into favor. Now there are observing stations at short intervals all the way from the Channel to the Alps; and information is sent out, in the form of bulletins, several times a day.

Ever since gunpowder was introduced into warfare, chemistry has been recognized as the one science which was essential in preparations for war; but a new chapter was opened when the Germans introduced poisonous gases as an instrument of death, in place of bullets. This was at the second battle of Ypres, in which the Canadian soldiers suffered so cruelly. The plan then followed was to transport to the front-line trenches steel cylinders containing the liquefied gases, level down the edge of the parapet toward the British forces, letting the nozzles project over the top, and then wait for a favorable wind.

Of course, as soon as the idea of the Germans in planning this hideous mode of warfare was recognized, it became comparatively easy to block it; the preparations could always be seen; then a bombardment could be set up which destroyed the tanks where they were, much to the distress of the Germans themselves. Consequently, the manner of using poisonous gases had to be altered; and the plan adopted was to take the shells in use with the big guns and fill them with the liquefied gases instead of with shrapnel. Special guns were devised for use at short range; and these so-called gas-shells now form a most important feature of artillery.

The only protection against these gases is a mask which may be put on quickly, and which is so constructed mechanically that the man can breathe

in and out without strangling. The part of the chemist was to determine what substance should be put in the passages through which the air is inhaled, so as to absorb the poisonous gases. The way in which the French and English chemists solved this problem — for it is solved — excites the admiration of the world; and the real scientific work done in connection with it is a great contribution to pure science.

When the moral question involved in this use of gas as a weapon in war was settled and the Allies determined also to adopt it, chemists were again appealed to. The result has been a study of hundreds upon hundreds of gases, their toxicity, their density, their liquefaction, and the ease of manufacture; and here again the purely scientific side of the subject will be of permanent value. The work is going on unceasingly. Chemists are attached to all the armies, and chemical laboratories are in operation; so that, if the Germans send over any new shells, — and a certain proportion always fail to explode, — they may be investigated instantly. If the British line receives this favor from the Germans, the gas is studied, and the French chemists are told; and *vice versa*. There is complete coöperation. All the time, too, great laboratories in Paris and all over England are at work; all the chemists of both countries are government servants to-day. The men employed in actual scientific work, including testing, are numbered by tens of thousands.

Among the other ways in which chemists are helping to win the war is one which will probably strike an American as semi-amusing, although it is far from it. This is by the investigation of invisible inks. The subject sounds reminiscent of detective stories. As a matter of cold fact, England and France are thoroughly penetrated by the German spy system; and the Secret

Service officials of both countries are kept busy to the utmost of their ability in order to cope with the situation. It is much easier to devise an invisible ink than it is to discover the method by which the writing may be revealed. For, imagine a piece of apparently blank paper being found under suspicious circumstances: what should one do with it? Expose it to some gas or liquid which might bring out the written words? How can one be sure that the gas or liquid thus used may not obliterate the traces sought? This is the exact difficulty. Many inks are in use, of such a character that the obvious tests would result in a destruction of the evidence. The moral is, do not use the obvious tests. One can easily see what a field there is here for chemical investigations; and it is satisfactory to know that they have been made, and are continuing.

Other ways in which chemistry is being applied in warfare are numerous, indeed, but are almost obvious to one who asks himself how it could be used. The all-important fact is that the professional soldier has come to recognize the value of the chemist, and the latter has welcomed the opportunity for service.

Whether or not camouflage is a part of science, I cannot decide. What is certain is that the French government included it as a part of our programme of investigation of the scientific work of France. The word itself, I was told, was adopted from the stage, meaning the art of making something look different from what it really is — hiding reality in the guise of innocence. This art is surely a science now, in its perfection. I was walking — struggling rather — up the hill on whose summit is the tiny *abri* known as the Fort of Douaumont, when I heard a battery of French 'seventy-five's' operating very near; the shells were flying within a

few feet of me. I looked around to see where the guns were, and I could not discover anything. The hill-side, as far as I could see, was simply a desolate waste of pock-marked earth, one shell-hole after another. Finally I saw wisps of faint smoke, that was all. My companion smiled, and asked if I could not see the guns. I said I could not, and he replied that he was glad, because then no enemy could either. As I was then shown, the battery was about one hundred feet away. Such is camouflage.

We saw the whole process at another time. Great nets are suspended in a shed, and bunches of dried grass, stained to suit definite conditions, are tied on; then the net is spread over the ground and elevated slightly where necessary, forming inconspicuous humps over the batteries. If the neighboring earth is reddish, so are the bunches of grass tied to the nets. When two front-line trenches face each other for some time, the observers on each side get to know each minute feature of the territory between. Then some day a photographer and an artist come to the front trench, and note with scrupulous care some object, a branchless tree, a dead horse, even a dead soldier; within a few hours an exact copy is made, having a steel framework sufficient to conceal a man; in the night the real tree or horse or man is removed, and the steel image is substituted, with its observer or listener inside. Stories are told of the two enemies trying to replace the same object at the same time, with fatal consequences to one. Other illustrations of camouflage were shown us, but I hesitate to describe them, because I am convinced that the Germans do not as yet know them all. When it comes to a combination of imagination, artistic ability, and scientific ingenuity the French people cannot be equaled.

We felt sure when we reached France

that there was at least one branch of science in which there would be but few surprises for us, if any. That was map-making. But pride met its usual fate. We saw things of which we had never dreamed, largely, I must say, because we had never visualized this war. Parenthetically I may add that no one can who has not been in the midst of it. The French had enormous difficulties in the first months of the war. This must sound surprising to any one familiar with the wonderful maps of France which we all used when motoring or walking there in the years before the war. But war-maps must be drawn on a huge scale, showing minute details; so that existing maps must be magnified greatly; further, the accuracy required is the utmost limit attainable in the science of topography.

The Germans in their rapid sweep over northeastern and eastern France destroyed the marks of reference used on the existing maps! Consequently new surveys were necessary along the line of contact of the armies; old survey records of fields and villages on record in the district offices, corresponding to our county court-houses, were hurriedly obtained, and in a moment the new maps were ready; only the fine details had to be added gradually. But this was only the beginning; for the fighting up to now has been trench-warfare; and the progress of a battle-line forward or back is measured by feet. So that a map must show, not simply roads, churches, and bridges, but the enemy batteries, the service railroads, the trenches, shelters, food-depots, and all the rest.

Further, different types of maps are required for different services: the Staff must have one kind, the artillery officer another, the trench-commander another, and so on, almost without limit. The complication and difficulty are increased by the fact that the details sup-

posed to be revealed by a map are changing every day: new rails are laid, new trenches are dug, the positions of new batteries are discovered. As a consequence, new maps for large stretches of the front are necessary every day of the year! The facts discovered to-day must be on the maps in the hands of the officers to-morrow; and it is done. It is easier to imagine the organization than to describe it; but the demands upon the engineering forces of the armies call for and receive the utmost skill and scientific training.

In this rôle of aiding in making maps, air-planes are essential. Information is desired as to the enemy's country over a certain sector; up goes flight after flight of air-planes, a thousand photographs are taken, the plates are developed within a few minutes, trained observers with microscopic care compare these with the existing maps, new features and alterations are noted, and corresponding changes are made on the maps. Then reports are received from the observation-posts and the gun-locating stations, and their information is recorded; within a few hours everything is ready for the lithographing; and in twelve hours the officers at the front have their maps. The great variety of maps furnished and the rapidity of their preparation are entirely novel features of this war.

Another science which has come to the front of the stage is metallurgy. Of course, this was expected, and both France and England were prepared, in the sense that they had the men and the methods. But many novel problems have arisen and have been solved. Chief of these were the substitution of some metal for ordinary steel, and the preparation of alloys having a light weight. Fortunately, it has been the practice in all countries to employ, in connection with the great steel works, groups of scientific men, chemists and

physicists; and the realization of their importance is no new feature of the war.

III

Physics is a science which covers many subjects. Of these, acoustics is one to which in recent years less and less attention has been paid, owing to the apparent growth in importance of other subjects, notably electricity and temperature measurement. In fact, I know several institutions — one is the greatest school in England — where acoustics has been omitted altogether from the one-year course in Physics. And now, to a physicist, the most striking feature of this war, so far as science is concerned, is the wide use of the phenomena concerned with sound. Yet, when one stops to think, there is nothing in this to cause surprise. One of the needs of a combatant is to detect the presence and position of one's enemy: air-planes are very noisy; when a gun expels a shell there is a sound; and submarine engines cannot be made noiseless. Again, sound-waves may be emitted from any such source as a horn or a whistle, and may be used for signals on a dot-and-dash system, or use may be made of their echoes.

Here was a wide field at once for physicists; and both in France and in England we saw the results of their work. Perhaps the most interesting of these was the method of locating the position of a gun of large calibre. When a shot is fired from a German gun toward the Allies' line, the observer in the latter hears three sounds. The first of these is the sound due to the passage of the shell through the air — this is because the velocity of the shell is greater than that of sound-waves; the second sound to be heard is the boom of the gun itself; and the third is that due to the explosion of the shell. So, if there are two or more 'receiving sta-

tions,' at each of which some such apparatus as a simple microphone is installed, and if each of these is connected by wires to a central station where there is a recording device, each microphone will register the arrival of the three sound-waves; but, since the receiving stations are at different distances from the gun, any one type of waves, for instance, the 'boom,' will reach them at different instants of time. In order to know the time-intervals, all that is necessary is to make an extremely accurate clock record its indications on the same strip of paper that receives the microphone signals. Then, knowing the velocity of sound-waves, as we do, and also the exact situation of the receiving stations and their relative distances, it is a simple matter to work out graphically the position of the gun.

The only uncertain element in the process is the velocity of the sound-waves, because it varies with the temperature of the air — fortunately in a known manner; and it is affected by the wind, if this is strong. But corrections can be made, and the accuracy obtained is truly surprising. One way of verifying the result is to send up an air-plane and photograph the region. When this is done, it is found that the two methods agree so closely that, if on the largest scale maps a gun's position as determined by one is marked by a pin, the position as found by the other cannot be marked by a second pin — there is not space. This means roughly that the location of a gun at a distance of six miles can be determined definitely within some fifty feet, which is sufficiently close. The English officer who had charge of the sound observations at the Messines fight told me that in one day sixty-three large German guns were located, and all sixty-three were destroyed. Naturally, the receiving stations have to be close to the front line, and the central station

cannot be far back. One day I visited such a station in a French town. It had been under bombardment only a few hours before; the house next the one in which I was making my visitor's observations was still smoking; and the men in charge of the apparatus were just working out the position of the gun which had been worrying them.

Another way in which the situation of a gun is revealed is by the flash it emits, which of course can be seen for a long distance at night, if the observing post is sufficiently high above the ground. All that are required for this purpose are several such posts, and a knowledge of their positions; then simple triangulation methods give the desired result. The only trouble arises from possible uncertainty as to whether all the observers are looking at the same flash: but due care is taken of this.

Wireless telegraphy is used in numerous ways: for signaling from air-planes, and for sending messages for small or great distances. Listening apparatus, involving telephonic principles, is installed in the very front-line trench. One day I was taken to see such an apparatus in the French lines running across the Argonne Forest. It was a beautiful day: the air was full of the fragrance of apple-blossoms, the scenery was lovely and peaceful. We turned off the main road, and our speed doubled. I asked why, and my staff-officer said, 'This road is in full view of the Germans, and if they see civilians they may take a shot at you.' Soon we were over this bit of road, and after passing one or two burned châteaux and what had been a lovely town, with its hall, its church, and every house a mass of ruins, we reached the actual front line, or at least a point as close as a motor could approach, even in the shelter of a deep ravine. On climbing up to the listening post, I was interested to see recorded, upon

the last page of notes of the soldier in charge, this whisper from the German lines (not in English, naturally): 'There is a staff automobile on — road, with apparently some civilians in it.' Perhaps a second look told the Germans we were not worth shooting at; anyway we had no 'events,' coming or going.

Physics includes in its scope the phenomena of light; and one of the important questions our commission had to ask in Europe was what progress had been made in getting optical glass, because before the war this had been nearly a complete monopoly of Germany's. We found that the French and English both were getting good glass, though not in large quantities; and what was even more satisfactory was to see the development in optical instruments, especially lenses for photography and telescopes for the use of the artillery. I am absolutely sure that I have never seen as good lenses as those now made in Paris; when tested in any way, their results are unequaled.

While speaking of glass another fact may be of interest. Clinical thermometers have, in the past, been a feature of Germany's trade; and so, when the German prisoners in France were being sorted out last year, they were asked if any of them were thermometer-makers, and if so, would they care to work at their trade. A large number stepped out; and now nearly all the thermometers for use in France are made by these German prisoners. Their workshop is in one of the old dismantled forts near Paris, and apparently they are most happy in their work. Possibly this is in part due to the fact that they are teaching their art to a number of French women.

No one can think of this war without having somewhere in the picture an air-plane and a submarine. The problem of the detection of the latter is still a problem, at least, it was when I was

in France in June; but it is pleasant to record the fact that the latest word I have received from Europe — from a keen American physicist — is, 'I think they have at last got it.' This is not the place to describe the attempts made by the physicists of France, England, and America to devise a method to determine the approach of a submarine; but it is worth noting that the very best men in all three countries are at work, new physical methods of great scientific importance at least have been developed; and whether or not the solution of the submarine question is more, and ever more, destroyers, pure science has gained enormously. We now have new methods and new apparatus of great power.

As to air-planes, where can one begin, and having begun, how can one stop? The time has gone by when the village blacksmith can make one, and when the inventor, who is tired of trying to persuade a banker to become interested in perpetual motion, turns his hand to an air-plane 'on an entirely new principle.' The air-plane of to-day is the very last word of the physicist, the engineer, and the manufacturer. The physicist has designed the planes of the machine and the shape of the body; the engineer has used the utmost of his skill in calculating the structural strength of its parts, and in furnishing an engine of unheard-of power in proportion to its weight; the manufacturer uses the same refinements in his work that he would in making a piano for an exhibition. The finished product is a real work of art. The workmanship to-day is nearly perfect. A great French manufacturer, whose factory turns out its thousands of machines each month, told me with pride that since the beginning of the war not one of his machines had broken in the air. And the engines. No one who is not an expert,

and I am not, can appreciate the progress made within three years; progress in lightness, in power, in durability.

I am often asked which country has the best air-plane. Such a question has no meaning except 'as of — date'; because the machines are perfected every week, every month; further, the purpose has to be specified. Air-planes are used in this war for so many purposes — bomb-dropping, photography, spotting the fire of big guns, attacking land forces, and protecting other machines. There are machines made to carry a dozen men, or their equivalent weight in bombs; there are 'two-seater' machines for observation purposes of various kinds; there are the scouts or fighting planes. These last are the most beautiful, the most graceful machines one can imagine. Their speed is at least 135 miles per hour, and their ease of control is such that, if a pilot simply *thinks* of turning to the left or right or up or down, the machine does it. If a bird were to be conscious of knowing what a modern pilot does daily, hourly, with his air-plane, it would look upon him the way we look upon a bird. The use of air-planes in taking photographs has been referred to; and every one is familiar with the results.

The spectacle of a combat between two air-planes is, I suppose, the most thrilling spectacle man can witness. It is a tournament of the Middle Ages, with the course in three dimensions instead of one, and with a space of thousands of feet in which to manoeuvre. Almost as thrilling to me was the sight of an air-plane spotting the fire of big guns: the monster 13-inch guns, the swift air-plane, the firing of the guns in order, by directions from the air, the speedy reaching of the target, and the consequent destruction of the enemy battery twelve miles away! Science was used every second: signals to the air-planes, wireless messages

back, and the aiming of the guns with all the accuracy of geodesy.

I cannot resist the temptation to add a statement which has no connection with my subject, but which should be of interest. When I was in France in June, the Allies had a definite superiority in the air, better air-planes of all types, and more pilots of the highest quality. In ten days at the Front, I did not see one German air-plane in the Allies' territory, and each hour the French and English machines were sailing where they wished.

Almost as beautiful a sight as an air-plane is a modern captive balloon of the oblong type floating majestically high above one. The impression of a battle-line with these aerial observation posts every ten miles or so, will always stay in one's memory. Their design is due to the French, and a profound knowledge of wind-resistance is shown. As an accomplishment in me-

chanics, I saw nothing in the war so extraordinary as the apparatus for hauling down these huge creatures; it is a powerful winch, and it lowers the balloon at the rate of one thousand feet a minute.

These are only a few of the ways in which science is helping the Allies to win the war; for it was evident to a lay observer like myself that in all these applications of science the Allies have a marked superiority. I have not said anything in regard to engineering as such. To me it is impossible to draw any line between this science and the so-called pure sciences. All applications of science are based directly upon experiments and investigations in scientific laboratories; and there is no discovery either of fact or of method which may not be used in connection with daily life. This is specially true of this abnormal life which we call war.

MY FRIEND RADOVITCH

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

I

I HAVE had many strange meetings — strange in place and attendant circumstance — in various and sundry odd corners of the world, but, everything considered, I am inclined to think my encounter with Radovitch, toward the end of last March, was of them all the strangest.

It was on the gorgeously flower-carpeted slope of a mountain-side in — but let that transpire in its proper place.

There had been hints of gathering activity in the marching troops on the roads, and I knew that some kind of a skirmish was on, from the scattering spatter of rifle-fire above and to my right; but that I had actually blundered in between the combatants was not evident until the staccato of a suddenly unmasked machine-gun broke out in the copse below. I did not hear the familiarly ingratiating swish of speeding bullets, and merely an occasional twitching in the oak-scrub told of a skirmish-

ing soldier. But it was plain that, if the rifles were firing in the direction of the machine-gun, and the machine-gun was firing in the direction of the rifles, my shivering anatomy came pretty near to blocking a portion of the restricted little neck of atmosphere along which the interchanged pellets must make their way. One never learns it until he is under fire — especially rifle-fire — for the first time, but the faculty for taking cover is one of the few things in which the more or less degenerate human of the present day suffers least in comparison with that fine and self-sufficient animal, his primitive ancestor.

I hurdled neatly over a natural 'entanglement' of magenta-blossomed cactus, dove through a bosky tunnel in the gnarled oak-scrub, and landed comfortably in the matted mass of soft maiden-hair, where the water dripped from the side of a deep hole excavated by the village brickmakers in taking out clay. There was ample cover from anything but high-angle artillery-fire on either side; so, picking out a bed of lush grass with a cornflower and buttercup pillow, I stretched in luxurious ease to let the battle blow over.

The rifles spat back at the woodpecker drum of the machine-gun for a minute or two; then suddenly fell quiet and gave way to the crashing of underbrush and the chesty 'tween-the-teeth oaths that tell of charging men. Scattering, in ones and twos and threes, they began stumbling by above my head, now revealed by the quick silhouette of a set jaw and forward-flung shoulders and now by the glint of a bobbing bayonet, but mostly by those guttural swear-words which mark the earnest man on business bent. One of them, — a gaunt-eyed Serb in the faded horizon-blue uniform of a French *poilu*, — who passed near enough to the rim of my refuge to allow of a three-quarters-length glimpse of him, carried

a squawking golden-hued hen by the feathers of her hackle; and I was just reflecting how every other soldier that I had ever known would have put a period on that tell-tale racket by extending his grip around the wind-pipe, when Radovitch came down to join me. Not that he had anything of the ulterior intention of seeking cover which brought me there — quite the contrary, indeed. I saw him, running hard and low (as every good soldier goes in to grip with his foe), burst out of the thicket, saw him straighten up and try to swerve to the right as the hole suddenly yawned across his path, and, finally, saw the quick tautening of the scaly yellow loop of earth-running aloeroot which deftly caught the toe of his shambling boot and defeated the manoeuvre.

There was little of the fine finesse of my own soft landing in the whacking *kerplump* which completed the high-dive executed by Radovitch after his contact with the aloeroot. His gun out-dove him and cut short its parabola with the bayonet spiking a fernfrond on the opposite bank; but his broad, bronzed Slavic face was the first part of Radovitch himself to reach the bottom, so that all the inertia of the bone and muscle in his firmly knit frame was exerted in driving the ivory crescent of the teeth of his back-bent lower jaw in a swift, rough gouge through the yielding turf.

He pulled himself together in a dazed sort of way, sat up, rubbed the grass out of his eyes, and kneaded gently the strained joints of his jaw to see that they were still swinging on their hinges. Reassured, he spat forth sputtering asphodel and anemone and the rest of his mouthful of gouged flowerbed, completing the operation by running an index finger around between the lower teeth and lip, to remove lurking bits of earth and gravel.

There was something strangely familiar in that index-finger operation, and it was the sudden recollection that that was the identical way in which we used to get rid of the gridiron clods that had been forced under our football nose-guards, which was responsible for my fervent ejaculation of surprise. I don't recall exactly what I said, but it was probably something akin to 'I'll be blowed!'

The look of dazed resentment on Radovitch's grass-and-dirt-stained face changed instantly to one of blank surprise, the poor strained jaw relaxed, and he turned on me a stare of open-eyed wonder.

'Where in 'ell 'd you come from?' he gasped finally; and then, 'You speak English?'

When, ignoring the former query, I grinned acquiescence to the latter, he came back with, 'Ain't 'Merican, are you? Don't know New York, do you?'

On my admission of guilt on both charges, he crawled over and gripped my hand crushingly in his grimy paw.

'My name's Radovitch. 'Merican citizen myself,' he said proudly. 'Took out my last papers just 'fore I came over to fight for Serbia. Went to school five years in New York when I was a kid. Ever been in Chicago?'

'Of course.'

'Omaha?'

'Yes.'

'I worked in the stockyards in both burgs. Made good money, too. Never been in Jerome, Arizona, have you?'

'Hit a drill all of a college vacation in the United Verde,' I replied, with a touch of pride on my own part.

'I dumped slag in the smelter at twenty per,' said Radovitch. 'Hot little old camp, Jerome; but, say,'—with a climacteric pause,—'hain't ever been in Aldridge, Montana, have you? Coal town up near the Yellowstone—five-

sixty-five fare from Butte. I got a store there, and a half interest in a dance-hall and the baseball grounds.'

Aldridge—the Yellowstone—Butte—those names conjured up thronging memories of a delectably renegade summer of semi-professional baseball that I had once played around among the mining-camps of Montana; and especially lurid were those that clustered about that little sport-mad 'coal town,' straggling up its rugged mountain valley almost under the golden portals of the National Park.

'You bet I have,' I replied, speaking deliberately and confidently as one who has much knowledge in reserve. 'Your dance-halls were as merry and bright as any I remember; but your ball-ground was also the rottenest. Did you own the half that took in the lake which occupied most of left field, or the half which included the cañon that sliced off the best part of right? I have to laugh yet when I think of the man with a boat you kept to paddle after the balls that went into the lake, and the bunch of kids scattered about the cañon to shivvy up the ones that went that way. It may interest you to know that I was first base on the Livingston team that gave Aldridge such a wallop on Miners' Union Day of —'

Bristling like a hedgehog, Radovitch reared up on both knees and shook his fists in my face as he roared excitedly, 'Livingston never did lick Aldridge. Seen all the games myself. Guess I know. Trimmed 'em ten to eight in —'

It was my turn to be indignant, but, keeping my temper with an effort, I only cut in icily with, 'I beg your pardon—but since it was my own three-bagger—and off your imported "pro." pitcher from St. Paul at that—into the sage-brush in deep centre that started the procession; and since I cleaned up twenty-five dollars on the field sports (first in the broad-jump and

shot-put, and second in the pole-vault) and picked three winners in the cocking main and two in the dog-fights, — in all, close to a hundred dollars of the easiest money I ever annexed, — you'll have to admit that I have something to remember Aldridge Miners' Union Day of 1907 by. Why —'

'Ah, nineteen-seven,' cried Radovitch, the hurt look in his face giving way to one of dawning comprehension; 'that was two years before my time in Aldridge. Maybe you're right about that year; but since I've lived there our nine has wiped up the valley with the best —'

The uproar of two or three fresh machine-guns opening in unison drowned his voice at this juncture, and a few moments later a half-dozen rifles were poked over the rim of our refuge, while a gruff-voiced Serb corporal in the tunic of a British Tommy and the baggy breeches of a French Zouave informed us that we were his prisoners.

Radovitch, with a sheepish grin on his face, threw up his hands with the classic cry of 'Kamerad!' and then, shambling over opposite his captors, coolly demanded that they toss down a box of cigarettes for him and his 'Merikansky' friend.

'Smashed mine when I fell,' he explained, sauntering back and offering me a 'Macedonia.' 'You'd reckon we'd had about enough of fighting in Serbia, without these d——d sham fights while we're supposed to be resting up here in Corfu. It may be all right for new recruits; but you'll have to admit that two years of the kind of scrapping we've been having is n't going to have the effect of putting us on edge for play-fighting like this. But never mind, we'll be back to the real thing again in a month or two. Come on along down to the camp and meet my colonel. We were kids together in Prilep. Now he's in command of three thousand men and

I'm only a corporal; but just the same, I could buy him out twenty times over.'

The bare outline of Radovitch's story he told me that evening (after he had officially been 'set free' again), as I trudged beside him across the hills to his camp; but it was not until he obtained an afternoon's leave three or four days later and took me for a stroll through the Serbian Relief Camp, that I learned that he had been one of that immortal band of heroes who, disdaining to take advantage of the open roads to the Adriatic or Macedonia after Belgrade fell, made their way to a mountain fastness in the heart of their own country, and stayed behind to wage such warfare as they could on the hated invader. What sort of a warfare this was — indeed, what sort of a warfare it *is*, for the band still survives, making up in an unquenchable spirit what it has lost in numbers — I then learned for the first time.

The mood to talk did not seize Radovitch until after he had led me to the summit of the hill behind the Relief Camp, from which lofty vantage the eye roved eastward across a purple strait to the snow-capped peaks of Epirus and Albania; westward to where what was once the Kaiser's villa of Achilleon stood out sharply against the sombre green of the backbone ridge of the island; northward to where its twin castles flanked to right and left the white walls and red roofs of Corfu town; and southward to the dim outlines of Leukos and Cephalonia thinning in the violet haze of late afternoon. Below, on three sides, was the sea, with the storied isles of Ulysses bracing themselves against the flood-tide racing into the bay; above, a vault of cloudless sky, and roundabout, a thousand-year-old forest of gnarled olives.

It was the effect of all this, together with the sight of his friend from Serbia suffering from scurvy and an open bay-

onet-wound in the little tented hospital of the Relief Camp that we had just come from, which set Radovitch talking of things I had been vainly trying to draw him out upon ever since I met him. While the mood lasted, he seemed to need no other encouragement than the attentive listener so ready to hand; when it had passed, he was back in the mines of Montana again, deaf and blind to my every attempt to make him talk of Serbia and what had befallen him there.

The fragments of experience which I later managed to extract from him in the cafés of Saloniki consisted mostly of such odd bits as a corkscrew would drag from a reluctant cork.

II

'If you thought that poor guy down at the hospital looked bad,' said Radovitch, lounging back on his elbow in the cool shade of a spreading old olive, 'I wonder what you'd thought of me the day I hit the beach at Valona. I was a month further gone with scurvy than he is (so that the teeth were loose in my jaws and my flesh had lost so much of its "spring" that a touch would leave a dent in it), and in addition was just on the edge of lockjaw that came from walking on the point of a hobnail that had worked through the sole of one of my boots. The Italian doctors at Valona saved me from the lockjaw by pumping some kind of dope under my hide that stopped the action of the poison; but the scurvy I've been the last six months getting clear of. Fact is, I'm not all clear of it yet, for I find that I left a tooth behind up there where I bit the turf the other day. But my blood's clean now, and in a month I'll be as good as new; and so will that boy in the hospital after a decent rest. A Serb takes a lot of killing; if he did n't, the nation would have died out a

good many times in the last five hundred years.

'Scurvy was one of our worst troubles, and is yet for that matter; for the Serb was a good deal of a vegetarian in peace-time, while in war, 'specially when you're more or less besieged, or even when your communications are bad, fresh vegetables are the one kind of provender hardest to keep in stock. That's why scurvy keeps cropping up in the new Serb army even to-day. It's being better fed than it ever was, but there is n't yet enough "greens" in the ration. For us in the mountains, pretty well ringed by the Austrians, the lack of vegetables and the scurvy it brought on was about our one worst trouble in our first winter.'

'How did your band get together in the first place?' I interposed; 'and what sort of men was it made up of? Was there some kind of organization before the retreat, or did you simply drift together afterwards?'

'It must have been mostly "drift,"' replied Radovitch. 'Probably the government and our generals knew we'd have to give way when the Austrians and Bulgars together came at us, but none of the rest of us ever dreamed we could n't wallop the whole bunch. So I don't think there is much truth in the yarn about the band of "blood brothers" that had been formed in advance. We were about evenly made up at the start, of men who would n't leave the country and men who could n't leave the country. The first were mostly mountain men of the region we went to. There were a lot of ex-brigands among them, and most of them had been fighting the Turk, or the Bulgar, or the government, or each other, all their lives. It was to the way these fellows knew the country, and how to live off it and fight in it, that we owed most of our success. The rest of us were all sorts of odds and ends who had fallen out of the

retreat but had still been able to keep out of enemy hands. To take my own case — I had stayed behind to try and reach my wife and fetch her out with me, and so lost so much time that the way was closed when I finally gave up hunting for her.'

'And did you never find your wife?' I asked.

'Never seen her since I left her at Uskub when I went to the front in the first year of the war; but I left her with plenty of money, and not long ago I had a letter smuggled out to me in which she said that a rich Turk in her home town — an old boy who had been a good friend of my father and who loaned me the money I went to America on — had given her shelter in his home, and that she was getting on O.K. She's a dead game little sport, the wife (what do you think of her following me across from the U.S.A. when she knew I was going off to fight as soon as I hit Serbia?), and she'll come through it all right if any one can. Sure [answering my query] she's a Serb. Knew her when I was a kid, and she came across to Montana to marry me. You ought to see her drive our old Ford down the Aldridge grade.'

I manœuvred Radovitch away from the wife and Aldridge with an adroit question or two, and he resumed his story.

'At first this particular mountain region, which later became our stronghold and is now the only part of Old Serbia in which the enemy has never set foot, was only a refuge, and for a few weeks we were pretty hard put to find enough to live on. It was touch and go for food all the first winter, and we lived mostly by night raids on straggling Austrian supply-trains. But before long we rounded up enough sheep and goats to keep us going, and in the spring got one of the little mountain valleys under cultivation. Since last summer — except for vegetables, which

we had no luck with — food was one of our least troubles.

'We had plenty of rifles from the first. A Serb will drop his clothes before he will his gun, as you will find if you ever see our army in action where a river has to be forded. Many a man straggled in to us without pants or shirt, but never a one that I ever heard of without his rifle. We were also tolerably well fixed for cartridges, because a man don't use one in raiding or fighting from ambush to a hundred he pots off in the trenches. We always managed to have enough for our own regular army rifles, and after we got well started raiding, Austrian rifles and munition came in faster than we ever had use for them. We could have done with an extra machine-gun or two before we had our stone-rolling defense organized, and before the Austrians had learned that it did n't pay to try and crawl in and pull us out of our holes. But before the winter was over we had enough spare "spit-firers" so that we didn't mind risking the loss of one or two by taking them along on raiding parties.

'The lay of the mountains made the whole *mesa* just one big natural fort, and I miss my guess if in all the world there's another place of the same kind so easy to defend and so hard to attack. The mountains are steeper and rockier than that main range of Albania you see across there against the sky, and that's going some. I never struck anything half so rough in all the summers I put in prospecting in Arizona, Utah, and Colorado. Only one of the passes had a cart-road up to it, and only three had mule-trails. There were two or three other places where a man could scramble up by using his hands, but everywhere else he would have to have ropes and scaling ladders.

'At every one of the passes — including the one of the cart-road — a half

dozen good rock-rollers, with plenty of "ammunition," could put the kibosh on an army, and you may bet we saw to it that there was no shortage of pebbles on hand. For the first week or two my fingers were worn pretty near to the bone from handling rocks. The only way the Austrians could have got the best of us, once we had made ourselves at home, would have been with not less than a dozen regiments of their Kaiser Jägers, mountain batteries and all; but by the time this fact sunk into them the Italians were keeping them so busy that they probably figured they could n't spare any such number of Alpine troops for sideshows. Anyhow, they never even gave us a good run for our money in the way of attacks, though of course some of the raiding parties came in for pretty bad punishments every now and then.

'Dynamite was the one thing we felt the need of more than anything else, and yet, perhaps the one big thing we did would n't have been half so big (and maybe it would have failed complete) if we'd had the powder to go about the job the way we planned to do it in the first place. Did you ever hear what happened to the Austrian force that was camped in the — Valley last spring?'

'I remember reading one of their bulletins,' I replied, 'which admitted losing a battalion or two in a flood in that region. But that was due to "natural causes," was n't it? Did n't a broken dam have something to do with it?'

'Natural causes and a busted dam did have something to do with it,' said Radovitch with a grin; 'but nature in this case had some active assistance, and that was where we came in. It wasn't just a battalion that went down stream, either; it was more like two of their big regiments — the whole of the main force they had shivvied together

to bottle us up with. It was the best thing we did by a mile; and, as I told you, it would n't have been half the clean-up it was if we'd had in the first place the powder to do it in the "regular way." If we *had* had the powder, we'd never have given Providence a chance, and, believe me, it was nothing but Providence that could have worked things round the way they finally came out.

'You see, it was this way,' went on Radovitch, settling back comfortably and smiling the pleased smile of reminiscence that sits on the face of a man who recalls events in which he has taken keen pride and enjoyment. 'The most open approach to our mountain country was by the gorge up which ran the cart-road. There was a good-sized area of watershed draining out this way, so that the little river running through the gorge was a pretty powerful stream, even in low water — a good bit bigger than the old Firehole in Yellowstone Park. This river flowed out of the main mass of the mountains into a fine bowl of an uplands valley, and then on out of that, through a rough range of foothills, into another gorge. At the head of this last gorge is a natural site to store water, and there — as a project of an old government reclamation scheme that had been held up half way for lack of money to go on with — a high dam had been built, which backed up a deep, narrow lake four or five miles long.

'The Austrians had a small force in the little village in the valley of the lake, and patrolled four or five miles of the cart-road into the mountains; but the main lot of them were camped below the second gorge in an open triangle-shaped valley that ran up from the plain to the foothills. It was a good safe, healthy, well-drained camp, well above the top marks of spring high water. The only threat to it was the

lake behind the dam in the valley above, but — unluckily for them — they did n't know all the facts about that dam.

'The truth was that the dam was built to hold up a lake half again as deep as the one then there; but poor engineering and scamp contracting combined to make it too weak to stand the pressure up to the level intended. The English engineer who came to inspect it put a mark about two thirds of the way up, and warned that it would n't be safe ever to let the water rise above that height. As a precaution, it had been the custom every February or March, before the spring thaw came, to drain off the water of the lake during the month or two before the run-off was the greatest, so that there was plenty of margin against the floods shoving up the level above the danger-point. The Austrians were good enough engineers to know that it was a bum dam, but they did n't seem to have the sense to start lowering the water level before the spring freshets set in.

'Of course we did n't have to set up nights to figure what a break in the dam — if only it came sudden enough — would do to the main Austrian camp; but the contriving of ways and means to bring about that "sudden break" seemed to have us guessing from the first. The simple and natural thing would have been to try and work down a couple of raiding parties on either side of the lake, rush the guards at the dam with knives (as we did later at the bridge I told you of), plant two or three charges of dynamite, touch off the fuses, and beat it back to the hills. If we'd had enough powder, probably that's the thing we'd have tried, but with what success it's hard to say. The chances against anything like a 'clean job' were anywhere from ten to fifty to one.

'But the hundred or so sticks of forty-per-cent "giant" we had in stock

were out of the question to tackle the job with, and so no move was made that might have stirred the enemy's suspicions of what we had in pickle for him. So, far from taking any precautions as the flood season approached, he only let the water go on rising in the lake and extended the main camp a hundred yards nearer the river. We talked over a hundred plans in the long winter nights, but it was not till the snow began to turn slushy at noonday, along toward the middle of March, that we hit on one that seemed to promise a chance of success.'

III

'We had been hoping all along that the Austrians might let the water go on piling up behind the dam until it gave way; but it was not till one day when our scouts brought word that the gates had now been opened, with the evident intention of holding the lake at a level which they figured at about ten feet above the danger-point, that it occurred to us that we might do something to help the good work along. Nobody ever recalled afterwards whose idea it was, but a dozen of us — officers and men together, in the Serbian fashion — suddenly found ourselves waving our arms and getting red in the face discussing a plan for building a little dam of our own, backing up as big a lakeful of water behind it as we could, and then turning it loose on the big lake below at the crest of the spring floods. If any of us had had any engineering sense we'd have known that, with no tools but a few axes and spades, and no materials but what nature had put there, we could n't build a dam in a year big enough to be of any use, let alone in a month. But having no sense to speak of in things of that kind, we went ahead with the job, and, with the luck of fools, pulled it off.

'Upwards of five hundred husky Serbs can do a deal of work; but it did n't take more than three days of log-rolling and rock-packing to show that — even at the gait we were hitting it — that hundred-yard-long, thirty-foot-high dam would n't be finished before the next season, and that, even if we did get it done some time, the stuff we were putting in it was too loose to stop water. It was at this stage of things that I had *my* big idea. I had worked in hydraulic mines in the West, and while we had nothing to rig up a pipe and nozzle from, there *was* a chance to divert a little mountain torrent that came tumbling down from the snows only a few yards below our dam site. Why not, I suggested, build up only a narrow crib of boulders and pine logs to act as a barrier, and then bring over this little torrent, — it was flowing about a hundred miner's inches at this time, — and let it sluice down the loose "conglomerate" from the four-hundred-foot-high cliff through which it flowed? Because no one had anything else to offer, we decided to try the thing.

'We used up a good half of our poor little store of powder in making the cut to bring over the stream, but the job was mostly easy digging and we finished it in three days. My young "hydraulic" sure tore down a lot of rock and gravel; but, as we could n't rig up anything to confine it properly, it only spread out in a big "fan," which, in turn, was sluiced away by the river. That stumped us for fair, and when on top of it a big storm came on, bringing down a flood that washed away all our cribbing, we chucked up in disgust our project of "harnessing nature" against the Austrian, and began to plan raids again.

'All that night it rained cats and dogs, and when I looked out of my hut the next morning the river was over its

banks and humping it like a locoed mustang. But the funny thing was that the cascade from the little stream we had diverted seemed to have disappeared. At first I thought it had bucked its way back into its old channel, but when I went down to look, I found that it had been "swallowed" up by the cliff. Five times as big as on the night before, it came tumbling down over an up-ended stratum of slate — to disappear in a foamy yellow-white spout into a deep crack it had sluiced into the soft conglomerate. At the bottom of the cliff it came boiling out from under the angling slate-layer in a stream that looked to be about equal parts of gravel and water. My baby hydraulic had evidently undermined a sloping section of the cliff for a hundred feet or more, and only the tough slate stratum was staving off a big cave-in. How big a cave-in it was going to be, and what it was going to lead to, I never so much as guessed.

'The warm rain kept plugging down all day and was still pelting hard when I went to sleep that night. Toward morning I was waked up with a roar a hundred times louder than any snow-slide I ever heard, and then came a jar that rocked the whole valley. I felt sure a piece of the cliff had come down, but did n't have the least hunch that anything like what the first daylight showed up had come off. The first thing I saw as the dark slacked off was the shimmer of a flat stretch of water in the bottom of the valley, a lake — just as if it had been dropped from the sky — right where we'd been trying to start one ourselves.

'The cliff had broken back a couple of hundred feet or more, all the way to the top, and in falling had piled up clear across the head of the gorge. On the near side it was about a hundred and fifty feet high; on the further side something like sixty.

'With the rain still pouring pitch-forks and the snow melting all over the mountains, water was coming down at a rate that had the lake rising at the rate of two feet an hour all morning, and better than half that speed even when it began to spread out over the valley floor in the afternoon. The storm kept right on for three days. The second morning there was twenty-five feet of water at the dam, on the third forty feet, and on the fourth near to fifty. The lake by this time was both bigger and deeper than the one we'd planned to make ourselves.

'By good luck the stream ramping down from the mountains into the gorge below the slide kept two or three times its average flow in the river, and so the Austrians — who did n't know its habits very well — failed to notice that anything unusual had come off up stream. Our scouts reported that the water in the lower lake had not risen much, and that it seemed to stand at about fifteen feet above the danger-mark. The Austrians, they said, did not appear to be paying any more attention to the dam than usual.

'We were hoping that the storm would hold until enough water was backed up to bust the dam on its own; but when it began to clear on the fourth day, it was plain the best way out of it was to give the thing a push on our own account. We did n't have a hundredth of enough "giant" to do the job, so had to rig the best make-shift we could by turning the still husky stream of my hydraulic right along the sloping top of the slide and off down into the gorge.

'It was about midday when we set it sluicing, and all afternoon it licked off the loose earth as if it was sugar. By dark half the near end of the slide had slushed away, and the wall that still held was beginning to bulge and cave with the seep forced through from the other side. Half an hour later our

pitch-pine torches showed the water bubbling through all the way along, and we knew it was time for us to clear out. It was none too soon either, for the last man was just out of the way, when a heavy sort of rolling-grind started, and then — whoof! — out she went.

'I've been in "Yankee Jim's" Cañon of the Yellowstone when the flood behind the break-up of the ice-jam in the lake came down, but that was a mere rat-a-tat to the roar that sounded now. The mountains themselves were shaking, and the movement started the "hanging" snow-slides all the way down the gorge. It must have been a racket like that when the world was made. The lake was drained of all but mud in ten minutes, and it must have been about twice that long before a new sound broke in — a roar so deep that it seemed almost to be a rumbling from under the earth. But we knew that it was the big dam going — that our work was done for that night.

'The next morning at daybreak every man in shape to stand the climb over a mountain path we knew — the road down the gorge had been scoured out clean — dropped down from three sides on the little Austrian force in the village where the dam had been, and killed or captured the whole bunch. Then we pushed on to the top of the foothills looking down to the plain. Where the main Austrian camp had been was a slither of smooth mud dotted with the stumps of snapped-off trees, and just that, and no more, was all we could see as far as our eyes could reach.

'And just so,' cried Radovitch, leaping to his feet and shaking a fist toward the serrated sky-line to the northeast, beyond which ran the roads to Monastir and Prilep and Uskub, 'just so, when the time comes, will the whole — — herd of the swine be swept out of Serbia!'

THE SEARCH

BY WILLIAM TOWNSEND PORTER

I

WE were off the coast of France. It was a caressing day. The sun sank into the western wave with a splendid competence, the result of long practice. Our last sunset, perhaps. The ports were sealed. No lights were shown. The boats were swung out, their covers off, the davits greased, food and the precious water-keg in place. The gun crew stood to quarters. Full speed ahead.

I decided to stay on deck until we reached the mouth of the Gironde. Many of the passengers were of the same mind. My cabin was in the lowest tier, and if we should hit a mine, minutes might count. At 4 A.M., we picked up a magnificent revolving light; before long, two other first-class lights, turning on the horizon from the top of ghostly towers. Presently, we saw a powerful beam searching the waves. Its dazzling glare rested on the ship, moving with us. For many minutes we endured an almost shameful publicity. The east was now lighted for the coming of the day. Anchored vessels bordered the fairway. Their hulls were black against a tone of silver gray; admirable motive for the etched plate. So lay the black ships of the Greeks, on another sea, in those Trojan days when the causes of war were easier to understand.

The approach to the river is very fine; the Gironde is handsomely dressed for her bridal with the sea. At 7 A.M. we were gliding along the narrow stream

through fields green with the promised harvest.

It was time for the dreaded inquisition. Were our papers correct? Should we be allowed to land? The passengers were much disturbed. We were packed, some hundred of us, in the vestibule leading to the dining saloon. There we stood, the strong and the infirm, for two long hours. I was jammed against two young girls who were going out for the Red Cross. Conversation began, due to the strong play of natural forces.

You remember my Uncle Toby. He found the Widow Wadman's eye very compelling. But Laurence Sterne was a clergyman. Had he been a scientist, he would have observed that the power of the Widow Wadman's eye varied inversely with the distance of the object. Now, the distance of these ladies from my ear was the same as the distance of the Widow Wadman's eye from my Uncle Toby — about five inches. The power exerted was therefore twenty times as great as if the social insulation had been the usual hundred inches. There can be no doubt that distance, mathematically speaking, is a 'function' of behavior.

But this verges dangerously on reflection; to mix thinking with conversation is to spoil two very good things. Well, nature could not be denied; the ladies began to talk. At a range of five inches, the execution was considerable. They told me, in these two hours, their opinion of Shelley and much of their past history; though, to be sure, when a woman talks of her past, she has n't

any. It was a curious friendship; it began, it ran its intimate, almost clandestine course, and was finished, within a radius of fifteen inches.

From time to time, while these measurements were being collected, the door into the dining-saloon would open a crack and a wilted suspect would be dragged in to confront five officials who spoke torrential French and dribbling English. By that hour, the more feebly engined passengers were suffering from what at the front would have been called shell shock. One man, born in Smyrna, a Greek by nationality, said that he was a manufacturer in America. 'What do you make?' he was asked. 'I make sickles.' — 'Sickles! Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Can you show us one?' — 'But certainly,' replied the flustered passenger. Whereupon he reaches into his pocket and fetches out — not a sickle, but a pack of playing cards, which it is forbidden to bring into France. Behold a Greek in a cold sweat! The bystanders grin largely, and even the officials relax their severe gloom.

The train from Bordeaux to Paris should leave at 8.30 A.M. I arrive at the station at 7.45. Already even the first-class compartments are almost full. There is much confusion. The train finally leaves twenty-five minutes behind the schedule.

Opposite me is a man evidently in poor health — an intelligent kindly face, lined by premature old age. He has two collapsed air-cushions, but breath only for one. I blow up the second cushion. We fraternize.

'You must know,' says he, 'that I am a Frenchman living in Canada. I have come over to be ready for my call. They have called the class of forty-seven. My age is fifty. Soon they will need me. Of course,' he adds, carefully adjusting the air-cushions to support his ailing back, 'of course, I cannot

hope for the first line, but perhaps I can slip in just behind.' It is the celebrated French *esprit*.

I got to Paris at sunset. My wife and daughter were at the Gare d'Orléans — a joyful reunion. Along the quai d'Orsay, under the plane trees beside the gleaming Seine, we walked to our rooms on the quai Voltaire. The river lay like a broad band of pale-green watered silk between the Louvre and the Quartier Latin. The moving waters softly lapped the Royal Bridge, which was raised by Louis le Grand in the fateful year of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; its noble arches were mirrored in the mocking stream. Faintly shot with gold and crimson, the evening light faded to a luminous haze. The *mar-chands de livres* locked their begging wares in the little cases on the parapet. The gardens of the Place du Carrousel breathed like the sweet south upon the dying day.

In Paris, even the homely midday meal is touched with art. Once, at the lunch hour, I found myself in the rue Cambon. An elaborate commissionnaire stood before a small restaurant. Curtains of some thin stuff guarded the rites within from the sacrilegious glance. I entered. The proprietor, with effusive dignity, bowed and shook my hand. I was in a room perhaps twenty feet square in which there were six small tables and five elderly waiters. Several apoplectic old gentlemen, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, were slowly gorging. From a raised dais, defended by a desk, two formidable old women surveyed the scene. When one of the old gentlemen had finished his *poulet rôti*, these secretaries recorded the fact upon their tablets, with frequent consultation, so that no important detail might be omitted. Evidently, I had unwittingly broken into a *temple de gourmets*.

One of the attendant priests pre-

sented a paper on which were written a few hints as to the mysteries, without mention of the pecuniary consequences. 'What does monsieur desire?' Monsieur desires a plain omelette. Consternation, with a camouflage of grief! Monsieur is *encore jeune*, yet so depraved? There is hot-house melon, thin soup, of an excellence, and old, but very old wine.

Monsieur will not relent. A long and ghastly pause, while the pariah sips from a glass of water, forgetful that in such places water is a symbol and not a beverage. At length the omelette arrives, assisted by three grieving men. It is shrunken and plaintive. It is furiously and hastily swallowed. The old women note the fact in their smallest hand. Five francs. Monsieur dies game, with a handsome tip to Alphonse. Alphonse weeps for monsieur, and prays that light may break on this misguided man.

II

The mysteries of nature usually present themselves as mass problems. In this form they cannot be answered. They must first be resolved into their elements. But each mass problem can be so resolved only by minds specially trained in the particular field in which that problem lies. The layman cannot do this. It is for this reason that even a great scientist can rarely give a useful answer to a question put to him by a layman. The layman presents a dozen questions in one package. It is as if one should ask, What is the cause of the Great War?

What causes shock is also not a practical question. It is too vague. It is necessary to extract from it a series of questions, and then to devise for each of these a method by which it can be answered yes or no. The observation that shock often follows frac-

ture of the thigh-bone is an obvious *point d'appui*. The femur, or thigh-bone, is the largest in the body. When it is broken by a shell fragment, the rich bone-marrow is exposed. Perhaps some potent chemical substance is thereby set free, to be absorbed into the blood-vessels, through which it might reach the brain and spinal cord, and by poisoning the nerve-cells produce the phenomena of shock. But my efforts to bring on shock by the injection into the blood-vessels of chemical substances known to exist in the bone-marrow had no effect. It was necessary to pose another question.

Since the fracture of the bone is apparently a factor in shock, and since the absorption of a chemical substance was excluded, the mischief might be due to a mechanical agent. Now, the bone-marrow is very rich in fat, and it has long been known that after fractures of the femur large numbers of fat-globules appear in the blood, in which the globules circulate until they enter the capillaries in the brain and other organs. When a large fat-globule enters one of these small, hair-like vessels, it sticks fast, the blood can no longer flow through that capillary, and the cells supplied by that blood can no longer get food and oxygen.

All this is well understood. For more than two centuries observations have been made by pathologists on changes in the tissues, following the injection of fat into the blood-vessels of animals. Indeed, a condition suggesting shock has incidentally been observed here and there in the course of these studies, though I did not know of these chance observations until long after my own experiments. No one, however, had declared or attempted to prove that the entrance of fat into the blood-vessels was the cause of shock as seen on the battlefield. The pathologists were after other game. They were interested in

the anatomical changes in the tissues following the blocking of the capillaries.

Since a falling blood-pressure is the outstanding symptom of shock, the proof demanded (1) that fat-globules should be injected into the vessels; (2) that the blood-pressure should be measured; (3) that the blood-pressure should fall gradually as it does in shock; (4) that the other symptoms seen in wounded soldiers should be accurately reproduced in the injected animal. These other symptoms are a feeble and rapid heart-beat, frequent and shallow respiration, pallor, low temperature, diminished sensibility, and apparent unconsciousness.

On February 2, 1917, the crucial experiment was made. An instrument for recording the blood-pressure in the carotid artery of an anesthetized cat was arranged to write its record on a moving surface of smoked paper. When the normal pressure was in record, a little less than a teaspoonful of olive oil was injected into the jugular vein. Thereupon the blood-pressure began to fall, and the animal soon showed all the phenomena of shock observed in the wounded soldier.

My attention was then directed to the discovery of a new remedy. Following the plugging of the capillaries by fat, the arteries and the heart are partially emptied; and the blood collects in the veins, especially in the large and numerous abdominal veins. In fact, the patient may be said to bleed to death in his own veins, since the quantity of blood left in the arteries does not suffice for the nutrition of the cells of the brain and other organs.

My first experiments were directed to altering the physical condition of the fat which had plugged the capillaries, so that it might pass through these narrow straits and free the channels for the nourishing blood. These experiments have not yet succeeded.

Even if they had, they might not have proved of value in established shock. The plugging of the blood-vessels undoubtedly sets in train the falling blood-pressure and other phenomena of shock. But the condition once established, the patient cannot be saved unless the excess of blood in the veins is brought back into the arteries. If that can be done, experience shows that the patient will usually recover. Either the stopped capillaries free themselves, or other capillaries take up the duties of their injured neighbors. The practical point is to draw the blood from the engorged abdominal veins into the chest, where it shall fill the half-empty heart and permit that faithful organ to fill the capillaries. To that end, I proposed the respiratory pump.

The air is drawn into the chest chiefly by the diaphragm, a large flat muscle which separates the chest from the abdomen. When the diaphragm descends in inspiration, the cavity of the chest is enlarged. If a squeezed rubber ball is allowed to expand under water, the surrounding fluid enters the ball. So, when the cavity of the chest is expanded, surrounding fluids enter the chest; the air is sucked in through the trachea and blood is sucked in through the veins. The blood is sucked into the chest with considerable force. If the normal quiet contraction of the diaphragm so aids the entrance of blood into the chest, its powerful contraction will aid still more. Powerful and frequent contractions are within our command. We have but to increase the carbon dioxide in the inspired air to call forth deep and rapid respiration. The necessary amount of carbon dioxide is not injurious.

These facts concerning the respiration and its influence on the circulation were known to every physiologist. My contribution consisted in applying them to shock. My remedy therefore

was to increase greatly the action of the respiratory pump by having the patient breathe an atmosphere rich in carbon dioxide. Meanwhile he was to be placed in an inclined position, with the abdominal vessels higher than the heart, so as to favor by gravity the flow of blood from the abdomen into the chest. In my animals with shock, this increased respiration raised the blood-pressure sufficiently to warrant the hope that valuable results would follow the treatment when applied to wounded men. Upon this hope the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research had sent me again to France.

III

Forty-eight hours after my strategic defeat in the restaurant on rue Cambon, I was walking with Major C— under fire over the gently rising terrain leading to the Massif de Moronvillers. It was my purpose to try the new remedy, and to measure the blood-pressure in normal and wounded soldiers during a sharp offensive.

The meadow larks were singing. Even the major sang. And the air above was filled with the song of shells. The several harmonies were stratified. From the lush grass of early spring rose small chirpings and hummings; then came the major, having as it were a layer all to himself; then the meadow larks, numerous and undismayed; still higher were heard the hissing three-inch shells; and up in the blue the mournful droning of the great projectiles.

'If you search these fields,' remarked the major, 'you will find in every square metre at least one piece of shell.' It was true. I looked through fifty square yards or more, and in each was at least one fragment of steel.

'It is forbidden to walk in these fields,' said the major. 'Perhaps we had better get into the trench.'

I took a last general view of our position. Behind us, the German fire was painting with dark smudges the village through which we had just come. Far across the plain — too far to see — lay Châlons-sur-Marne. To the left, miles away, was the Montagne de Rheims, bearing on its fruitful slopes the celebrated vineyards of Champagne. In front rose the Massif de Moronvillers, crowned with its hills of fame — Mont Cornillet, Mont Blond, Mont Haut, the Casque, and the Téton. Their decent garments of green were torn away. Naked they lay. On their livid slopes the trenches crawled like great white worms. Streaks of flame and sudden bursts of black smoke marked the constant fall of German shells. Thrown high in the air, the pale chalk-dust drifted with the acrid fumes among the riven pines.

We entered the communication trench, a deep and narrow passage, writhing through the chalk like a snake in pain. When we came to the lines, the trench sank into a gallery. Dug by the Boche, it now served his enemy. The gallery was seven feet wide. At the farther end were four or five wooden bunks in which the Staff slept. In the middle were two tables. One supported a pair of typewriters, industriously nibbling at a mound of papers, under a small acetylene flare. On the other table was a row of aluminium porringers, salt, pepper, war-bread, and a small bowl of sugar.

We lunched. The colonel was an energetic and smiling veteran of forty-five, hard and fit. His face glowed like a dull red coal in the shadows of the cave. Six *galons* were upon his sleeve, one for each of his six wounds.

The food was simple but sufficient. The ritual of the *déjeuner* was scrupulously observed. It was as if a gentleman handed a poor relation into a carriage. The colonel and I sat side by

side. Conversation flowed like milk in the Land of Canaan. The subject indeed was cows. It appeared that the regiment possessed a cow. This was unusual. The Marseillaise, the Ten Commandments, and Our Cow seemed on the same plane. As a breeder of Guernseys, these discerning people moved my heart. We were friends.

When night came, I took off my boots, belt, and helmet, and slept on a stretcher. At half-past three, an imperative hand shook my shoulder. 'Gas! Be quick!' I seized the mask, which changes the man of peace into the ghoul of war. I pulled on my boots and put on my helmet. We ventured out. On the crest of the Massif, the stars of God paled before the starshells of the Huns. It was the hour before dawn. A lively bombardment was in play. Cocks crew, still faithful to their conviction that, but for them, the sun would not rise. I reflected that, but for us and our seven million comrades, the sun might set never to rise again. We sniffed the cool damp air for the odor of chocolate which betrays the creeping death. But the gas was not for us. Far down on the horizon hung the gibbous moon. Across her chill and disapproving face passed black slim shapes incredibly swift — eight-inch shells plunging to their rending crash.

Back in Division Headquarters, General F—— had at first suggested that I should be stationed in the celebrated tunnel on Mont Cornillet, taken from the enemy four days before my arrival. The tunnel was dug deep in the chalk. It was very large—large enough to hold a dressing-station and six hundred German reserves. It had a big ventilating shaft. By a strange chance, a sixteen-inch French shell passed through this ventilating shaft and exploded among the Boches. All were instantly destroyed. Compara-

tively few showed a wound—they were killed by the gas-pressure and the fumes.

The commotion made by an exploding shell is extraordinary. I have often felt the strong push of hot gas as if I had been struck by a flying cushion. Among my friends in Paris was a French aviator who had begun the war as an infantryman. His platoon held a first-line trench. A Busy Bertha fell among them. Some were killed by flying fragments, others by the concussion. A comrade of my friend was pushed by the blast against the hard clay wall of the trench, with such force that both the skull and the chest were crushed. They were visibly flattened.

The incident of the tunnel was certainly remarkable. But a still stranger accident had befallen the French a few days before my arrival. The regiment brigaded with the 365th had its headquarters in a gallery thirty feet below the surface. It was apparently quite safe. Two large shells fell on that spot. The first made a crater fifteen feet deep directly over the gallery. The second fell exactly in the bottom of this crater, broke into the refuge, and killed the colonel and the officers with him.

¹ May 23.

It was fortunate for me that I was not put in the Mont Cornillet tunnel, but in a cave on Mont Blond; had I been, I should have missed a wonderful experience—the battle on the crest.

I was conducted to my new home the morning of the gas alarm. My cave was on the slope of Mont Blond, a little more than a thousand feet from the crest. Perhaps three hundred feet below us the slope ended in a path, and beyond rose another low hill, near the top of which was the regimental headquarters I had just left. The cave

¹ The remainder of this paper is copied verbatim from letters written on the spot.

had been dug by the Germans. The roof was almost flush with the surface. There was nothing to mark the spot, except that the universal wrack was there accentuated.

Battered tins, coils of barbed wire, scraps of leather, a broken stove upside down, rusted clips of cartridges, burlap sacks mired with clay, decayed bandages, a hopeless old rifle, intrenching tools, discarded helmets punched with shell-holes through which the brains of the owner had probably oozed, old shoes, battered shell-cases, and a trench torpedo lay about, half-buried in the dirt thrown out of the craters.

Five or six steps screened with dead branches led into the cave. It was about six feet deep. The roof was supported by projecting beams. The sides were clumsily boarded. Here and there were openings dug farther into the earth and provided with shelves which were covered with accoutrements, flat circular wine-flasks in canvas, tin cups, musettes lumpy with a miscellaneous kit, packages of food, bundles of dressings — all in great confusion and all thickly smeared with dirt. The furniture consisted of a couple of benches and a greasy table. The table stood against a wall. On one end were the surgical tools, bandages, packages of gauze, *et cetera*. On the other, three or four small cooking utensils and an alcohol lamp.

The room was full of men: three surgeons and eight or nine *brancardiers* in a space ten by twelve feet. A ladder led into a lower cave, six by seven feet, the floor of which was fifteen feet below the surface. Here were bunks of unplanned boards. Twenty feet away was another shelter, an overflow, still more primitive.

In our own cave dinner was being prepared. Dinner was served here at noon, for greater convenience. Out-

side, the Boches were very active. The slope was being searched with shells in the thorough German way. The living heeded this mortal rain no more than the stoic dead, who lay about us, beneath their crosses — two rough boards in the form the Prince of Peace had sanctified.

Through the hot fire appeared the major, very brisk, clean-shaven, immaculately clothed, plump and smiling. Under his arm was a long bottle, converted to the ways of innocence. The major made a gay salute. 'The colonel presents his compliments and hopes you will accept a litre of fresh milk.' Delightful colonel! O gentle cow, all red and white! We drank an English toast with gusto: 'To hell with the Huns!' Everybody laughed. The bearded *poilu* detailed as chef plunged his great spoon into the tub of solid alcohol at his feet and fetched up a huge lump to feed the flame under our crackling meat, as who should say, 'This for the Boches!'

Dinner was served. The few who could find a place sat down. The rest stood, each with his porringer. We had *hors d'œuvres*, consisting of sardines and sliced onion with bread and butter, omelette, beef with sauce tartare, potato salad, oranges, and cakes. Jokes flew about, but they were harmless jokes. Neither then nor at any other time did I hear from French soldiers the coarse obscenity which too often mars the fighting men of other nations.

In the afternoon, I went with an *officier de santé* into the advanced trenches. But trenches is not the correct term. The Germans had been forced back and off the whole extent of the Massif de Moronvillers, until they had lost all the crest but the position immediately above our cave. The French first line lay beyond the old German trenches, in a series of shell-

holes connected by hasty ditches. It was very warm here; in some places there were more dead than living. The commandant of this section complained to my *officier de santé*. The dead were not removed quickly enough. He could *sentir* them. They had begun to rot.

We returned safely to the cave. As we stood at the entrance, a German plane passed high over us. We dived for shelter. None too soon. A moment later three shells fell, in quick succession, close to our post. These caves are not proof against direct hits, though safe enough from fragments. Two days after my departure, a shell entered the *poste de secours* next to ours, killing the two surgeons and five *brancardiers*.

There are hours when the fire is light, though it never ceases. Again, it will swell almost to drum-fire. It is not safe to go more than a few feet from the cave, lest you be caught in one of these sudden storms. When it is possible, I sit in the mild May sunshine on a burlapat the top of our steps. The probable course of a shell can be told from the sound. When the hiss crescendo seems to be coming straight for you, a swift plunge is in order.

A sharp watch for planes is necessary. In my first summer, at Nieuport and elsewhere, the planes did not usually attack small groups of soldiers. But here, at the Massif de Moronvillers, they have a nasty habit of dropping suddenly from the sky, spitting steel from their *mitrailleuses*.

The gas-shells are very numerous and very deadly. My colonel — the one who sent the milk — was laid up three weeks from gas that had crept through a very small opening where, because of his high cheek-bones, the edge of the mask failed to press firmly against his face. Our masks contain several layers of gauze saturated with different chemicals to neutralize the various fumes.

When darkness came we prepared for bed. At half-past eight my orderly saluted. He had been before the war a teacher of Latin in the High School at Lille. His wife and two children were refugees. The wife had tuberculosis from her hardships. He informed me in his precise French that my couch was ready. I climbed down the ladder to the lower cave, backwards and bent double, since the entrance was a low slanting shaft. Gérard pulled off my great trench-boots, hung up my belt and helmet, and folded my raincoat for a pillow. I lay down on the bare planks. He placed my heavy overcoat over me and wished me pleasant dreams. I told him that in my youth I had often been put to sleep by a teacher of Latin, but I had never before been put to bed by one.

During the night, the Boches bombarded points below us with gas-shells.

(Dr. Porter's final paper, 'The Clue,' will appear in the February number. — THE EDITORS.)

MORE LETTERS FROM FRANCE

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

April, 1917.

I HAVE met some interesting types lately. One is Jean B——, a sergeant of infantry. Jean has been about the world a good bit, and when the war broke out was just finishing a contract in Spain. He promptly came to France and volunteered, and had only fifteen days of training before being sent to the front for a big attack. Knowing nothing of military matters and having distinguished himself in the first day's fighting, he was made a corporal at once; and next day, when the attack began again, he and his squad were the first to jump into a section of German trench. There, abandoned in the hasty retreat, was a brand-new German machine-gun and forty sacks of ammunition. Jean is a canny boy, and before the officers had got to where he was, he had his men hide gun and cartridges in a clump of bushes.

The French made a gain of about two miles at this point, and owing to the nature of the ground,—artillery emplacements, and so forth,—the new lines were nearly a mile apart. Under these conditions, both sides were constantly making daylight patrols in the broken country between the trenches; and as Jean's captain was a good judge of men, he let him take his squad out daily, to do pretty much as he pleased. Pledging his men to absolute secrecy, Jean had them hide machine-gun and ammunition a little way in front of the new French lines, and then gave them a brief drill, in mounting and dismounting the gun, tripod, and so forth. (He

had worked in an ordnance factory, by the way.) Each man carried either a part of the gun or a few belts of cartridges.

One morning, just before dawn, they crawled up close to the Germans and hid themselves in a brushy watercourse — *mitrailleuse* set up and ready for action. Presently there were sounds of activity in front, and as day broke, they made out thirty or forty Germans, who, so far away and out of sight of the French, were out in the open, working on a new trench. Jean's men began to get excited and wanted action, but he calmed them, whispering to be patient. He himself is the most excitable man in the world — except in emergencies; a jovial type, with black hair and a pair of merry gray eyes set in a red, weather-beaten face.

Hour after hour they bided their time, until the Germans, only 75 yards away, assembled in a group for a rest. Lying on his belly behind the gun, Jean sighted and pulled the lever, spraying lead into the unfortunate Boches until the last belt of 200 cartridges had raced through. Then it was all hands dismount the gun and retreat at top speed. Sneaking 'home' by devious ways, they smiled to see shells begin to smash into the position they had so lately left.

At supper that evening (the meal known universally as 'la soupe'), the colonel came strolling down the trench with Jean's subaltern. The lieutenant nodded and pointed, then called Jean over.

'Ah,' said the colonel, smiling, 'so

this is the type who was on patrol this morning — hum. I was in an advanced observation post on the hill above you and saw the whole affair with my glasses. And how many of those poor Germans did you kill?’

‘I did not wait to count, my colonel.’

‘I will tell you, then; six escaped, out of thirty-eight — most remarkable rifle-fire I remember seeing. It sounded almost like a *mitrailleuse* at work. How many in your patrol? Five? Remarkable! Remarkable! *Eh bien*, good day, sergeant.’

‘He was a type not too severe,’ remarked the ex-corporal, in telling the tale; ‘in short, *un bon garçon*.’

This is the highest compliment a *poilu* can pay his officer; in fact, I once heard an ancient territorial say it irreverently of Marshal Joffre, whom he had known in younger days, somewhere in the Orient.

Jean is at home in several languages, speaking perfectly French, German, Italian, and Spanish. I usually chat with him in the latter, as in it I get the fine points of his narrative better than in French. His German was the means of getting him into an adventure such as very few men in the war have experienced. I cannot, of course, vouch for the truth of what follows, but I have no reason to doubt his word, and know him to be capable of any foolhardy rashness. Such a thing would be impossible at the present time.

One dark night, shortly after midnight Jean — on a solitary patrol — was lying just outside the wire, about ten metres from the German trench, listening to locate the sentries. There was a faint starlight. Suddenly a whisper came from beyond the wire, a low voice speaking in broken French.

‘Why do you lie so quiet, my friend? I saw you crawl up and have watched you ever since. I don’t want to shoot you; I am a Bavarian.’

‘Good-evening, then,’ Jean whispered back in his perfect German.

‘So,’ said the sentry, ‘you speak our language. Wait a moment, till I warn the rest of my squad, and I will show you the way through the wire; there are no officers about at this hour.’

Probably not one man in a thousand would have taken such a chance, but he did, and ten minutes later was standing in the trench in a German cloak and fatigue cap (in case of passing officers), chatting amiably with a much interested group of Bavarian soldiers. They gave him beer, showed him their dugouts, and arranged a whistle signal for future visits, before bidding him a regretful good-night. ‘We are Bavarians,’ they said; ‘we like and admire the French, and fight only because we must.’

With characteristic good sense, Jean went at once to his captain the following morning and told him the whole story. The officer knew and trusted him and said without hesitation, ‘Go as often as you want, and keep your ears open.’

So he made many a midnight crawl through the wires, after whistling the soft signal. He carried with him each time a few litres of wine (a great luxury to the German soldier), and in return they took him on long excursions through their trenches. Once he was in the German third line, more than a mile back. The sector was a very quiet one, though the trenches were close together, and one morning a crude arrow dropped into the French trench, bearing a note to Jean.

‘Get into your dugouts at five this afternoon,’ it read; ‘there will be a bombardment, but no attack, we hope.’

Another time, after a French bombardment, a similar note dropped in: ‘Don’t send so many torpedoes — shells are all right, but your torpedoes have ruined some of our best sleeping-places.

Remember we are not Prussians, but Bavarians.'

Jean is just now back from a *permission*. He went away a reckless, jolly sort of an adventurer, and has come back sober, serious, and tremendously in love. He told me a little about it, as we sat together in my dugout (I have a private one now, with a stove, a tiny window sticking up discreetly six inches above ground, and pictures on the walls), and the tale is so typical of war-time France that I can't resist telling it to you.

They had carried on quite a correspondence, as godmother and godson, before the longed-for *permission* came; and when A—, with her parents, of course, met him at the train, she seemed like an old friend. She is charming, as I know from her photograph, and sturdy brown Jean, toggled out in his special *permission* uniform, with his neat shoes, bright leather puttees and belt, *képi de fantaisie*, and gold sergeant's wound- and service-stripes, looks every inch a soldier of France. At the end of the second day, he was walking with A— and could contain himself no longer.

'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'I cannot, as a man of honor, stay here longer. I love you, — there, I have said it, — but I am penniless, and after the war shall have only what I can earn. Your father, on the other hand, is the most important merchant in this district — so you see it would (even if you were willing) be quite impossible for me to ask for your hand. I can never thank you enough for your kindness to a poor soldier; it has given me a glimpse of Paradise.'

That evening, as he sat in his room, trying to make up an excuse to give the old people for leaving, the girl's mother came in, saying that she understood he was going, and was much hurt to think that her house had not pleased him.

Then the old gentleman rushed in, radiant with smiling good humor.

'But hush, *maman*,' he cried, 'I know all. Also I know a man when I see one. You love our little A—, eh, sergeant? Well, what of it? And you are poor — well, what of that? When we old ones are gone, she will have everything — she is all we have, since Louis was killed at the Marne. You are a type that I love, my boy — out there at the front, helping to push the Boche out of France; do you suppose I would not rather have you for a son-in-law than some *sacré espèce* of a rich *embusqué*, riding by in his limousine?'

Rather superb, I think.

So, as an engaged man, he is making a poor attempt to be cautious. Also, he has a frightful case of *cafard*, that mysterious malady of the trenches, which is nothing but concentrated homesickness and longing for the sight of one's womenfolk, sweethearts, sisters, mothers. A couple of days ago, he came to me with a brilliant idea.

'See, Charlot,' he said, 'I have a scheme. You know Lieutenant P—, chief of the *corps franc* — tell him of me, that I can speak German and can take prisoners, and tell him to ask my captain to detach me for the next *coup de main*.'

To understand this, you must know that a *coup de main* is a raid, made after a brief artillery preparation, on the enemy trenches, not with the idea of gaining ground, but simply to get a few prisoners for information regarding regiments, and so forth. In the French army such raids are made by special selected companies of each regiment, who have no routine duty and get eight days' special leave after each raid that results in prisoners. These men are termed *corps franc*. As you can see, Jean thought this a quick way to get back to his fiancée.

While we talked, by a freak of luck,

who should knock at my door but Lieutenant P——, chief of our local *corps franc*, a very good friend and one I am proud to have. He is the perfect quintessence of a French subaltern, — 26 years old, slight, wiry, and handsome; an Anglophile in everything relating to sport, as exquisite in dress and person as Beau Brummel, and as recklessly brave as Morgan's buccaneers. He has risen from the ranks, wears a gold bracelet, and has every decoration that a French soldier or officer can get, including the red ribbon. His *croix de guerre* has seven citations, and he has been five times wounded. He took to Jean at once, saying that he needed an interpreter for a raid which was coming in two or three days, and promised to see the captain about it at once.

'Better come with us,' he said to me, whimsically. 'I want to run down to Paris next week, and if the sergeant here and I don't get a prisoner or two, it will be because there are none left in the first line. Come on — you'll see some fun!'

'But,' I said, 'what is there in it for me? I'm ruined if I'm caught in any such escapade, and in any case I get no *permission*.'

'Oh, we'll fix that. Maybe you'd get a nice little wound like my last one; and if not, I'm an expert with grenades; I think I could toss one so you would just get an *éclat* or two in the legs — good for a week in Paris.'

I thanked him without enthusiasm and declined.

The sequel to this came last night as I lay reading in my bunk. The evening had been absolutely quiet, not a rifle-shot along the trenches, until suddenly, about 10.30, the batteries set up their sullen thumping, mingled with the thud of exploding aerial torpedoes.

To my ears, concentrated artillery fire — not too far off — has a strangely mournful sound — heavy, dull, and fit-

ful, like a dark thunderstorm in Dante's hell. The bombardment lasted exactly forty minutes, then absolute silence except for an occasional pistol-shot (no one uses rifles in raids), and once more the sudden stammer of a *mitrailleuse*. As I lay there, safe in my warm bunk, I thought of gallant little P—— and jolly old lovelorn Jean, perhaps at that moment stealing through torn German wire with a brace of prisoners ahead of them, crouching low each time a star shell sent up its warning trail of sparks, — or perhaps —

To-morrow, when I go back to the village for two days' rest, I shall look for them.

April 10, 1917.

I am writing this in a new post of ours — a village several kilometres from the lines, where there are still civilians. As the hospital is very noisy at night, and one would have to sleep in a barrack, packed in among the wounded, I have arranged with a motherly old woman (*patronne* of the local café) to let me have her spare room. I found an old cow-bell and by an arrangement of strings and hooks have rigged it so that it can be rung at night from the street below. Talk about luxury! I have a real bed (about five feet long) with sheets, pillows, and a feather-bed that reaches from feet to waist. When a night call comes, the bell tinkles, I leap out of bed, pull on breeches and coat and high felt 'arctics,' and in three minutes am off.

As there are no men about, I have been (in odd moments) splitting wood and moving the heavy beer and wine casks as required — work really far too heavy for women. The old lady, in return, often invites me in for a cup of steaming coffee with a dash of schnapps, and to-day she asked me to a family dinner — a superb civilian meal of ham and boiled potatoes and home-made *choucroute*. The latter must be

tasted to be appreciated. She is quite bitter about a branch of the Y.M.C.A. — called *Foyer du Soldat* — just opened here, which, with its free movies, papers, and so forth, has lured away much of her trade. 'I pay a heavy license tax,' she says, 'and they pay nothing — nothing.'

Useless to try to explain to the good old soul that the innocent must suffer in order that virtue shall triumph — or in other words, that the *fantassin* shall have amusement without beer. I comforted her with the regrettable truth that her boys will all be back when the novelty is worn off.

A great many of the men here are muleteers from the Spanish and Italian borders. Where the country is hilly and trails constitute the shortest route to the trenches, the French use a great many pack-mules to carry up provisions, ammunition, and supplies. A Western packer would be interested in their methods. Each mule has its master, who packs it, washes it, feeds it, and on the march walks ahead, leading it by a rope. The pack-saddles and rigging are wonderful — they must be when one considers that the mules often carry 300 pounds twenty miles a day, and sore backs are unknown.

A mule's a mule, however, wherever you meet him — these are just the same 'ornery' brutes we have at home. Their effect on the explosive southern French temperament is sometimes ludicrous. I stopped the other day to ask the way of a mule-skinner who was limping dejectedly ahead of his charge — the rest of the train was far ahead. After putting me on the road, he leaned wearily against a tree and explained that in all the world there was probably not another mule like his. It had kicked him yesterday, it had bitten him severely this morning, and just now, while he adjusted the pack, it had kicked him on the hip, so that in all

likelihood he would limp for life. While he talked, the mule sidled over, with drooping eyelids and sagging ears, and planted one foot firmly on the unfortunate Frenchman's toes. The whole thing seemed to have been done by accident — I could almost see the dotted line of innocence running from the mule's sleepy eye off into space. Without a word, the man set his shoulder against the mule, forced its weight off his foot, and tenderly inspected the injured part. Then, hands on hips, he regarded the mule with a long stare of dramatic contempt.

'Wouldst thou kill me, *sacré espèce* of a camel?' he said at last; 'well, death would be better than this. Come, here I am!'

The day before yesterday, when I was out at one of our posts on the front, an Austrian 88mm. shell fell in a crowd of mules and their drivers. Fortunately no one was hurt (by one of the freaks of shells), but three mules were killed by the splinters. That night, with some misgivings, I tried a steak from the hind-quarter of a five-year-old mule. *It was bully*. When you come to think of it, a mule is just as good food as a steer.

A week ago I was waiting at a front post for some wounded, when a mule train came by, packed with the huge winged aerial torpedoes so much in vogue just now. Each mule carried four of these truly formidable things. As the last mule passed, he slipped on the muddy slope, his feet flew out, and down he came with a whack, torpedoes and all. You ought to have seen us scatter, — officers, men, and mule-drivers, — like fragments of a bursting shell. As the mule showed signs of struggling, we had to rush back and gingerly remove the load before helping him up.

These torpedoes play a great part in war nowadays. They are cheap to man-

ufacture, carry an enormous bursting charge, and — shot out of small mortar-like guns, into which the steel or wooden 'stem' of the torpedo is inserted — have a range of six or seven hundred yards. On days of attack you can see them, like huge black birds, soar slowly up from behind the trenches, hang poised for an instant, and dart down to make their formidable explosion, which sends clouds of débris, timber, and dirt, high into the air. Their fragments are very bad — long, thin, jagged things that come whizzing by and inflict terrible wounds. Many of them are equipped with 'trailers,' which outline their course in a shower of crimson sparks; and on nights of attack the sky is scored with their fiery trails.

A night attack is a wonderful thing to see: the steady solemn thunder of the guns, the sky glaring with starshells and trails, the trenches flaming and roaring with bursting shell. It is like a vast natural phenomenon, — Krakatoa or Mont Pelée, — too vast and cataclysmic to be man's handiwork; and yet, into the maelstrom of spouting flames, hissing steel, shattering explosions, insignificant little creatures like you and me will presently run — offering, with sublime courage, their tender bodies to be burned and pierced and mangled. To me that is war's one redeeming feature — it brings out in men a courage that is of the spirit alone — above all earthly things.

April 26, 1917.

This afternoon the general of the division ordered us to present ourselves at headquarters at four o'clock. From lunch on there was a great shaving and haircutting, brushing and pressing of uniforms, and overhauling of shoes and puttees. Four o'clock found us lined up at the door of the wonderful old château, and next moment a superb

officer, who spoke English, — of the Oxford variety, — stepped out, introduced himself all around with charming courtesy, took our names, and ushered us in.

The general, a hawk-faced man of sixty, straight and slender as an arrow, with sparkling dark eyes, stood surrounded by his resplendent staff. As each name was announced, we walked forward to him, saluted and bowed, and shook hands. This over, we stepped back and mingled with the staff officers, who displayed a wonderful trick of making us feel at home in the first stiffness. Presently orderlies brought in champagne and glasses, and when every one had his glass in hand the buzz stopped while the general spoke.

'Your country, gentlemen,' he said, 'has done France the honor of setting aside this day for her. It is fitting that I should ask you here, in order to tell you how much we appreciate America's friendship, which you and your comrades have been demonstrating by actions rather than words. I am an old man, but I tell you my heart beat like a boy's when the news came that the great Sister Republic — united of old by ideals of human liberty — had thrown in her lot with ours. I ask you to drink with me to the future of France and America — the sure future. You have seen France: our brave women, ready to make any sacrifices for the motherland; our little soldiers, invincible in their determination. Let us drink then to France, to America, and to the day of ultimate victory, which is coming as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow.'

As he ceased, he stepped forward to touch glasses with each of us, — the invariable French custom, — and next moment a magnificent Chasseur band, outside on the terrace, crashed into the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' Quite thrilling, I assure you. Later, we strolled

through the stately old gardens, chatting with the officers while the band played. The general, while the most military man imaginable, has a very attractive brusque affability. We are a good-sized crowd as Americans run, and the French, who average shorter and stockier, never cease to wonder at our height. The old chap grabbed three or four of us by the shoulders and lined us up.

'Mais vous êtes des gaillards,' he said, smiling; 'see, I am five or six centimetres shorter than any of you. But wait, we have a giant or two.'

With that he called over a grinning captain and pulled him back to back with our biggest man, whom he topped by a full inch.

'But, my general,' laughed the officer, 'it is not good to be so tall — too much of one sticks out of a trench.'

The owner of the château — a stately woman of fifty, proud of her name, her race, and her country, and an angel from heaven to the sick and poor for miles around — is an example of the kind of patriotism of which, I fear, we are in need. Her husband is dead; when the war broke out she had a daughter and two sons — gallant young officers whose brief lives had been a constant source of satisfaction and pride to their mother. The elder was killed at the Marne, and a while ago, the younger, her special pet, was killed here in an attack. A woman of her kind, to whom the continuance of an old name was almost a religion, could undergo no harder experience. At the graveside she stood erect and dry-eyed, with a little proud smile on her lips, as her last boy was buried. 'Why should I weep?' she asked some one who would have comforted her; 'there is nothing finer my boys could have done if they had lived out their lives.' Her heart must be very nearly broken in two, but never a sign does

she give; going about among her hospitals and peasant families as cheerful, interested, even gay, as if her only cares were for others. There is true courage for you!

To-day I went to a new post for some sick men, and who should be waiting for me but my friend Jean, of whom I wrote you before! His company has been transferred to this place. It was great to see his grinning face and to chatter Spanish with him. As the sick men had not finished lunch, Jean asked me to his mess, and we had a jolly meal with his pals. I have had to give up wine, as it seems to blacken our teeth horribly (all of us have noticed it, and we can trace it to no other source), and the Frenchmen can't get over the joke of seeing one drink water — extraordinary stuff to drink! All right to run under bridges or for washing purposes, but as a beverage — a quaint American conceit, handed down no doubt from the red aborigines — *les peaux rouges indigènes* — of our continent. Jean admitted that since December, 1914, he had not tasted water, and no one else could remember the last occasion when he had tried it.

As word had just come from the trenches that a wounded man was on the way in, I got my helmet and we strolled down the *boyau* to meet the stretcher-bearers. It was, to me, a new section of the front and very interesting. The country is broken and hilly, and the lines zigzag about from crest to valley in the most haphazard way, which really has been painfully worked out to prevent enfilading fire. There is scarcely any fighting here, as neither side has anything to gain by an advance, which would mean giving up their present artillery positions.

In one place the *boyau* ran down a steep slope, badly exposed, and Jean said, 'Follow me on the run!' We sprinted for twenty yards, and next

moment, *tat-tat-tat-tat* came from the Boches, and little spurts of dust shot up behind us. They can never shoot quickly enough to hurt any one at this point, Jean said, but after all, 'You can't blame a fellow for trying.'

At the next turn we came on a train of the little grenade donkeys — so small that they make the tiniest Mexican burro seem a huge clumsy brute. They do not show above the shallowest trench, and each one carries two *panniers* full of grenades. These last are vicious little things of cast iron, checkered so as to burst into uniform square fragments, and about the size and shape of lemons. They make an astonishingly loud bang when they go off, and if close enough, as in a narrow trench, are pretty bad. At a little distance, of course, they are not very dangerous. In the trench warfare — raids, infantry attacks, and so forth — they seem to have supplanted rifles, just as the knife has supplanted the bayonet.

May 11, 1917.

Sunday, another lovely day. It is 7 A.M., and already the indefinable Sunday atmosphere has come over the camp. The shower-baths are open and strings of men are coming and going with towels on their arms. Under the trees little groups are shaving and cutting one another's hair, amid much practical joking and raillery.

One becomes very fond of the French soldier. Large floods of rhetoric have been poured out in describing him, and yet nearly every day one discovers in him new and interesting traits. Let me try and sketch for you a composite picture of the French infantryman — the *fantassin* who is winning the war for France. On the whole, I do not see him as a boy, but as a sturdy middle-aged man — the father of a family. He is short and solidly built, with thick calves and heavy shoulders. His round head,

on which the hair is short, crisp, and black, is surmounted by a battered blue helmet. He wears a long overcoat, looped up and buttoned at the sides, showing evidence, in several places, of home-made patching. It was once horizon blue, but has now faded to an ideally protective shade of blue-green-gray. About his middle is a worn cartridge-belt, and from either shoulder, their straps crossing on breast and back, hang his *musettes* — bags of brown canvas for carrying extra odds and ends, including everything from a bottle of wine to a dictionary. On his back is his square pack, an affair of formidable weight, to which he has lashed his rolled blanket in the form of a horseshoe, points down. Perched on top of this, he carries his *gamelle* and *quart* — the saucepan and cup which serve for both cooking and eating; and beside them you perceive with astonishment that he has strapped a large German trench torpedo — a souvenir for the home folks. From his belt hangs the tin box, painted horizon-blue, which contains his gas-mask, and on the other side his long slender bayonet rattles against his thigh.

A large calloused hand, not too clean, holds his shouldered rifle at a most unmilitary angle. The gun has seen hard service, the wood is battered, and in places bright steel shows through the bluing; but look closely and you will see that it is carefully greased, and in the muzzle a little plug of cloth keeps out dust and moisture. In spite of a load which would make a burro groan, he walks sturdily, whistling a march between puffs of a cigarette. Glance at his face. The eyes are dark gray, deep-set, and twinkling with good humor; they are the clear decisive eyes of a man who knows what he wants and has set about getting it. The nose is aquiline, the mouth strong and ironically humorous, the unshaven chin positive and

shapely. It is the face of a breed that has been settling to type for many centuries, a race old in cultivation and philosophy.

What is he in civil life? That is hard to say. A lawyer, a farmer, a custom-house clerk, a cook — probably a cook; most of them seem to be cooks, and mighty good ones. Ours at the mess was assistant *chef* at the Savoy, in London, and when he has the material (for example a hind-quarter of mule, a few potatoes, some dandelions, a tin of lobster, and an egg) he can turn out a dinner hard to equal anywhere — delicious *hors d'œuvres*, superb soup, roast, sauté potatoes, salad, and so on.

The French soldier's one great joy and privilege is to grumble. Back in billets where he goes to rest, he spends the whole day at it — hour after hour, over a book or a litre of wine, he complains of everything: the food, the uniforms, the trenches, the artillery, the war itself. To hear him, one would suppose that France was on the verge of ruin and disintegration. Let some unwise stranger make the slightest criticism of France and watch the change. The *poilu* takes the floor with a bound. There is no country like France — no better citizens or braver soldiers than the French.

'*Dis donc, mon vieux,*' he ends triumphantly, 'where would Europe be now if it were not for us?'

To be a French general is a terrible responsibility. Their ears must burn continually, for every act is criticized, picked to pieces, and proved a fatal mistake, daily, in a thousand roadside wine-shops. Some celebrity once remarked, that every French soldier was a potential general. He knew them; he was right. They are no carping destructive critics who tear things down but suggest no method of building up. On the contrary, any chance-met *poilu* will tell you exactly how any manoeuvre

or bit of strategy should be carried out — from a trench-raid to an enveloping movement, which will — he is sure of it! — net fifty thousand prisoners. In last night's *coup de main* they caught only three Germans. 'Do you know why, my friend? I will tell you. Our artillery cut the wires all right, and tapped on the front trench. Good. After that they raised their guns for the barrage, but pouf! the Boches had already run back to their dugouts in the second or third lines. Had the gunners made a barrage on the second line from the beginning, the Germans would have been forced to remain in the first line, and instead of three, we would have bagged thirty. Oh, well, we get our extra leave anyhow, and you should have heard them squeal when we dropped grenades down their stove-pipes!'

The French infantryman would drive a foreign officer mad until he began to understand him and appreciate his splendid hidden qualities. The only thing he does without grumbling is fight; and, after all, when you come to think of it, that is a rather important part of a soldier's duty.

An officer wants a new *boyau* dug — you never *heard* such grumbling and groaning and kicking. Finally, a bit put out, he says, —

'All right, don't dig it, if you are all sick and tired, and think I make you work simply to keep you busy. It was only a whim of mine anyhow — the Boches put up a new machine-gun last night, which enfilades the old *boyau*, and when day breaks and you go back to the third lines, they will doubtless put a dozen of us out of our misery.'

As if by magic the new zigzag trench is dug, and the chances are that the officer finds a supply of extra-good firewood in his *abri* next day.

In an army like France's, one finds many odd birds among the simple sol-

diers. I was playing 'shinny' (we introduced it and it has become very popular in our section) the other evening, and, when a soldier took off his coat, four thousand francs in bills dropped out of the breast pocket. Another evening, in a café, a roughly dressed soldier stood up to give us a bit of music—and for an hour the world seemed to stand still while one of the greatest violinists of France (two years at the front, twice wounded, *croix de guerre*, with several citations) made us forget that anything existed except a flood of clear throbbing sound. It was a rough, drinking crowd—a moment before there had been a pandemonium of loud voices and clattering plates; but for an hour the listeners were still as death—not a whisper, not even a hand-clap of applause. It was, I think, the finest tribute I ever saw paid a musician. And so it goes: one never knows what variety of man is hidden beneath the uniform of faded horizon-blue.

June 17, 1917.

At last I am free to sit down quietly for a letter to you. It has been a week of rather frenzied running about—passing examinations, and the like. I arrived here in the expectation of taking the first boat, crossing the continent, and seeing you.

A talk with some American officers changed the whole aspect of affairs and showed me that, if I was to be of any use, my job was to remain here. At home, it seems, men are a drug on the market—the rub is to train them and fit them in. Here, on the other hand, they fairly welcome healthy young men—and will train us and put us where we will do the most good, with the least possible delay. Don't let yourself think that flying over here is unduly hazardous—a skillful pilot (as I hope to be) has as good a chance of living to a ripe old age as his comrades

in the infantry. Numbers of them have been at it since 1914. The school where I hope to be is the finest in the world and the machines beyond praise.

Since writing the above, I have received my papers of acceptance in the Foreign Legion, conditional on passing the French physical tests. I have already passed the tests of the Franco-American Committee. Before cabling I took all the tests.

Later.

I have passed the French examination and am to leave for the school in a day or two. I have been lucky!

It was interesting at the Paris recruiting office. I stood in line with dozens of other recruits for the Foreign Legion—all of us naked as so many fish, in the dirty corridor, waiting our turns. Each man had a number: mine was seven—lucky, I think! Finally the orderly shouted, 'Numéro sept,' and I separated myself from my jolly polyglot neighbors, marched to the door, did a 'demi-tour à gauche,' and came to attention before a colonel, two captains, and a sergeant.

'Name, Nordhoff, Charles Bernard—born at London, 1887—American citizen—unmarried—no children—desires to enlist in Foreign Legion for duration of war—to be detached to the navigating personnel of the Aviation,' read the sergeant, monotonously. In two minutes I had been weighed, measured, stethoscoped, ears and eyes tested, and passed.

The colonel looked at me coldly and turned to the captain.

'Not so bad, this one, *hein?* He has not the head of a beast.'

I bowed with all the dignity a naked man can muster, and said respectfully, 'Merci, mon colonel.'

'Ah, you speak French,' he rejoined with a smile; 'good luck, then, my American.'

SCANDINAVIAN CROSS-CURRENTS

BY CHRISTIAN L. LANGE

It is only too natural that Scandinavia appears a unity when looked at from the other side of the Atlantic. The distance suffices to efface, more or less, the rather important divergencies between the three nations making up Scandinavia: Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Nor can it be denied that they are very closely related: the same anthropological type is prevailing; the three small peoples have succeeded in maintaining a high level of economic efficiency and cultural development; their languages, though each of them is possessed of a distinct individual character, are so nearly related that no interpreter is needed between them: a Dane, a Norwegian, a Swede can speak each his own language in a common assembly, and the others will understand easily enough. The same capital facts have influenced the historical development of the three nations, though in different degrees of intensity: the expeditions of the Vikings; Protestant Reform; the constitutional and parliamentary movements of modern times.

The capital fact of geographical proximity must needs draw these three national communities together during the overwhelming crisis of the world-war. A feeling of solidarity of interests, which was considerable already before the war, has been intensified by the aspect of the universal calamity. One object has been common to the policies of governments and statesmen in the three countries: that every effort should be made to avoid internecine warfare in Scandinavia.

On August, 16, 1914, a fortnight after the Black Sunday on the morning of which the world awoke to the news of the German declaration of war against Russia and realized that Armageddon had opened, a noteworthy ceremony took place on the frontier between Norway and Sweden. A monument was unveiled to commemorate a centenary of unbroken peace within Scandinavia, and an undertaking was entered into, all the more solemn because of the surrounding conditions, that no more should any of the Scandinavian peoples carry arms against another.

It was realized very clearly even then that it would be an essential condition of success for such a policy that none of the three nations should become implicated in the world-war: a policy *neutrality* for all was indispensable. As a review of the situation will show, the outlook on the war and on the problems it raises, is far from identical for all the three nations. Looked at from afar, they may fade into unity. When we examine their situation more closely, we shall soon see that the geographical position, no less than the economic interests of each, tends to impose on them considerably divergent policies. Their historic antecedents, in part also a somewhat different political and social organization, are likewise likely to give a somewhat different tinge to their conception of 'Neutrality.'

It is perhaps a big question whether in this war, raising problems so grave as to force everybody to a thorough searching of heart, neutrality of feel-

ing is possible. There is great strength in the sentiment prevailing on both sides, which proclaims in no uncertain voice, that whosoever is not with me is against me. Personally I am inclined to believe that no one, in his heart of hearts, is really neutral. But it is certainly possible — though not an easy or a grateful task — to be neutral in action and public declarations. If the Scandinavian nations have adopted a policy of strict neutrality, the chief reason is to be found in the fact just mentioned, that every other policy would in all probability have brought about inter-Scandinavian war; at any rate, this was so during the first three years.

Another potent motive for such a policy of abstention is that none of the three kingdoms is possessed of territorial ambitions. It is true that there is a Danish *irredenta* in North Slesvig, and to a certain extent there may perhaps be said to be a Swedish *irredenta* in Finland; but in neither of these two countries is national sentiment prepared to take a war in order to obtain satisfaction for these desires — in so far as they exist. War would entail perpetual enmity with powerful neighboring empires; the consequence of liberation of these territories *through war* would be to impose on Denmark and Sweden respectively enormous burdens for military expense, and probably their permanent allegiance to a certain group of powers; and, what is of paramount importance, the two countries would then belong to *different* groups of powers, and Scandinavian solidarity would become compromised beyond remedy. I propose now to review the dominant sentiments in each of the three countries separately.

ANTI-GERMAN DENMARK

That the Danish national feeling is overwhelmingly anti-German can survive VOL. 121 - NO. 1

prise nobody: North Slesvig is Danish land. It is true that sober historical judgment puts severe blame on the then Danish government for its handling of the situation as against Prussia and Austria in 1864; and there can hardly be any doubt that Denmark might have preserved, at any rate, the part of Slesvig where the Danish language is spoken. This, however, cannot acquit Prussia and Bismarck of their responsibility: territory was taken from another state, the possession of which is of no economic or strategical importance to Prussia; the promise given in 1866 of a consultation of the inhabitants in North Slesvig by plebiscite as to their wishes was highhandedly canceled without Denmark or the Danes in Slesvig being asked their opinion;¹ and some 200,000 Danes have been subjected for more than fifty years to an exceedingly hard and illiberal rule — Prussian administration in its most odious form.

This was bound to leave a profound mark in the Danish mind. The reports from the brethren in the South, of their sufferings and their hopes for the future, of their unremitting struggle to preserve, for themselves and for their children, the use of the Danish language, contributed to hold open the sore: it was never forgotten, and literary and scientific documents of high quality bear witness to the intensity of this sentiment, no less than to the conscientiousness with which the problem has been treated by the Danes.

On the other hand, intimate economic relations had been developed with Great Britain. During the last generations, in consequence of the competition created by the imports to Europe

¹ It should be said that two thirds of Slesvig is pure German. The Danish grievance, therefore, applies only — from the racial point of view — to a third of Slesvig, called by the Danes South Jutland. — THE AUTHOR.

of sea-borne cereals, the Danish peasant, with high ability, has transformed his country from a cornfield into a dairy-farm. He has industrialized agriculture, and instead of breadstuffs, Denmark is now exporting butter and meat. This has opened up new routes of trade. Denmark has become the pantry of London and of industrial North England. This, of course, has influenced the ways of thinking too; ties of sympathies and of financial connections unite Denmark with the West.

The outbreak of the war fanned the anti-German sentiment in Denmark into hot flame. The tragic fate of Belgium intensified the feeling of antipathy against the military oligarchy of Prussia, under whose heel Denmark had found itself fifty years before.

But there was no question of taking part in the war. On the contrary, 'absolute neutrality' became the watchword. It so happened that a Radical government, supported by the Socialists, was in power when war broke out. Within these parties new ways of thinking had developed as to the foreign relations of Denmark.

In the years following 1864, the feeling that Germany was too strong for Denmark to think of entering the lists against her on account of the Slesvig question was consciously developed by the Radical and Socialist parties, both of them frankly anti-militaristic. But, because the Radical party was in power when war broke out, it was itself, so to speak, forced by the popular feeling of anti-Germanism prevailing in the country to observe a less pronounced attitude, in order to keep up a certain balance.

The Danish government has shown high ability both in its interior and in its foreign policy. With great foresight it effected an arrangement at the very beginning of the war with the two leading antagonists, England and Germany,

which allowed the Danish export to each of these two countries to continue according to the same ratio as before the war. The blockade policy and the more and more stringent rationing of the neutrals on the part of England and America has of course caused great inconvenience to Denmark, but there are no signs that this has modified the dominant feelings with regard to the war. On the contrary, the cruelty of German submarine war has rather intensified the anti-German sentiment.

Much stress has been laid on the somewhat curious fact that Danish socialism seems decidedly pro-German. It is, however, more so in appearance than in reality; and at any rate the phenomenon can be easily explained. More or less Continental Social Democracy is of German origin, and in no country is this so evident as in Denmark: the Danish leaders have almost exclusively their relation in Berlin. The *Vorwärts* is the source of their inspiration. The pronounced anti-Germanism of the 'classes' in Denmark brought these leaders of the 'masses' to consider it their duty to lay before the Danish public the 'other' point of view, and imperceptibly they have perhaps been carrying this to rather extreme manifestations. Common to Radicals and Socialists is a certain disillusion as to the sincerity of the representatives of the Great Powers. It is a favorite saying among them that the chief difference between the Central Powers and the Entente is that the former have not yet acquired the consummate ability of the latter to use fine and high-sounding phrases. Nay, the brutal sincerity of German statesmen is even a merit in their eyes: there is no 'hypocrisy' about it. This is a kindred feeling to the one which found expression in Georg Brandes's reply to Clemenceau's appeal for sympathy from Denmark. 'Denmark fifty years ago appealed to England

and France for sympathy and help in its fight against the Germanic powers. The reply was — neutrality.'

At bottom there can be no doubt as to dominant feeling in Denmark on the war: it is on the side of the Allies. But the exposed situation of the country, its weak military defense, would make it so easy a prey to an attack from the south, that there is practically no disposition whatever to take part in the war. The trophy that might seduce the Danish nation, the re-union of 200,000 Danes, hardly any one thinks it possible to obtain by war. South Jutland won through war would mean enduring enmity with Germany. This Denmark cannot risk. Her hope is that the settlement after the war might entail, as an application of new principles of International Law, the reentry of the Danes of Slesvig into the Danish political community. Denmark has received abundant proof that the conditions during the war of the youth in Slesvig called to German colors have been so dreadful and tragical that they have only two alternatives before them: re-union with Denmark, or emigration. In Prussia they can no longer stay.

No wonder that Denmark is looking with wistful eyes to the future. With the coming of peace a great problem will lie before the nation. During the war democracy has come into its own: electoral reform has been accomplished, but the new rules have not yet been put into practice. It will therefore in part be a new parliament which will have to decide the Danish attitude toward this grave question, if ever it is raised.

PRO-ALLY NORWAY

In Norway the situation is perhaps simpler than in any other neutral country: public opinion is decidedly pro-Ally. None of the political parties has had any inclination toward the Central

Powers, as may in a certain sense be said about the Danish Socialists; nor has any other important body of public opinion rallied to the German cause. The practical unanimity of Norwegian sentiment is all the more striking as Norway, perhaps with the single exception of Spain, finds itself in a more detached position toward the war than any other European nation. It is more removed than most of the small European nations from the area of hostilities. It has no outstanding difficulty with any of the Great Powers. Its territorial integrity had been guaranteed (in 1907) by France, Germany, Great Britain, and Russia, — that is to say, by powers in both camps, — and Norway could boast of excellent relations with all of them. Intimate economic connections existed, not only with the Western countries, but also with Germany: Hamburg was the emporium for Norwegian commerce in colonial produce; and shipbuilding, one of the staple industries of Norway, got its chief material, the iron plates, from German factories. If Norwegian political and intellectual life for the last century was under the influence of impulses from England, America, and France, religious feeling and scientific life got their inspiration from Germany.

Norway is the most pronouncedly democratic country in Europe, democratic not only politically, but — what is much more important and far-reaching — also in a social and economic sense. And Norway is a small country, the smallest, so far as population goes, except Luxemburg and Montenegro.

The wanton attack on Belgian neutrality by the Prussian military oligarchy determined Norwegian public opinion. It revealed what a little country could be exposed to at the hands of a state in which power, military and political, belongs to a caste. Norwegian democracy in no uncertain voice

declared against Prusso-German oligarchy and its military policy.

But, as in the case of Denmark, there was no disposition to enter the war. Norway is absolutely without any territorial ambition, so its participation would have been exclusively an expression of its conviction as to the rights and wrongs of the conflict. Bigger powers hesitated before such a decision. There is no doubt that in the case of Norway entry into the war would have entailed terrible hardship and misery on the country, while no appreciable advantage would have accrued to the Allies.

Public opinion, therefore, absolutely approved a policy of neutrality, in favor of which, besides, was a motive already mentioned — the consideration of inter-Scandinavian relations.

Of course, Norway has not been altogether without its pro-German elements. In certain cases, family connections, financial or business ties, have been too strong to permit a pro-Ally attitude. To some persons Germany and German civilization have been so important a ferment of their spiritual development; they feel themselves so indebted to inspiration from German philosophy or literature, from German science or industrial skill, that they cannot refuse their sympathy to the German nation or to German policy. The strongest incitement to wholehearted sympathy, at any rate with some persons of a conservative and skeptical outlook on life, has perhaps been a subtle feeling that Germany is after all the chief pillar of the principle of authority in political and social affairs; that with the overthrow of Germany democracy and insubordination would reign supreme in Europe.

It is perhaps necessary to mention also that some few literary men (best known among them the author Knut Hamsun) have expressed strong pro-

German sympathies. Perhaps the explanation nearest to the mark with these personalities would be a certain love of paradox and of opposition à tout prix to average opinion, to the views of the man in the street.

Various as are the motives of this pro-German attitude, it would be a mistake to believe that this section of Norwegian opinion is numerically important. I have heard pro-Germans themselves estimate their number at five, or even at two per cent! And the development of German policy as against Norway has inevitably tended to reducing their number and making them less loud-voiced.

Norway has learned during the war how difficult is the path of neutrality. The extensive shipping trade, which has made Norwegian sailors the carriers of the world, has created many problems for the leaders of Norwegian foreign policy, and at different times rather serious conflicts have arisen both with Germany and with England. The stringency of the blockade declared by the latter power has entailed serious inconvenience both to exports and imports, no less than to the shipping interests. This could hardly but create irritation against the blockading power, at any rate in the circles most concerned, shippers and merchants. But this feeling never spread to the people at large, although they felt the consequences of the long delays of Norwegian ships in foreign ports, in the form of inflated prices on all foreign goods — a most serious fact in a country so dependent on oversea imports as Norway. The pro-Ally sentiment was not abated, even when England, in consequence of some disagreement with the Norwegian government, stopped the import of coal and coke to the country, certainly a drastic measure during the cold season.

On the other hand, difficulties have

not been wanting with Germany. The inhuman submarine war has brought tragic losses to Norway, losses not only in ships, but also in human lives. Almost seven hundred Norwegian sailors have found their deaths by German submarines or mines, some of them even by direct shots as they tried to save themselves in the lifeboats. The sinking of valuable tonnage means a serious menace to one of the chief trades of Norway. The shipowners may not lose their capital, for the ships are of course insured; but the shipbuilding trade not being able by far to fill the gaps, very many of them already now find themselves unable to maintain their business.

Besides, the costly freights and enormous insurance premiums have still more inflated the prices of all articles of consumption; all salaries have risen enormously. There is probably no country in the world where life is at present so expensive as in Norway, and Norwegian public opinion does not hesitate to put the chief blame on the submarine war.

Resentment against Germany has been running high, and it culminated when in June last the police discovered that a German diplomatic courier had been carrying bombs to Christiania under the seals of the German Foreign Office, and that these most dangerous objects had been stored in different places within the city for weeks and months. This discovery put an end, practically speaking, to what might still be left of pro-German sentiment in Norway.

ANTI-RUSSIAN SWEDEN

From the middle of last century a strong anti-Russian sentiment dominated Swedish public opinion. In Swedish eyes Russia figures as the insatiable conquering power, continually on the lookout for expansion; and the

indefensible Russian policy against Finland, with which secular ties of common traditions, in part also of common language, united Sweden, furnished potent arguments for such a view. At first Sweden had looked out for, and also found, support with the Western Powers, which fought Tsardom in the Crimean War. Later, especially from the beginning of the present century, which saw the *rapprochement* between Russia and England, Sweden became more and more attracted into the orbit of German diplomacy.

When the world-war broke out, Sweden had just passed through a fierce conflict over problems of military preparedness, a conflict which assumed at times a pronounced political character. The Liberal government in power had been ousted in the spring of 1914 by a seemingly popular movement, engineered with great skill by the Conservatives, but whose chief force was Royalty itself. King Gustavus succeeded in forming a government of his own, whose only task should be the reorganization of the defense of the country; it was contended that these interests would have been gravely compromised had the Liberal government been maintained; and the great argument for strengthening the defenses of the country was always the Russian danger.

Such was the origin of the later so famous Hammarskjöld Ministry. Proclaimed as a 'national' government, it was in fact the King's ministry. Its duration was said to be expressly limited to the period necessary to carry out its military reform programme. Because war broke out even before the government had really set about its task, it stayed in power for three full years (February, 1914, to April, 1917).

At the general elections which took place in the autumn of 1914, the Swedes renewed their declaration of allegiance to the two democratic parties; and the

Socialists especially made very important gains at the polls. In the popular Chamber they numbered 87 members and their allies, the Liberals, 57; while the Conservatives, who had been fighting for the Hammarskjöld government, got 86 seats. It is true that in the Upper Chamber the Conservatives were possessed of a large majority; but in the joint votes of the two houses prescribed, in case of difference of views between them, for all votes of credits or of ways and means, the Liberals and Socialists among them had a narrow majority.

Everything therefore seemed to prescribe a change of government. It did not take place, because of the peculiarity of the situation in Sweden as to the world-war.

When war broke out, fear of Russia rose to its highest pitch. An attack on North Sweden was generally anticipated, especially by the higher classes. It did not take place, but the fears had been so strong that the political consequences were quite as important as if it had come. The whole of the landed aristocracy, of the court, of the higher administration, of the military and naval officers, not only declared their sympathies for Germany, but openly advocated what they called an active neutrality, active in the interest of Germany as against Russia and the democratic powers of Western Europe. The last point of view is not unimportant: as the Swedish Conservatives realized that their political power was threatened, their sympathies for Germany, and especially for Prussia as the apparently impregnable stronghold of conservatism, only became more intense. Moreover, the landed aristocracy had not a few affinities and ties of parentage with the Prussian Junkers. Finally, a cleverly led German propaganda obtained great influence in Sweden from the very beginning of the war.

It is true that this fraction was numerically an unimportant element of the Swedish nation. Socially, however, they exercised a far greater influence than their numbers and weight should entitle them to, and through their connections at court and in the royal family itself, they were able to gain political power. The crisis of February, 1914, had shown that the King might be able, eventually, to play a personal part, and even to supersede a government supported by a parliamentary majority.

This explains the uneasiness felt both by the government itself and by the Riksdag. The government, which was far from 'activist,' so little felt sure of its being able to steer a clear course of neutrality, that it concluded an arrangement with Norway, stipulating that, even if either of the countries were implicated in the war, this should, under no conditions, entail hostilities between them. Because of their geographical situation, this in fact amounts to a sort of anti-war-insurance: neither of the countries would be a useful ally to one or the other group of the belligerents when the frontier between them is considered as inviolable.

The arrangement was entered into at the request of the Swedish government, a fact which was taken by the Riksdag as a proof of the honest intention of the government to follow a neutral policy. The consequence was that the relations between the two authorities were eased to a certain extent, and the Liberal-Socialist majority of the Riksdag preferred that the Hammarskjöld government, even though conservative in complexion, should remain in power, because it would probably be better able to control the 'activists' than a government toward which the latter would feel no obligations whatever. The irresponsible agitation of the spring of 1914 had shown to what

lengths the Conservatives might go against their political antagonists.

It was generally supposed that, during the first part of the war, the Swedish people was equally divided in its sympathies. I am disposed to think that the friends of Germany have been in an actual minority from the very beginning. But they have been noisy, and, in high position, able to play a very dominant part.

The course of events during the war has steadily tended to diminish the influence of the 'Activists' on Swedish public opinion. Their chief argument, it must be remembered, was the 'Russian danger'; and the government, through extensive military preparations, showed that it shared these apprehensions. It is known that not the slightest symptom has been forthcoming, proving a disposition on the part of Russia to attack the Scandinavian kingdoms. This must be said to be a decisive proof that those circles in Scandinavia were right which maintained that the Russian danger was nothing but a bogey. For if ever the temptation was great for Russian imperialism to try and obtain access to the open sea in the northwest, it must have been during this war, when the Baltic and the Black Sea were both blockaded.

As the 'activist' sentiment had chiefly been living on the threat of Russian danger, this circumstance could not but tell heavily against it. But another cloud was constantly gathering — Finland. The continual, or at any rate recurring, Russian defeats in the war inspired new hopes in the Finnish patriots of a liberation of their country. Some of them even established connections with the Germans, and several youths from Finland went to Germany to be trained for officers and leaders of the national rebellion. As these sentiments were chiefly represented in the Swedish-speaking part of Finland, Stockholm became

naturally the intermediary between the insurrectionary elements in Finland and the Germans. At certain epochs an outbreak of rebellion was expected in Finland; and I know that leading Swedes feared that a wave of generosity in favor of the Finns might carry Sweden into war against Russia at the side of Finland. Fortunately for Sweden and for the peace of Scandinavia, with the Russian revolution, which opened to Finland, as well as to Russia itself, a new vista of liberation in peace and through negotiations, the last foundation for an 'activist' policy in Sweden vanished. But unfortunately, the way in which the Hammarskjöld government handled the foreign policy of the country had caused serious friction with the Entente powers.

Everything seems to indicate that the government from the beginning had had the best intention of following a sincerely neutral policy. But the circumstances were too strong for them. The geographical situation of Sweden, the intimate connections of the court with Germany, the dependence of the government on royalty, the temptations offered to Swedish exports in the form of fabulous prices paid by the Germans — all tended to give to Swedish neutrality a rather pro-German tinge. There is no doubt, however, that the Socialist leader, Hjalmar Branting, has been voicing the sentiments of the majority of Swedes when he, while steadily advocating neutrality, has put the blame for the war on the Central Powers. The pro-Germans were a minority, but they decided the official policy of the country.

At length this entailed such serious consequences to the country, imports from the West practically stopping, that a change of government had to take place.

In May, 1917, the Hammarskjöld government was succeeded by the

Swartz-Lindman ministry, whose task it should be to obtain an arrangement with England as to imports. It is very characteristic of the situation that even now a Conservative government was formed, Lindman, the Foreign Minister, being the leader of the party in the Riksdag, and all of the members also Conservatives, though without any 'activist' leanings. Even in 1917 the Liberal-Socialist majority did not insist on taking office themselves, and the Conservatives were quite willing to take the risk. Perhaps the reason was that they did not wish their opponents to inquire too closely to what extent the administration had entertained relations with Germany. The recent disclosures of the cables from Argentine make this suspicion legitimate at any rate.

The recent elections have shown the real situation in the country. The Conservatives willing to uphold the present foreign policy have dwindled from 86 to 58, while the opposition has grown from 144 to 172 — a majority of three fourths in the popular Chamber. In their internal policy the Conservatives can probably count on 12 more votes, representing two small peasant groups; but even here their minority is barely one third. Everything seems to point to the definitive advent of political democracy in Sweden through the reform of the Upper Chamber.

Thus the conditions of a united democratic front will be created in the three Scandinavian countries, and this cannot but have a beneficent reaction on their coöperation in foreign affairs.

SCANDINAVIAN COÖPERATION

When war broke out, considerable resentment against Norway still reigned in Sweden: the dissolution of the Union in 1905 was not yet forgotten. The common danger of the war blotted

out the last remnants of this feeling, and it was the Swedish King himself who took the initiative of Scandinavian coöperation. In November, 1914, he invited the two other sovereigns, Haakon of Norway and Christian of Denmark, to meet him at Malmoe. This has been until recently the only interview of the monarchs. But three subsequent meetings of the prime ministers and foreign secretaries have taken place — symptoms strong enough of the growing sense of solidarity between the three nations.

The practical, tangible results of this coöperation should not be exaggerated. Even as among these three countries, so proximately situated, so intimately connected by common traditions, it soon appeared that the violent storm of the war attacks them from different sides and forces them into divergent attitudes.

Therefore we also see how few and far between are the common Scandinavian declarations or protests. Perhaps this divergence is best explained by the different outlook on the war of the three governments, as I have tried to describe it in the preceding pages. This difference of views has at any rate tended to circumscribe very narrowly the field of action: only in a policy of strict neutrality has it been possible to find the common denominator. And even this policy has to some observers looked suspicious enough. The Scandinavian coöperation had been opened at the initiative of Sweden; the appearance of a certain Swedish hegemony could hardly be avoided, because Sweden alone has more inhabitants than the two other countries put together. This has created the impression in some quarters that Scandinavian coöperation had certain German affinities, — an impression, however, completely false.

On the other hand, the change of government in Sweden, through which pro-

Germanism will be completely eliminated, will, as has just been said, prepare a still sounder basis for Scandinavian coöperation, and other fields of work may be opened. Initiatives in this direction are not wanting. Thus the chambers of commerce and similar organizations of the three countries have just discussed possibilities of closer coöperation as to currency, and even in respect of tariffs.

The calamity of the world-war, with its sufferings and losses, has certainly drawn the three nations together. Although in a lesser degree than the belligerents, they have felt very hard what war means. The military burdens laid upon them have been heavy, entailing financial liabilities under which the budgets of the future will suffer for years to come. The entire population is groaning under high prices, and the coming winter threatens to bring cruel want of the necessities of life.

The Scandinavian nations realize very clearly, however, that they do not suffer as the belligerents themselves; and their sympathies and active help have not been refused to the martyr nations. Especially the appeals in favor of Belgium have been met with a free response.

Hitherto the affairs of each nation have been considered as strictly national and not pertaining to the domain of the others. The war has shown that this principle, anarchic and destructive, can only lead to perdition; and in the Scandinavian countries this has been very clearly recognized. In all of the three countries the movement working for the formation of a league

of nations on the basis of International Law has made considerable headway during the war. Especially the common meetings of the three national groups of the Interparliamentary Union, held during the war, have educated public opinion and have been working on the governments. At their initiative the governments have been trying to organize a common work on the part of all the European neutrals, in order to discuss the means of laying the basis of a lasting peace, founded on justice and guaranteed by a common will and by common institutions.

The Scandinavian nations have no illusions as to their power to enforce such a solution on the nations now at war. Their whole-hearted support of any effort bending toward the goal of a durable peace must only be taken as a symptom of what is certainly their *dominant* sentiment on the war: that this terrible crisis should at any rate bring home to all nations the futility and criminality of international war.

Several of our best minds hope and believe that, if the Scandinavian countries succeed in maintaining to the end their neutrality in the war, they may perhaps in future serve as a common meeting-ground for efforts toward a wider international coöperation, perhaps as an intermediary in the exchange of scientific and industrial, of artistic and literary experiences, which, during the first years of resentment, it will perhaps not be possible to arrange through direct channels.

In this high mission of humanity Denmark, Norway, and Sweden would find a special field of action.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE WAR

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THE invasion of Belgium gave the world a shock like the slipping of the earth's crust. It was an earthquake which had been silently maturing for centuries; and when it came it shook the globe to the centre. Every one knew, when he felt that oscillation, that the future of humanity was at stake.

The declaration by the Germans that their will was law rang with a note of defiance toward Creation: it was an attack upon every man. Moreover, it was blasphemy. It rent the inner veil in the breast of many a man who knew little of Germany, and little of religion. Not the sage only, but the man in the street, had a vision: a spasm ran through him. He was frightened, to be sure; but he was more awed than terrified, for he felt within himself that the powers of the universe were rising to meet a crisis.

Those powers soon made themselves felt. The great crash of evil was followed by a counter-crash of sanctity and heroism — of faith in every form. The regeneration of the world did not wait for the end of the war, but began at once. France became, within a fortnight, the image of Joan of Arc. Unsuspected heroes and heroines flocked to the scene of conflict from distant lands. The sight of innocent suffering aroused in onlookers a pity which turned in many cases into sublime passion, and which in every case increased the intellect, generosity, courage, and unselfishness of those who felt it.

The world-war began thus suddenly

with the satanic announcement that might makes right, — as clear a statement of the proposition as ever was made, — followed by a spontaneous roar of denial from peoples in whom the instinct of self-preservation rose to meet the challenge. It was the metaphysical element, — the *claim* of the Germans, — rather than their brute power, that awakened the antagonism of the world. Man's nature vibrated to its roots against their idea. That idea is Self-Will. The instinctive piety of man abhors it. The mythology of every race condemns it. Self-will is, and has always been, the quintessence of Evil.

The struggle between good and evil, which is generally invisible and can be apprehended only by instinct, has been dramatized by the war, and the whole world has become the stage of a miracle play. Humanity enacts its great allegory. The size and expense of it are appalling, but the substance of it is familiar, and the vividness of it casts into the shade everything heretofore seen upon the earth.

One after another, nations are being stirred into the drama; and as they go, they pass by natural law into the two camps of good and evil. Nay, the passage is easy; for in every country the two camps exist already. The ignorant, the weak, the timid, — all who are already being exploited by some form of autocracy, greed, or ambition, — become natural vassals of the larger tyranny. Their leaders take service secretly or openly under the Kaiser's banner, and the subjects are delivered

over to their new master without being aware of the transfer. They go by a chemical affinity to the aid of their cause.

But the dissolving process of nature does not stop here. The individuals of every nation are being analyzed, torn asunder, divided by the claims of new allegiances, drawn toward the light, pushed toward evil, purged or damned — and effectively replaced in their relation to the universal problem.

If the power of Evil has never been so manifest in the world before as to-day, the power of God has never been so apparent. As for America, she has become a new land. The very first camp at Plattsburg was filled with the flames of religious fervor. It resembled an old-fashioned camp-meeting. But the camp at Plattsburg was merely a spark from the kind of fire that was kindling through the whole nation. Our press, our social intercourse, our letters, our standards of thought, speech, and conduct have been vitalized by the war.

Immediately upon the invasion of Belgium our newspapers showed a clearness and profundity of thought, and an eloquence which can hardly be matched in the history of popular literature. They became beacons to the people. The full publicity which they gave to all the German propaganda, knowing that the German arguments would defeat their own cause, showed an absolute faith in popular education — a faith which was justified. While the response of America seemed slow, it was steady, it was powerful. The leadership of the thoughtful classes was accepted. The solidarity of the country was revealed. Intellect triumphed. I doubt whether history can show any case of the triumph of intellect in a democracy as remarkable as was the acceptance of conscription by the American people when they saw that war

was upon them. They reversed one of the most deeply grounded traditions of their race and history, as it were, in a night, because they saw that both justice and common sense required the change.

Since that time every day has shown fresh examples of the intelligence which enables our democracy to improvise whatever shifts the times demand. Experts appear among us who know exactly how many Liberty Bonds each town can absorb on a given date. The work is done by voluntary effort. If the Y.M.C.A. needs thirty-five million dollars, the hundred million Americans are canvassed in a week. Where is the bureau, the system, the red-tape of this gigantic collection? The machinery appears and disappears as required, and by a kind of magic.

These popular 'war drives' have done more toward unifying our people than mere speechmaking could ever have done. Their political value is even greater than their financial value, and they have been conducted with consummate ability by the men who happened to be in control of our industry. These big business men — men whose whole training and purpose had apparently been commercial — have become spiritual leaders, guides who are striving to save the people from their own weaknesses and to wean us from idolatry.

Old truths which had come to be regarded as the vague intimations of religion, or as the dreams of saints, are now received on all hands as common fact. The mystics have always told us that every private act carried its consequence to the life of all men and to the future of humanity. But whoever thought that a man would say to us, 'Drop that piece of white bread which you are raising to your lips! The fate of the world five hundred years hence is at stake'?

It is the great pain which we have passed through, and are still in the midst of, which has opened our eyes and sharpened our ears till we understand many things which were formerly thought to be paradox. Nothing else except pain ever revealed these things to mankind. The world's religious literature has been the fruit and outcome of suffering. Therefore it is that the meaning of psalm, poem, and tragedy blossoms in the breast of persons who are passing through any great anguish. Around such persons dark walls of despair arise and cut off the view of the natural world. And next, these walls themselves become transparent and a new landscape opens—not wholly new either, but freshly seen. Grief is a perspective glass; and any great national peril consolidates men's minds into heroic clairvoyance and makes an epoch of vision.

To-day we are living in a time not merely of national, but of world peril, and the visions of all history are drawn to a single focus. It is an era of prophecy and the prophets, and things are

valued in terms of the spirit. Life and death are viewed as parts of a single scheme. The inordinate value set on life during periods of prosperity vanished when the hostilities began. The deepest moral mystery of the world, the mystery of sacrifice, was recognized, understood and acted upon by every one as a matter of course; and a wholesome glow came over humanity in consequence. The average soul was turned right-side-out for the first time in its experience; and all the forms of 'conversion' with which philosophy has wrestled for centuries were found beside the hearth and in the market-place. Indeed the sacred symbols and hieroglyphics of prophetic literature—the treasured wisdom of the past—are no longer cryptic. Their banners hang from every window. There is a rejuvenescence in the streets.

No one can tell how long the war may endure; sometimes it seems as if the struggle might burn on for a generation. Yet we know that the faith it has evoked will outlast it, and will shine in the life of the world forever.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FURNACE AND I

SUMMER is the favorite time to advertise furnaces, for, although a pacifist might argue that being prepared for cold weather encourages frost, the practical persons who make and sell heating plants are firm believers in preparedness. They produce diagrams and pictures, showing how *their* furnace bisects the coal bill, and how easily a pretty child can run it from the front hall.

But my furnace is different. I defy the prettiest child imaginable to run it. Indeed, in a strict sense, I defy anybody to run it; for this furnace has a mind of its own and an odd ambition to behave like a thermometer. On a warm day it goes up, on a cold day it goes down; in zero weather it takes all the time of a determined man to head it off from becoming a large, 'inconvenient refrigerator. As for bisecting coal bills, the creature *likes* coal. I have even

thought that it uttered strange, self-congratulatory, happy noises whenever there occurred a rise in the price of its favorite edible.

Before meeting this furnace I had lived in apartments, and my mental conception of a ton of coal had been as of something enormous, sufficient to heat the average house a month. A furnace was to me a remote mystery operated by a high priest called 'janitor,' whom I vaguely connected with the lines of Smollett, —

Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell;
Nor the gaunt, growling janitor of Hell.

I took my heat as a matter of course. If I wanted more of it, I spoke warmly to the janitor through a speaking tube, and — after a while — there was more heat. If I wanted less, I spoke to him coldly, in the same distant, godlike way, and — after a while — there was less heat. In neither case, I discovered, did an ordinary tone of voice get any result whatever; and, although a fat man himself, he sometimes growled back through the tube very much like the gaunt specimen mentioned by Smollett. But I gave little thought to him. I had what is called an 'intelligent idea' that to produce more heat he opened a 'draft,' and to reduce heat he closed it, the effect of a draft on a furnace being just the opposite to its effect on a janitor. At night he 'shook the furnace down,' in the morning he 'shook the furnace up.' One gathers such knowledge casually, without conscious effort or realization. I had in fact no more curiosity about the furnace than about the sun, for I seemed as unlikely to run one heater as the other.

Then, like many another man who has lived in apartments, I turned suburbanite. I had a furnace, and I had to run it myself. How well I remember that autumn day when I started my first furnace fire!

There sat the monster on the floor of the cellar, impassive as Buddha and apparently holding up the house with as many arms as an octopus — hollow arms through which presently would flow the genial heat. I peeked cautiously through a little door into his stomach, and marveled at its hollow immensity. I reached in till my arm ached — and my hand dangled in empty space. But my intelligence told me that there must be a bottom. Crumpling a newspaper into a great wad, I dropped it down, down into the monster's gullet, where it vanished forever. I crumpled and dropped another; I continued, until at last — oh, triumph of mind and industry over incalculable depth! — I *saw newspaper*, and had something tangible on which to erect a pyre of kindlings. Where I could reach I laid them crosswise, and where I could n't I tossed them in at varying angles, gaining skill with practice.

'It is like a great wooden nest!' cried I in astonishment. 'Now I know why the coal I have bought for my furnace is called "egg."'

I lit the fire and made a grand smoke.

It rose through the kindlings; it piled out through the little door; it hung like great cobwebs to the roof of the cellar. With great presence of mind I hastily closed the little door and ran lightly up the cellar-stairs. The smoke had preceded me; it got there first through the registers; and more was coming.

I met a woman.

'Is the house afire?' she asked excitedly.

I calmed her.

'It is *not*,' I replied quietly, in a matter-of-course way. 'When you start a fire for the winter it always smokes a little.'

We opened the windows. We went outside and looked at the house. It leaked smoke through every crevice except, curiously enough, the chimney.

Ah-h-h-h-h! I saw what had happened. I groped my way to the cellar and opened the back damper. Now the smoke went gladly up the chimney, and the view through the little door was at once beautiful and awful: it was like looking into the heart of an angry volcano. Evidently it was time to lay the eggs on the nest.

I shoveled the abyss full of coal, and the volcano became extinct. Presently, instead of a furnace full of fire, I had a furnace full of egg coal. I began taking it out, egg by egg, at first with my fingers and then with the tongs from the dining-room fireplace. And when the woman idly questioned me as to what I was going to do down cellar with the tongs, I bit my lip.

To the man who runs it (an absurd term as applied to a thing that has no legs and weighs several tons) the furnace is his first thought in the morning and his last thought at night. His calendar has but two seasons — winter, when the furnace is going; and summer, when the furnace is out. But in summer his thoughts are naturally more philosophical. He sees how profoundly this recent invention (which he is not at the time running) has changed man's attitude toward nature.

I am, of course, not referring to those furnaces which are endowed with more than the average human intelligence; those superfurnaces which are met with in the advertisements, which shake themselves down, shovel their own coal, carry and sift their own ashes, regulate their own draughts, and, if they do not actually order and pay for their own coal, at least consume it as carefully as if they did.

With a furnace like mine a man experiences all the emotions of which he is capable. He loves, he hates, he admires, he despises, he grieves, he exults. There have been times when I have felt like patting my furnace; and again,

times when I have slammed his little door and spoken words to him far, far hotter than the fire that smouldered and refused to burn in his bowels. I judge from what I have read that taming a wild animal must be a good deal like taming a furnace, with one important exception: the wild-animal-tamer never loses his temper or the beast would kill him; but a furnace, fortunately for suburban mortality, cannot kill its tamer.

When his furnace happens to be good-natured, however, a man will often find the bedtime hour with it pleasant and even enjoyable. He descends, humming or whistling, to the cellar; and the subsequent shaking and shoveling is, after all, no more than a healthy exercise which he would not otherwise take and which will make him sleep better. He is friendly with this rotund, coal-eating giant; he regards it almost like a big baby which he is putting to bed — or, at least, he *might* so regard it if putting a baby to bed was one of his recognized pleasures.

But, oh, what a difference in the morning! He awakes in the dark, startled perhaps from some pleasant dream by the wild alarm-m-m-m of a clock under his pillow; and outside the snug island of warmth on which he lies, the Universe stretches away in every direction, above, below, and on every side of him, cold, dreary, and unfit for human habitation, to and beyond the remotest star. In that cold Universe how small he is! — how warm and how weak! Instantly he thinks of the furnace, and the remotest star seems near by comparison. The thought of getting up and going down cellar seems as unreal as the thought of getting up and going to meet the sun at that pale streak which, through his easterly window, heralds the reluctant coming of another day. Yet he knows that he *must* and that eventually he *will* get

up. In vain he tells himself how splendid, how invigorating will be the plunge from *his warm bed* right into the fresh, brisk, hygienic morning air.

The fresh, brisk, hygienic morning air does not appeal to him. Unwillingly he recalls a line in the superfutnace advertisement, — 'Get up warm and cosy,' — and helplessly wishes that *he* had such a furnace. 'Like Andrew Carnegie!' he adds bitterly. At that moment he would anarchistically assassinate Andrew, provided he could do it without getting up. Nevertheless — he gets up! He puts on — 'Curse it, *where* is that sleeve?' — the bath-robe and slippers that have been all night cooling for him, and starts on his lonely journey through the tomblike silence. Now, if ever, is the time to hum, but there is not a hum in him: down, down, down he goes to the cellar and peeks with dull hope through the familiar little door. 'Good morning, Fire.' He shakes, he shovels, he opens drafts and manipulates dampers. And the Furnace, impassive, like a Buddha holding up the house with as many arms as an octopus, seems to be watching him with a grave yet idle interest. Which is all the more horrible because it has no face.

RECEPTACLES

The other day a very kind woman, seeing that I was a soldier, gave me a bag whose name was Tacoma Kit. Kit is a slender thing, green in complexion, and contains no end of objects. She contains a pad and a fine soft pencil, a half-dozen postcards, some envelopes, a comb, a tooth-brush, a small cake of soap. She also contains a housewife, whose name is doubtless Tacoma Dorcas; and Dorcas again contains her quota. Kit contains her thousands but Dorcas contains her tens of thousands. There are safety pins, from the big blanket size down to the little shirt-

sleeve size, and there are needles, all arranged like organ-pipes according to height; there are threads — white and black and olive-drab; there are buttons — the kind you sew on and the kind you are told to screw on.

No doubt there are other things. For it is a bag's nature to conceal forever another portion of its riches. Kit has this trait. I found the tooth-brush on my first exploration, but it took two or three to find the pocket-comb. Snuggled against the pencils I found a pair of shoe-laces and just this minute, when I went over her contents to see what I had left out, I found a tiny oval mirror tucked into the pocket which holds the pad — a mirror which shows its donor's sense of humor and her genuine humanity, for on its celluloid back is a picture of a woman, probably an actress, in tights.

Who but a genius could have selected anything more congenial with a soldier's life? As I lie in the trenches next May, — I hope, — or earlier, I shall have no use for the reflective side of a mirror, unless I can use it for a heliograph; but I can always use its back to brighten my portion of the dug-out. The good creature could not give me the picture alone — that would have wounded all her sense of propriety. But she knew that anything that the front side might reflect could not but offset anything that the back might suggest, so that she outdid Munchausen in killing two birds with one stone.

That woman in tights is quite the most useful thing I own. When I look at it I can be homesick for the theatres and lights of San Francisco: for those wonderful cafés where you can make a yellow chartreuse last an evening and not be considered an idler; for Solari's and Jack's and Fleix's and, at times, perhaps, for Coppa's; for the Liberty, where I saw a real Stenterello; for — but let me not think of San Francisco

now. Those brown hills and purple trees in the canyons and the blue green bay, and the blue jays among the apricots — they too are part of San Francisco. And here in the north it rains every day and we have but a mountain whose name alone interests people. Yes, the woman in tights will bring all that back to me as I fight in the mud. But she will also serve as a reminder of the life I am glad to leave behind. I can point to her and say, 'O naughty world, this is a sweeter place in which to live.'

It is this steady discovery of things in her that makes me enjoy Kit's company so much. It is a quality that only bags have. In that they are like friends. From without they are cut from a universal pattern, but once begin to live with them, to open them up, to explore their depths, to poke here and there, and you find inexhaustible riches. It is never the foresight that you admire, the foresight which put the things together. As in friends, you do not seek a prudent combination of qualities: that each be valuable in itself, even though they are hopeless in relation to one another, is sufficient.

I have a friend who is both a lover of Rabelais and an industrial chemist; the one does not neutralize the other. Similarly the postcards and the toothbrush which Kit offers me are related only in so far as they are both necessities of life, yet I do not hold them in less esteem on that account. It is indeed the apparent chaos which makes a bag, of all receptacles, the most philosophical. It makes it a world in itself; a cosmos whose plan is too deep for the passing glance to comprehend; an order like that of consciousness itself.

I have a leather toilet-case which is the very antithesis of Kit. Everything in it was selected for one purpose — use in the masculine toilet. It has brushes and combs and razors and the like, but

does it have a copy of the 'Marseillaise'? It does not. Does it even have a twist of string? It does not. And yet, suppose amid my shaving I should want to know whether 'Aux armes, citoyens' comes before 'Marchons, marchons,' would this neat leather case help me? Suppose, when I was combing my hair, the mirror fell off the wall and I wanted to tie it up again, of what use would the flat clothes-brush be to me?

But, Kit, Kit, I am sure, would help me. Though I do not intend to verify my suspicions, I am sure that Kit will rise to any occasion, like her namesake, Caterina Sforza. When Caterina held her husband's castle for many weeks against an enemy who kept her children as hostages, she was told to surrender or see her children killed. 'Kill them,' she replied; 'I can make others.'

So Kit, less vehement in deeds, poor inanimate creation, will respond when put to the test. Her great progenitrix was the bag of Mrs. Swiss Family Robinson, a woman who gets all the credit herself — wrongly to my way of thinking. Wrongly, for the bag deserves it all. Given such a receptacle, and I care not who makes the pigeon-holes of a nation; any one can win a reputation for prudence. For bags, like eternity, are all-inclusive: there is nothing that won't go in and nothing that one is not tempted to put in. Hence, when the prim Mrs. Swiss Family went round the sinking ship, she simply dumped in everything from beeswax to Euclid. But like the Elephant's Child, she had to.

A bag is like that most catholic of musical instruments, the comb. It is limited only by the human imagination. It is like the rainbow, without beginning or end, yet tempting one to find its beginning and its end. It is like poetry in the way it distends the fancy and like prose in the way it keeps the world concrete.

